

Grown Ass Man Child

Andy Grammer

I crush brunch like a mother, hold the bread like a hustler
Wife was the light of my life, but we fight
'Cause she backseat drives like no other
Yo, and I don't know about you, but I'm feeling 32
So a couple hairs gray in the mirror yesterday
But I'm still enjoying the view

This is what it feels like, whoa oh oh oh oh
I said, this is what it feels like, whoa oh oh oh oh
I pay the bills, I make deals
But I still know how to get wild
'Cause I'm a grown-ass man
I'm a grown-ass man child, baby (Whoa oh oh oh oh)
Child, mama (Whoa oh oh oh oh)
I'm Peter Pan with a Cuban in my hand
I'm a grown-ass man child, mama (Whoa oh oh oh oh)

I know a little too much now
I look but don't touch now
Young enough to fly, old enough to realize
The sky got nothing on the ground
I'm not afraid to be a human
Know my flaws and I use them
Been through the fire and I burned out fine
But I cry with the right type of music

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I'll have a second bowl of Oreo a la mode
Watching my favorite show, rocking custom socks and boxers
Flash Pass at Six Flags, I'm a master Monopoly badass
Loser grows a mustache and must wear it to her parents (No)

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Child, mama (Whoa oh oh oh oh)
I'm Peter Pan with a Cuban in my hand
I'm a grown-ass man child, mama (Whoa oh oh oh oh)
Child, baby (Whoa oh oh oh oh)
Child, mama (Whoa oh oh oh oh)
Belated kid in a Mercedes-Benz
I'm a grown-ass man child