

# Photosynthesis

## Blank Banshee

Well, I guess I should confess  
That I am starting to get old  
All the latest music fads  
All passed me by and left me cold  
All the kids are talking slang  
I won't pretend to understand  
All my friends are getting married  
Mortgages and pension plans  
And it's obvious my angry  
Adolescent days are done  
And I'm happy and I'm settled  
In the person I've become  
But that doesn't mean I'm settled up  
And sitting out the game  
Time may change a lot  
But some things they stay the same  
Maturity's a wrapped up  
Package deal or so it seems  
Ditching teenage fantasy means  
Ditching all your dreams

All your friends and peers  
And family solemnly tell you  
You will have to grow up  
Be an adult, be bored and unfulfilled  
But no one's yet explained to me  
Exactly what's so great about slaving  
50 years away on something that you hate about  
Meekly shuffling down the path of mediocrity  
Well, if that's your road then take it  
But it's not the road for me  
And if all you ever do with your life  
Is photosynthesize, then you'll deserve  
Every hour of your sleepless nights  
That you waste wondering when you're going to die  
Now I'll play and you sing  
The perfect way for the evening to begin  
I won't sit down and I won't shut up  
And most of all I won't 'Grow up'

Lyrics provided by  
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