

# 5 Seconds Of Summer, 18

I wish that I was eighteen,  
To do all the things,  
You read in a magazine,  
I'm not saying I want to be Charlie Sheen.

She's just a little bit older,  
I want to get to know her,  
She said it's already over.

So tell me what else can I do?  
I bought my fake ID for you.

She told me to meet her there,  
I can't afford the bus fare,  
I'm not old enough for her,  
I just hate not being eighteen.

You got me waiting in a queue,  
For a bar I can't get into,  
I'm not old enough for you,  
I'm just waiting 'til I'm eighteen.

I think she wants to get with me,  
But she's got a job in the city,  
Says that she's always too busy.

She's got a naughty tattoo,  
In a place that I want to get to,  
But my mom still drives me to school.

So tell me what else can I do?  
I bought my fake ID for you.

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I can't afford the bus fare,  
I'm not old enough for her,  
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For a bar I can't get into,  
I'm not old enough for you,  
I'm just waiting 'til I'm eighteen.

In my bedroom thinking of her,  
Her pictures in my private folder,  
I know one day that I will hold her,  
I'll make my move when I get older.

Hey [x16]

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I can't afford the bus fare,  
I'm not old enough for her,  
I just hate not being eighteen.

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For a bar I can't get into,  
I'm not old enough for you,  
I'm just waiting 'til I'm eighteen.

I'm so sick of waiting 'til I'm eighteen.