

Tending to Turn Out Pretty Great

The Ready Set

I console myself on waking up
This town will stay the same way
Grass stains and fireworks
On downtown summer nights And when it took me back I had to ask
Oh, lost love, what can I say?
Break hearts in living rooms and drive
Back home to talk to you Midwestern nights, are you following me?
'Cause it's been four long years
Oh God that constant change some city lights
And a similar hear beat I guess I've grown a bit but sometimes you've just got to change a lot
You've gotta break a lot, kill all your darlings
I know that it's hard but you'll gain a lot So when you're on the spot fight with some soul
'Cause you're always a champion to me I wouldn't change one thing on
Growing up I learned to love the bad parts
Deal with the sad parts, things tend to turn out
Pretty great and if I ever got a second chance No, I'd never need a second chance
I'm ready, set, go, clever, right?
No, I'll never grow up, not one bit
Look deep inside and I think that you'll find what you're searching for So when you're on the floor fight with
some soul
'Cause you're always a champion to me Silver and gold
The people I know and all my best friends
Alone, my heart tends to grow
I look at the sky and what I live for When I'm alone in Indiana
The amber waves crash down into horizons
When I am home in Indiana
My small town dreams shine brighter than the moonlight

Songwriters

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SONY/ATV TUNES LLC

Lyrics provided by

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