

The Future, Part 1

Voxtro

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