14 Or So

As Friends Rust

When I was younger, 14 or so, I lived my life like it was over. Spent my days searching for cigarette butts, My nights in a newspaper bin. Loitered the halls of North Miami Beach Senior High On cocaine or pussy or anything goes, A comic book collecting time-bomb. Hey, alright. It's not over. It's never over. When I was younger, 14 or so, I lived my life by the next court order. Holed away in rehabs, Where they promised to save my soul. I'm still waiting, and I miss Matt Craft, I miss smoking crack, and I miss my bedroom. And though John's still around, There's no going back I presume.