

Young And Innocent

ASG

box me up lay me in the clay
burn my poems and all my sad songs
like another but not the same
still it's funny what life does with you
most of us come back but not quite the same
well i just can't tell what to believe
i just cannot tell what i should be, living to try or dying to
leave
like the master within the slave
breaking fear in a room with no view
like the other but not the same
still it's funny what life does with you
most of us come back but not quite the same
the devil is laughing engraving my name