

I'm Eighteen

Plastic Folk

Lines form on my face and hands
Lines form from the ups and down
I'm in the middle without any plans
I'm a boy and I'm a man
I'm eighteen and I don't know what I want
Eighteen, I just don't know what I want
Eighteen, I gotta get away
I've gotta get out of this place
I'll go running into outer space, oh yeah
I've got a baby's brain and an old man's heart
Took eighteen years to get this far
Don't always know what I'm talking about
Feels like I'm in the middle of doubt
?Cause I'm eighteen, I get confused everyday
Eighteen, I just don't know what to say
Eighteen, I gotta get way
Oh, lines form on my face and hands
Lines form on the left and right
I'm in the middle, the middle of life
I'm a boy and I'm a man
I'm eighteen and I like it, yes, I like it
Well, I like it, love it, like it, love it
Eighteen, eighteen, eighteen
I'm eighteen and I like it

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