

Growing Pains

Classified

[Hook]

Getting all these thoughts in my head
Cause I know that things will change
Yeah I know that things will change
Getting all these thoughts in my head
Cause Tomorrow wont be the same
But tomorrow wont be the same[Verse 1:]
I pull up to the traffic light, red light, coasting
Glancing the rear view as your eyelids slowly closing
Adjust the radio turn it lower and let your song play
Slowly go to sleep get some rest its been a long day
I dont need too much I just want to make my kids proud
Wishing that her life can stay as peaceful as it is now
Nothing stays the same though, day in to day out
The forecast changes so you got to keep your raincoat close
I hope that you and your sister can work through the bruises and blisters
The sibling rivalry when you argue and bicker
Lot of pain lot of joy
Youll go through what I went through with her
Aint nothing to it if you keep your family rooted, ughh
Dont grow up too quick
Enjoy the freedom when youre young before you lose it
You already trying to tell me that you a big girl
Im scared as hell to let my little baby grow up in this big world
I will be asking where youre going whos your friends what you up to
Over protective but that dont mean I dont trust you
I just dont trust everybody you go party with
Ive been in your position baby girl I know how hard it is[Hook][Verse 2:]
And I know that you wont agree with my rules
Probably around the time you attending high school
Ill tell ya dont smoke, dont drink, or buy booze
Youll say that Im a hypocrite cause I do it and get high too
But do you really wanna look and feel like I do?
At your age you dont want to walk in my shoes
Get up your marks get up your smarts get up your IQ
The real party it dont start until after high school
So dont stress whos popular and less dressed
Forget the peer pressure aint no one to impress
Besides everyone in high school who seem cool

Thats it; they usually never see their dreams through
Theres so many right and wrongs when you raise a kid
I just want that father and daughter relationship
I know in time, that well argue and youll hate me
But I pray to god youll thank me,
Like dad Im glad you raised me

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