Aging out of the 20th Century

Trash Panda

Though our ages don't differ vastly
Several big years have passed me
I know I'm making much of a small thing

Still, how many botched relations
How many shit vacations does it take
To separate an old man from a young one?

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

What old men tell me
Happiness comes easily
So I don't have to be afraid
Old men tell me
Happiness comes easily
So I don't have to be afraid

Your youthful eyes cry fire
But mine, they lack desire
I know I'm making much of a small thing

But what about all my hatred?
How did I get so jaded?
Oh, I hope I won't stay this way forever

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

But old men tell me
Happiness comes easily
So I don't have to be afraid
Old men tell me
Happiness comes easily
So I don't have to be afraid

Mmmm, afraid, afraid.

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