

# I'm Not Getting Old

Truth be told I'm getting' old  
I think I'll run away one more time  
Truth be told I don't wanna go  
I'd want somebody by my side  
Truth be told it's getting' cold  
I got too many holes in my shirt  
Truth be told I forgot my goals  
Maybe I had none from the start  
Give it time and you'll be fine  
Time passes slow in front of me  
Pull the plug to this frayed line  
Start feeling electricity  
Touch the blade to this sharp knife  
And wonder why you start to bleed  
Prove to me that I have life  
Cause I'm not feeling anything

What exactly don't you mean  
I've been practicing my conflict  
But only where I can't be seen  
I'm not quite ready to try it  
I can start where it hurts the least  
When I used to like to where my rings  
They just don't match my personality  
Ah man

What's my personality  
And who's to say I'm getting cold  
Maybe I like the holes in my shirt and knees  
Who's to say that I won't go  
I been building up my bravery  
Who's to say I'm getting old  
I've got some years ahead of me  
Who's to say that I won't go  
I've been building up my bravery