

I know a kid who is out of control  
Took too many drugs, and it stole his soul  
Sitting on the porch watching days and years fly by  
Something needs to change, but he won't even try

As he sits and lets his body rot  
I want to teach him things that I've been taught  
Judging by the pale color of his skin  
It may be too late for this to sink in

It doesn't matter what he has done  
It doesn't matter what is said  
I'll always be his friend  
Even when he is dead

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