

# twentyseven

## Futurebirds

I want to be fearing something  
I want to be steering something  
I want to be hearing something  
in my car I want to be losing something  
I want to be confusing something  
I want to be using something  
in my heart Yeah in my heart but I just wait until the van  
pulls up to take me away  
to that toilet bowl of sin  
I'm turning twenty-seven soon  
I never thought I'd still be shooting for the man on the moon  
my eyes will never look so blue  
without you, I'd be through Yeah I'd be through I could always ruin something  
if you'd ever give my phone a ring  
at least I still think I can sing  
alright so obsessed with what I seek  
that you're losing out on the weeks  
guess I'm still figuring out  
who I like Ohh, who I like I've been losing a friend a week  
trying to make a martyr out of me  
Yeah and I'm turning twenty-seven soon  
I never thought I'd still be shooting for the man on the moon  
my eyes will never look so blue  
without you, I'd be through I'd be through  
I'd be through  
I'd be through...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>