

# Coming of age

## Paperboys

Coming of age ain't about what you do  
It's giving in to what's predefined  
When you trade all your dreams for compromise  
It is never what you have in mind  
One shot of happy, two shots of sad  
That's how our lives are aligned  
The path that you chose has got highs has got lows  
But it's never what you have in mind  
I must say that I still wonder why it disappears  
Must say that I still wonder why  
The years keep tumbling by  
Coming of age ain't about who you meet  
It's about the people who leave you behind  
Your brothers, your parents, your lovers, your friends  
It is never what you have in mind

One shot of happy, two shots of sad  
We know we might run out of time  
But when it comes to living, dying is the easy part  
Not exactly what you had in mind  
I really doubt that I'll find out why it disappears  
I really doubt that I'll find out  
What these years are all about  
You might ask if these thoughts that I just summed up  
Are of any importance to you  
Maybe not but when things don't turn out like you planned  
It helps to know that they never do  
Besides, if each shot of happy  
Comes with only two shots of sad  
Then coming of age is not so bad  
Then coming of age is not so bad  
Then coming of age is not so bad

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