

Older

Noah Gundersen

Nothing really matters
If nothing's really real
Flying round the corners
With one hand on the wheel

Probably happened to our fathers
Around the time that we were born
Something like a nightmare
Or, shit, just feeling bored

Pull the spoke out of the axle
Let the tire spin free
There's no measuring the distance
Between you and me

Cause we're all getting older
We're all getting older

Changing up our lovers
Like we're changing our clothes
Chasing our shadows
Fuck, where did they go, where did they go

We sit around on barstools
We laugh and we drink
So caught up in the lights and the action
That we don't have to think, we don't have to think

How we're all getting older
We're all getting older
We're all getting older
We're all getting older