

Still Fighting It

[Ben Folds](#)

Good morning, son, I am a bird wearing a brown polyester shirt
You want a coke? Maybe some fries?
The roast beef combo's only dollar 9.95
It's okay, you don't have to pay, I've got all the change
Everybody knows it hurts to grow up and everybody does
It's so weird to be back here let me tell you what
The years go on and we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it
And you're so much like me, I'm sorry
Good morning, son in twenty years from now
Maybe we'll both sit down and have a few beers
And I can tell you 'bout today and how I picked you up
And everything changed it was pain, sunny days
And rain I knew you'd feel the same things
Everybody knows it sucks to grow up and everybody does
It's so weird to be back here let me tell you what
The years go on and we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it
You'll try and try and one day you'll fly away from me
Good morning, son, I am a bird
It was pain, sunny days and rain
I knew you'd feel the same things
Everybody knows it hurts to grow up and everybody does
It's so weird to be back here, let me tell you what
The years go on and we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it
Oh, we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it
And you're so much like me, I'm sorry

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