

# I.C. You Are Feeling Drake

## American Nightmare

When your "golden days"  
are "that was just a phase..."  
Lose yourself to reminisce  
Pictures and innocence  
Try to remember when you felt free and  
The smiles  
Just came so naturally...  
You can't control your age  
But you can control how you feel  
Breathing dead air into broke lungs that  
Once filled your heart  
With the will to live  
So when are you  
Gonna cash in your raincheck?  
(And on and on and on...)  
Every second that goes by  
Is one that's gone for good  
Are you throwing away  
Possible memories to a fevered life  
Of "woulds" and "coulds?"  
We may have missed our chance and  
We may never be young again but fuck  
Living a sick day life  
Fuck dead beat kids  
And fuck your falsehoods  
So when are you  
Gonna cash in your raincheck?  
(And on and on and on...)  
I'm not dead yet  
Ambitions... sorry, but I have none...  
I'm just a confused kid  
With the masses telling me  
To join tradition...  
But I just can't...  
I'd rather die than live like you  
Do you get it?  
I'd rather die than live like you  
You don't get it

Fuck your falsehoods

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

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