

# Growing Up

## Fall Out Boy

I dried my eyes, now I crust them with sleep  
I'll crust them over  
She begged me, "Don't hate me"  
She spun me a story Where winning looks like loosing  
And I'm winning every time  
So thread spools sweetie, thread  
Until my silk is sold Growing up  
Growing up  
Growing up Yeah, I'll myself a new  
Yeah, I'll myself a new I've dried my eyes, now it's Rushmore  
I'm deep with futures like Chicago  
Glenview never meant a thing to me  
She never meant a thing to me  
Except for putting idealists in a body bag Forget it  
I'll go out tonight to piss on her doorstep  
Listen to the misfits where eagles dare to swallow whole Up  
Growing up  
Growing up  
Go I guess I'm my own better half  
I guess I'm my own better half  
I guess I'm on my own Yeah, yeah, I guess I'm on my own  
Yeah, I guess I'm on my own  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I guess I'm on my own

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