

Soul Asylum, Growing Pain

Riding into town when the sun goes down
And the natives get restless and the crowd comes round
Pacing in place in a backward race
While starting my case to another blank face
I'm just sitting on the roadside
Watching all the cards and the clouds roll by
They may pass me by
But i need a better reason to cry
Growing pain it leaves a stain
That's similar but not the same
It's down the drain and what remains
Maybe you're the one who's a little insane
Now everything's lovely if you're ugly
What you would, what you should, and what you could be
Mr right, spending his life,
Stabbing himself with a butter knife
I'm just sitting on the roadside
Watching all the cards and the clouds roll by
They may pass me by
But I need a better reason to cry
Growing pain's a spinning blade
Whirling round you like a razor edged chain
It's down the drain and what remains
Maybe you're the one who's a little insane
Growing pain it leaves a stain
That's similar but not the same
Its down the drain and what remains
Maybe you're the one who can make that change
Can't shake hands with boxing gloves
With whips and chains you'll never make love