8-Balled

Backyard Babies

(Borg, dregen, andersson)

I've seen you in the nightclub
I've seen you dressed up right
But your heart's not beating through your pale white skin
That's how I know that you'll never win

Ah, ah, it's just a dead end
Ah, ah, and there ain't no turning back

I took your place, you were a king for a day
But somehow you never learn
I didn't ask for this it's just the way things turn
And it hurts to go down in flames

Ah, ah, it's just a dead end
Ah, ah, and there ain't no turning back

You got eightballs, baby, as a mattress in your bed
13 tattooed on the back of your head
Where will you go when all the things you see are black

You try to change
Maybe grow young
Jump on a bandwagon and lose

It's just a dead end
Ah, and there ain't no turning back

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