

22 (Radio Edit)

Deaf Havana

I opened my eyes this morning
Feeling like I'd died the night before
What did I drink and how I am still lying here?
It's days like these I miss my friends the most
And end up feeling like a ghost,
I check my pulse to make sure I'm still alive. Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old at 22
Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old at 22
I fall in love with every city then my stomach aches for days,
Because I'm somewhere between happy and okay.
With Springstein in my headphones singing mockingly away,
Oh Brucey baby, I've seen better days
These are not better days. Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old at 22
Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old at 22 Why do I do this to myself?
Why do I do this to myself? Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old
Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old at 22
Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old at 22
Yeah, nobody but you
Can make me feel this old at 22
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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