

Alexander Supertramp

Real Friends

Growing up is giving up
I'll sleep sideways on the bed in my moms basement
It's where I feel at home
You'll sleep with regret and no heart left in your chest
I don't want to end up like you
Your eyes are set on what you'll never have
There's days I feel like a different person
But I always come back to who I really am

The American dream is dead, I'm still just a kid
Balancing on the sidewalks of this suburban town
Maybe this year I'll be able to stand up on my feet
Or maybe I'll fall again

I never want to grow out of this skin
That's been dragged through the dirt
That's what made me find happiness

My thumbs are broken but I'll take these broken thumbs
Over your grip on an empty life
Your empty life