I Taught Myself How To Grow Old

Ryan Adams

Poor little rose, beaten by the rain
In the wind, in the gale, thunder and the hail
Sometimes I feel like I'm going insane
Without the numbness or the pain so intense to feel
'Specially now it added up through the yearsAnd I, I taught myself how to grow
Without any love and there was poison in the rain
I taught myself how to grow
Now I'm crooked on the outside and the inside's brokeMost of the time I got nothing to say
When I do it's nothing and nobody's there to listen anyway
I know I'm probably better off this way
I just listen to the voices on the TV 'til I'm tired
My eyes grow heavy and I fade away'Cause I, I taught myself how to grow
Without any love and there was poison in the rain
I taught myself how to grow
Though I was crooked on the outside

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