

Philip the Engineer

JR JR

Philip the Engineer sits down
and lays the blueprint on the ground.
At this point he's the only one who can read them.
It's been five years since the sky crashed down
the city has moved underground,
and he's the one who built the walls that saved them.

But he knows,
he knows,
they're slowly caving in,
caving.

I don't want to be the one who says its broken, but
somebody's got to tell it like it is.
I dont want to kill the vibe, or burst your bubble, babe,
but time, makes grown-ups out of kids.

Ohhhh, time
makes grown-ups out of kids.
Harold Bronson grew up here,
an apprentice to the engineer.
He's never seen the sun or stars before.
And he's studying all night and day,
he's losing sleep to learn his trade,
but he's noticed a flaw in Philip's equation.

And he knows,
he knows,
they're all in danger,
danger.

I don't want to be the one who says its broken, but
somebody's got to tell it like it is.
I dont want to kill the vibe, or burst your bubble, babe,
but time, makes grown-ups out of kids.

Ohhhh, time
makes grown-ups out of kids.
But you're so fragile already,
ohhhhhh,
and we all feel what's heavy,

'cause heavy things must all fall down.
So should i tell the truth, if you're, not ready.
I don't want to be the one who says its broken, but
somebody's got to tell it like it is.

I dont want to kill the vibe, or burst your bubble, babe,
but time, makes grown-ups out of kids.

Ohhhh, time
makes grown-ups out of kids.

You can't stop,
the time.

So kiss your kids,
goodbye.

You can't stop,
the time.

So kiss your kids,
goodbye.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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