

# 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 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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