

## Late Bloomers

## The Growlers

He had it good  
A life too easy  
On his mother's tit too long  
Made a boy too needy  
Picture perfect picket fencing  
Robbing him his chance  
To grow up right and feel heartbreak  
Utopia's a scam

Some will float and some will sink  
There is only one way to find out  
Fear of pain or love of drink  
So many ways fools can drown  
Shaaaaaaa...  
Late bloomers bloom

Nothing prepares you for circumstance that rips your heart apart  
Never lied to but he never saw the world outside the yard  
Sorrows a lonely trap  
One death was the last straw  
Skin was too thin  
He never held up his guard

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Late to wither, late to bloom  
Chance of pain, run back to the womb  
Give you more time to brew  
Temporary haven from the truth

When the water broke  
He was unprepared to feel something real  
He paints his pain in a blackout  
(Now he's got too stepping out)  
Somethings missing from his eyes  
(Taking on his spirit to rise)  
He paints his pain in a blackout  
(Now he's got too stepping out)  
Shaaaaaaa...  
Late bloomers bloom  
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