

My Life Is Average

Deaf Havana

Well I suppose it's time I did something with my life
I spent the last 5 years telling myself that everything will work out fine
And it won't be long before my friends agree
They're sick of spending all their fucking money on me.
All these excuses don't prove that I'm useless because deep down the truth is
I'm just too lazy to try

There's a place I've found that I can call my home
Being penniless and out of luck with a guitar and a microphone
And even though it appears that we've been making progress
I still fear that we've done nothing but regress

The surroundings that I hate so much have grown to feel like home
And the people I've spent most my life with, it seems I've never known
And I've forgotten all the words to every song I used to love
I'm not quite sure how comfortable I am, with growing up.

Old friends become acquaintances
And all that's left are places and memories
Of late night conversations.
About growing up and staying close
And never giving up on those
Dreams that we all know won't materialise

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