

# Slapstick, Eighteen

Some days I don't feel like being grown-up  
Some days I just feel like looking far away  
Well I've never understood why the closer you come to make your own decisions and be self-sufficient  
Well you've gotta conform to the will of the world  
Well she left right before I turned eighteen  
Well I just really started missing her now  
I know a girl who spent her summer here on my street  
Freedom was her name  
where did she go, where did she go  
Now a new change tries to hold me in place  
maturity and responsibility  
where did she go, where did she go  
Some days I don't feel like being inside  
All day outside doesn't look too cold  
She taught us how to play games and hold hands and be friends with each other  
but we're not friends with each other anymore whoa  
Well I guess this has got to be that way  
Well I don't want any part of it at all  
I know a girl who spent her summer here on my street  
Freedom was her name  
where did she go, where did she go  
Now a new change tries to hold me in place  
maturity and responsibility  
where did she go, where did she go, where did she go