

## Eight-Balled

Backyard Babies

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  
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  
And there ain't no turning back

You got eight balls baby as a mattres 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  
And there ain't no turning back