

# A Good Reason To Grow Old

## Owl John

Good grief and Grace turn their backs to me  
Push shovels into the cold sand  
In a pulse-racing second

They gave up on their awful toilHell on earth and Hate turn to face me  
Stuck knuckles into each of my eyes  
And a drunken thumbed stranger  
Prepared to the constant cryoooooooooooo  
ooooooooooooWith my head in my hands, I resolved to die alone  
Now I've finally found a good reason to grow old  
A good reason to...Rapture and Love brought me dancing  
Lit up every last every last heartbroken life  
In the ecstasy of everything

The death I have wanted expiredBitterness and Loss caught me laughing  
Asked why my expression had changed  
After years in such company

They'd never see the look on my faceWith my head in my hands, I resolved to die alone  
Now I've finally found a good reason to grow oldI was ready to drown in the afterlife  
Not anymore

That I've finally found a good reason to grow old  
Good reason to...Ohhhhh  
How she murders morbid thought  
Ohhhhh

Plunges a knife into the suicide in my lifeOhhhhh  
How she murders morbid thought  
Ohhhhh

Plunges a knife into the suicide that I've borneTurn your back to the afterlife  
Kick dust into the eyes of them all  
Turn your back to the afterlife  
Climb out of your shallow hole

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