

All Grown Now

Dean Friedman

By dean friedman We were just barely out of school when we moved in together in a one room flat off riverside.

And in our tiny vestibule we embraced before we stepped outside,

To brave the cold, cold winds. our love begins. Long afternoons we lay in bed, watching tv, reading romance novels, mysteries and magazines.

And who would've guessed just up ahead we would learn what pain and heartache means.

'cause sweet beginnings pass. they never last. But we're all grown, all grown, all grown now.

Yes, we're all grown, all grown, all grown now.

And it doesn't really matter how the both of us arrived.

It's just a miracle that we survived. All throughout the early years as we lived our life and made mistakes and tried each other's sanity.

You see, in spite of all our fears we both knew that this was meant to be.

It may have been naïve, but we believed. In times of anger our love hid, but never fled and so we learned that love means living with a broken heart.

And though there were times we almost did, somehow we have never come apart.

Our souls have both been scarred, the road was hard. And we're all grown, all grown, all grown now... And so it's been throughout our life that when each has failed the other finds the strength to mend the broken ties.

Because a husband and a wife must both know how to read between the lies.

To stay may seem a curse. to leave is worse. Now as we put the kids to bed and turn out the light you know I can't help wondering where the time has gone.

And as they say their sweet goodnights and beg for one last bedtime song,

I think how blessed we are, to come so far. And we're all grown, all grown, all grown now...

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