

The 20th Year

The Lyndsay Diaries

We are still young
But we're trying so hard not to be
Fake ID's and lies
Let's grow up to be people we hate
It's starting to burn hot and it's running out
How could I forget your face?
How could I forget your grace?
We soared into the skies
Call me obvious, call me untimely
But I just hate the way things change
Nothing is ever obvious to me
I need an embrace to set me on a rampage
I'd tear down the places I've been and listen to the applause
I'd listen to anything but the lies in my head
We soared into the skies
Call me obvious, call me untimely
But I just hate the way things change
And I just hate the way things change
We all love God when things are right
But the fact of the matter is
They never, they never are

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