

# Real Friends, Alexander Supertramp

Growing up is giving up  
I'll sleep sideways on the bed in my moms basement  
It's where I feel at home  
You'll sleep with regret and no heart left in your chest  
I don't want to end up like you  
Your eyes are set on what you'll never have  
There's days I feel like a different person  
But I always come back to who I really am

The American dream is dead, I'm still just a kid  
Balancing on the sidewalks of this suburban town  
Maybe this year I'll be able to stand up on my feet  
Or maybe I'll fall again

I never want to grow out of this skin  
That's been dragged through the dirt  
That's what made me find happiness

My thumbs are broken but I'll take these broken thumbs  
Over your grip on an empty life  
Your empty life