

In my childhood bedroom
And I'm so bored of twenty-two
Same old nothing every day
Too old to be a runaway
Expiring at my momma's house
Really thought that I'd be out by now
I'm terrified of the future
Scared that I'll still be a loser

And I just can't wait to be
All grown up and twenty-three
And tell me what is wrong with me
I miss my Ohio fake ID
Maybe I'll get married soon
And buy a house with three bedrooms
And settle down and get a dog
And make my partner get a job

Jazz school dropout at twenty-one
Disappointed my dad, did it just for fun
Had to choose between being broke and bored
So I cut my losses and I left New York
Not sure why I feel so dumb
The best of my years are yet to come
I'll sit and wait in the driveway
It's just a couple more weeks 'til my birthday

I just can't wait to be
All grown up and twenty-three
And tell me what is wrong with me
I miss my Ohio fake ID
Maybe I'll get married soon
And buy a house with three bedrooms
And settle down and get a dog
And make my partner get a job

I just can't wait to be
All grown up and twenty-three
And tell me what is wrong with me
I miss my Ohio fake ID