

Taylor Swift's song 22 rewritten for 42 (average age of midlife crisis)

It feels like a perfect night to watch the late news  
Make fun of our children, oh no, oh no  
It feels like a perfect night to get home early  
Be afraid of strangers, oh no, oh no.

Yeah

We're flabby, tired, confused and hate having to stand in line  
We're miserable and cynical  
Oh, yeah  
Tonights the night when we forget the carpool pick up time  
It's time.

Uh oh!

I don't know about you  
But I'm feeling 42  
Not a thing will be alright  
Even if I want it to  
You don't know about me  
And you don't want to  
Not a thing will be alright cause  
The midlife crisis hits, we're  
42, ooh-ooh  
42, ooh-ooh

It seems like one of those days  
My schedule's crowded  
Too many darn kids, oh no, oh no  
It seems like one of those days  
I'll turn on Ellen, find something on Netflix  
But end up sleeping

Yeah

We're flabby, tired, confused and achy on our best day  
We're miserable and cynical  
Oh, yeah  
Tonight's the night we forget a timer on our pasta bake  
It's time.

Uh oh!

I don't know about you  
But I'm feeling 42  
Not a thing will be alright  
Even if I want it to  
You don't know about me

And you don't want to  
Not a thing will be alright cause  
The midlife crisis hits, we're  
42, ooh-ooh  
42, ooh-ooh  
I don't know about you  
42, ooh-ohh  
42, ooh-ooh

It feels like one of those days,  
Can't find our car keys  
It feels like one of those days,  
Rather be sleeping  
It feels like one of those days,  
Kids fix your own meal  
Waiting for bad news  
Waiting for bad news

Ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh, ye-e-e-e-eah, hey  
I don't know about you  
But I'm feeling 42  
Not a thing will be alright  
Even if I want it to  
You don't know about me  
And you don't want to  
Not a thing will be alright cause  
The midlife crisis hits, we're  
42, ooh-ooh  
42, ooh-ooh  
42, ooh-ooh, yeah, yeah  
42, ooh-ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah

It feels like one of those days,  
Can't find our car keys  
It feels like one of those days,  
Rather be sleeping  
It feels like one of those days,  
Kids fix your own meal  
Waiting for bad news  
Waiting for bad news