

## When I Was Your Age Pluto Was Still a Planet

Arsonists Get All The Girls

I'm trying to glue back all the missing pieces of the puzzle  
Blown and scattered with no hope of repairs  
You've left it blank for me to fill it in  
With the reasons I made out with a vengeance  
From a dead chest cursing youth  
Grabbing and tearing until I'm all content  
Extracting all the youth from your mind  
Piecing and gluing the shit that's left of my brain  
Then I see you and ask  
What fucking planet are you on?