

Eighty-Five (Remix)

Gym Class Heroes

It seems like lately time be beatin' my ass,
Every step is like a right hook from Iron Mike Tyson in his prime,
It's like my mind is on a treadmill,
I'm sweatin' bullets,
see the plug but I can't pull it,
This belt just keeps bringin' me back,
And every minute is like a 'tiger uppercut' from Sagat,
I'm up against these ropes,
and ain't no tellin' if I win or not,
These gloves are getting heavy,
it's fight or flight you know how that goes,
Facin' clocks is chasin',
got me dodgin' obstacles,
And every hour is like a tightrope I walk with greasy shoes,
Still yet I got my conscience tellin' me that I can't lose,
So every time I start slippin' ego's start trippin',
I focus real hard and levitate just like I'm GOD,
And I'm livin' lovely,
I'm in the clouds no one above me,
With the gift to differentiate snakes from those that love me,
There's a thin line between happiness and hopeless,
An even thinner line between on point and out of focus,
BUT Back to my story about my fall from glory,
And how I levitate from the fate time put before me,
They say 'Be patient',
but what the fuck is patience when my heart is racin'?
Put yourself in my situation,
Try to be humble,
you won't refrain from getting' pissed,
When you look down to see you're fallin' right through time's abyss,
And start to see visions,
memories you really miss, simple things,
Like your first birthday wish, Your first girlfriend,
Your first love,
Your first French kiss,
Your first time feeling hate,
The first time you got dissed,
Your first day of school,
Your very first college class,

Your first time touchin' titties,
First time you got ass,
Your first time learnin' wrong from right,
First lonely night,
The first time you got your ass whooped in
Your first real fight,
Your first triple-double dare,
Your first pubic hair,
Your first time watchin' Jason,
Your first nightmare, That's when you realize that time was your worst nightmare,
And now you're stuck asking yourself 'Why ain't life fair?',
You get closer to the bottom,
see the end of your line,
Your first time ever losin' this battle with time,
But right before you meet your death,
one more memory left,
The only one that's obsolete was your first breath, One moon to the next,
Clocks switch when you least expect it and make the simplest shit complex,
The baby face got the planet fooled,
Books get judged by the covers worldwide, coincide with the illest,
The real is just fictional dreams,
No time to deal with two dimensional fiends, shit hit's the fan with every click of a hand,
I'll be a man eventually,
When the kid in me is satisfied, but 'til the day arrives all I got is eighty-five. A clock can kill motivation,
that's why I'm never rockin' a watch,
What's a deadline when you're living on your own time?
I'm livin' slow, Peter Pan style son,
You didn't know I never grow up,
my mind is set at six years old,
As far as I'm concerned this grown-up shit is for the birds,
So pass the skittles,
JuJu Fruits, the Now N Laters, and Nerds,
I'm eatin' sweets until my teeth fall out and I can't see
And I'm deaf in my left ear but my right can hear cause
I'm livin' happily. So why you mad at me?
Cause your frustrations gave you grey hairs,
99% of your life's spent chasin'
American nightmares, (GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE)
I'm crazy childish, just check the habits,
I play with my food, pick my nose, and eat it damn it,
Plus I pick my scabs, I be the first to pop a blister,
Cause I'm more immature than that cat from Sister-Sister,
If my parents tell me no I'm gonna do it anyway,

Tony Hawk's Pro Skater, please,
you'll never beat me,
So basically you're better off paying a bill or somethin',
Your mind is elderly, forty over the hill or somethin',
I'm young at heart,
I'ma forever be a kid I'm on some Tom Hanks shit,
you ever seen the movie big?
My heart is trapped in '85 the coolest place I've ever been in my life,
We watchin' Smurfs, eatin' cinnamon LIFE,
Never knew a crack rock, cause it was Fraggie,
The only pink pussy we knew was Snaggle,
Your mind's in the dirt,
We playin' Hungry-Hippo's 'til our hands hurt,
What do you know about pourin' out a whole box of Trix to get the toy out,
(Scared to) go to sleep cause somethin's under your bed,
(And all it) took was one look to get them thoughts out your head,
(And then ya') fall right to sleep without a worry in mind,
(That's why I) Can't understand why cat's be hurryin' time,
And I don't wanna grow up I'm a Crab Apple Kid,
And I enjoy the company of people I relate wit',
But if it comes down to it,
to deal with cat's that I despise,
I just close my eyes and drift away to Eighty-FiveOne moon to the next,
Clocks switch when you least expect it and make the simplest shit complex,
The baby face got the planet fooled,
Books get judged by the covers worldwide, coincide with the illest,
The real is just fictional dreams,
No time to deal with two dimensional fiends, shit hit's the fan with every click of a hand,
I'll be a man eventually,
When the kid in me is satisfied, but 'til the day arrives all I got is eighty-five

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>