

# Ben Folds - Still Fighting It

Tom: C

Good morning, son.

I am a bird

Wearing a brown polyester shirt

You want a coke?

Maybe some fries?

The roast beef combos only \$9.95

Its okay, you don't have to pay

I've got all the cha - ange

Everybody knows

It hurts to grow up

And everybody does

It's so weird to be back here

Let me tell you what

The years go on and

We're still fighting it, we're still fighting it

And you're so much like me

I'm sorry

Good morning, son

In twenty years from now

Maybe we'll both sit down and have a few beers

And I can tell you bout today

And how I picked you up and everything changed

It was pain

Sunny days and rain

I knew you'd feel the sa - ame things

And everybody does

It's so weird to be back here.

Let me tell you what

The years go on and

We're still fighting it, were still fighting it

You'll try and try and one day youll fly

Away from me

(good morning, son)

(good morning, son)

(good morning, son)

(good morning, son)

Good morning, son (good morning, son)

I am a bird (good morning, son)

(good morning, son)

It was pain

Sunny days and rain

I knew you'd feel the sa - ame things

Everybody knows

It sucks to grow up

And everybody does

It's so weird to be back here.

Let me tell you what

The years go on and

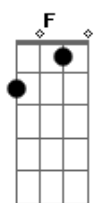
We're still fighting it, we're still fighting it

Oh, we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it

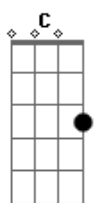
And you're so much like me

I'm sorry

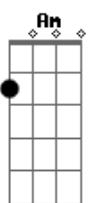
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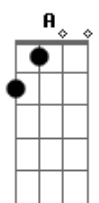
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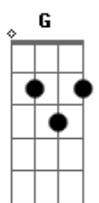
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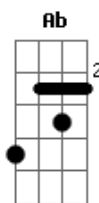
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