

How Why Wuz How Why Am

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

I used to talk to cab drivers, now I just don't bother.
I'd empty out my pockets if someone asked me for a quarter.
There was a time I'd give the time
To the old, the weak, and the weird.
I just don't know why this is so but I've never been so scared.
Am i getting older?
Are things getting harder?
I used to never cry when I would think about my father.
The years went by so goddamn fast,
You know, I've left a lot behind.
My devil may care attitude, you know, I just can't seem to find
.
Once upon a time I never minded very much.
I never let it knock me down or grind me out of touch.
Once I had an outlook different than it is.
Full of dreams and schemes, it seems they just do not exist.
Once I told myself he will not be missed.
I never thought I'd see the day I'd ever feel like this.