

# Passing Through a Screen Door

## The Wonder Years

Cigarette smoke dances back in the window  
And I can see the haze on its own light  
I'm conjuring ghosts on a forty hour ride home  
And they keep asking me what I'm doing with my life While my cousins go to bed with their wives  
I'm feeling like I've fallen behind Well, the highway won  
I'm listening to traffic reports one on one  
Coming quietly undone  
I was born to run  
Away from anything good  
An escape artist's son  
Sun-drenched pavement in my blood The first thing that I do when I walk in  
Is find a way out for when shit gets bad and  
I've been looking for  
Tears in the screen door  
(tears in the screen door)  
I've been waiting for  
Another disaster  
(another disaster) Well I'm terrified  
Like a kid in the sixties  
Staring at the sky  
Waiting for the bomb to fall  
And it's all a lie  
What they say about stability  
It scares me sometimes  
The emptiness I see in my eyes And all the kids names I've ever liked are tied to tragedy  
And I don't want my children growing up to be anything like me  
I've been looking for  
Tears in the screen door  
(tears in the screen door)  
I've been waiting for  
Another disaster  
(another disaster)  
And I was kinda hoping you'd say  
I was kinda hoping you'd stay I keep a flashlight  
And a small knife  
In the corner of my bed stand  
I keep a flashlight  
And the train times  
But you wouldn't understand

How could you understand?  
Jesus Christ, I'm twenty-six  
All the people I've graduated with  
All have kids  
All have wives  
All have people who care if they come home at night  
Well, Jesus Christ, did I fuck up? I've been looking for  
Tears in the screen door (tears in the screen door)  
I've been waiting for  
Another disaster (another disaster)  
And I was kinda hoping you'd say  
I was kinda hoping you'd stay  
I was kinda hoping you'd stay  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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