

Growing Up

Fall Out Boy

I dried my eyes, now I crust them with sleep

I'll crust them over

She begged me, "Don't hate me"

She spun me a story

Where winning looks like loosing

And I'm winning every time

So thread spools sweetie, thread

Until my silk is sold

Growing up

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Yeah, I'll myself a new

Yeah, I'll myself a new

I've dried my eyes, now it's Rushmore

I'm deep with futures like Chicago

Glenview never meant a thing to me

She never meant a thing to me

Except for putting idealists in a body bag

Forget it

I'll go out tonight to piss on her doorstep

Listen to the misfits where eagles dare to swallow whole

Up

Growing up

Growing up

Go

I guess I'm my own better half

I guess I'm my own better half

I guess I'm on my own

Yeah, yeah, I guess I'm on my own

Yeah, I guess I'm on my own

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I guess I'm on my own

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