

Stephen, I love you, I can't grow past you,
I'm, homesick in spite of the place
that I fostered and styled to raise this child
who keeps me in pitch and in pace
But I miss reaching for the lasers,
the sound of the beat is eight clicks away,
classes, school behaviour.
sweating the night out of the sky,
learning to laugh and not ask why.
Stephen, I missed you,
the whole world kissed you.
You shut up in bloom like a fern
that was spotted and black,
with the leaves swirled backwards,
as same trick too easy to turn.
Should I change my name and move to the country?
A life full of children and animals,
white fences, landed gentry.
Maybe I want to be myself,
but I am somebody else.
Nine months later, I'm the lonely one,
with all the fruit of labour and half of the fun.
(just like) crisp and cozy in the rising sun,
we've got a heart of gold, man, it beats like a drum.
It shakes, the pebbles are cracking and break,
(the kid logic) dissolves and it all starts to give
away,
then nothing is ever the same,
I can't stand it.
I want to be myself,
but I am somebody else
Stephen, I'm watching the world get boring,
there's too much restraint in the mix.
I'd be overly flattered to feel so shattered to,
have something broken and fixed.
But i know the world outside is knocking
the dream, the drive or the pedigree.
The forces interlocking,
well, maybe I want to be myself,
but I am somebody else.
Nine months later, I'm the lonely one,
with all the fruit of labour and half of the fun.
Just like crisp and cozy in the rising sun,
he's got a heart of gold, man, it beats like a drum.
It shakes, the pebbles are cracking and break,
(the kid logic) dissolves and it all starts to give
away,
and nothing is ever the same,
I can't stand it.
I want to be myself,
but I am somebody else
And you'll never have someone like me,
if you'll never leave then you'll never see.
I swear that I will pull you from the wreckage
of this sunday, monday routine.
I will pull you from the wreckage.
oh, don't you need me on my own.

Cos you and me,
we're two of a kind.
We're two of a kind.
Stephen, I love you, I can't grow past you,
I got nothing left to give to you.