Coming Of Age

Comrades

Coming of age ain't about what you do
It's giving in to what's predefined
When you trade all your dreams for compromise
It is never what you have in mind
One shot of happy, two shots of sad
That's how our lives are aligned
The path that you chose has got highs has got lows
But it's never what you have in mind
I must say that I still wonder why it disappears
Must say that I still wonder why
The years keep tumbling by
Coming of age ain't about who you meet
It's about the people who leave you behind
Your brothers, your parents, your lovers, your friends
It is never what you have in mind

One shot of happy, two shots of sad
We know we might run out of time
But when it comes to living, dying is the easy part
Not exactly what you had in mind
I really doubt that I'll find out why it disappears
I really doubt that I'll find out
What these years are all about
You might ask if these thoughts that I just summed up
Are of any importance to you
Maybe not but when things don't turn out like you planned
It helps to know that they never do
Besides, if each shot of happy
Comes with only two shots of sad
Then coming of age is not so bad
Then coming of age is not so bad
Then coming of age is not so bad

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