

Boring

Jukebox the Ghost

The seasons are changing
But my world always stays the same
Children laugh behind my back
They're younger everytime

All my friends are having kids
But nobody's sure why
I guess they'll procreate until they die

Everyone is boring
Everything is lame
Everybody think they're not the same
So why don't we get boring?
Let's get old and lame
Let's get a house and kids and change your name

I'm torn on the inside
A little ashamed to say
The house out in the suburbs calls my name

I'm not insane but maybe I should be
It would explain some things
I 'Web-MD'ed myself but somehow nothing's ever wrong

Everyone is boring
Everything is lame
Everybody think they're not the same
So why don't we get boring?
Let's get old and lame
Let's get a house and kids and change your name

Wow, it's really bringing me down
That the house with the picket fence is calling out
Oh, I'd rather rot in hell
Than watch you become someone lame with someone else
That'd really bring me down
That'd really bring me down

Let's get old and boring
Let's both become lame
Get a house and kids and change your name
'Cause I don't think you're boring
I don't think you're lame
Let's get a house in summer up in Maine

Let's get old and boring

Let's both become lame

We could be so boring

Let's get a house and kids and change your name