

# Growing Old Is Getting Old

Silversun Pickups

So we all  
Are growing old  
And it's getting old

Pressure on  
Our hollow bones  
And the varicose

Suddenly  
We decompose  
But we're not alone

So we all  
Are growing old

Maybe we're sealed in silence  
And maybe we feel a guidance  
Maybe your own devices  
Will keep you afraid and cold  
But i

Memorized  
Your smile lines  
When lips divide

Kept alive  
Your childlike  
Reaction time

We're allowed  
To expire  
With ourselves in mind

So we all  
Are growing old

Pull out the fear of silence  
And put out the need for guidance  
And put out your own devices  
And don't be afraid of the cold

And we sing, sing, sing.  
Fight, we fight, fight.  
We cry, cry, cry.  
We slide, slide, we slide into the light.

We sing, fight, we cry.  
We slide, slide, we slide into the light.

Maybe we're sealed in silence  
And maybe we feel a guidance  
Maybe your own devices  
Will keep you afraid and cold, well.

Pull out the fear of silence  
Put out the need for guidance  
Put out your own devices

And don't be afraid of the cold  
Afraid of the cold  
Afraid of the time  
You've got no where to go but here.