

Twentyseven

Futurebirds

I want to be fearing something
I want to be steering something
I want to be hearing something
in my car I want to be losing something
I want to be confusing something
I want to be using something
in my heart Yeah in my heart but I just wait until the van
pulls up to take me away
to that toilet bowl of sin
I'm turning twenty-seven soon
I never thought I'd still be shooting for the man on the moon
my eyes will never look so blue
without you, I'd be through Yeah I'd be through I could always ruin something
if you'd ever give my phone a ring
at least I still think I can sing
alright so obsessed with what I seek
that you're losing out on the weeks
guess I'm still figuring out
who I like Ohh, who I like I've been losing a friend a week
trying to make a martyr out of me
Yeah and I'm turning twenty-seven soon
I never thought I'd still be shooting for the man on the moon
my eyes will never look so blue
without you, I'd be through I'd be through
I'd be through
I'd be through...

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

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