

# Too Many Times

The Growlers

Gray is the color of my walls  
And the sound of the bars they claim  
Gray is my understudied memories  
And the taste of the waters we drink

You don't care right now, but you will  
When you open your eyes  
See gray ceilings over memories  
Without the sun to shine onto you

Little brother, please  
Live for me  
Under the unfenced moon  
Little brother, please  
Don't follow me down  
Into the cold gray

Too many times I was a fool  
Wanted respect  
Trying to play cool  
Too many times  
That I threw away for good  
Too many times  
I'll never have again

[Julian Casablancas:]  
Put a man inside a fortress  
I'm free, with no queen  
With no ability to dream, no dreams  
And I'm no conformist  
With no verse and no choice  
Or let his dreams become a void and a voice  
You don't care right now  
But you'll show it  
When it's too late for you to go back on your will

Little brother, please  
Live for me  
Under the unfenced moon  
Little brother, please  
Don't follow me down  
Into the cold gray

Too many times I was a fool  
Wanted respect  
Trying to play cool  
Too many times  
That I threw away for good  
Too many times  
I'll never get again