

## Future Pt. 1

Voxtrøt

Late summer sky, two colors deep, three wide and a  
third all by  
And set to try to take away the shadows from your eyes  
You shift and sigh, do we live fully grown when we  
learn to cry?  
This is why I never hold a grudge against you, love  
But hey, this is the future  
And we don't grow up like that  
Oh we grow teeth and we grow nails  
And we scratch to the bottle when we need  
Hey, this is the future  
And we don't grow up like that  
Oh we grow teeth and we grow nails  
And we scratch to the bottle when we need  
One body bends, one body twists and breaks and the  
lifetime is

We rush to amend the situation but it happens all the  
time  
I could pretend to think for me half the summer that I  
spent  
In the wilderness, playing soccer and kissing girls  
But hey, this is the future  
And we don't grow up like that  
Oh we grow teeth and we grow nails  
And we scratch to the bottle when we need  
Hey, this is the future  
And we don't grow up like that  
Oh we grow teeth and we grow nails  
And we scratch to the bottle when we need  
And we learn to be ashamed of each other  
And we learn to be ashamed of ourselves  
One busy street, one flock of birds that scatters  
beneath my feet  
All these simple things they stick to me like truth,  
like ice, like fire