

I can recall the warm youth of a summer day, yeah:
The sweetest lemonade, the darkest game arcade,
And Billy had a yearning in the corner of his mind.
It moved him secretly. It moved him powerfully.
But prescience was lacking and the present was not all
And his aptitudes were carelessly wasted.
And challenging life with the abandon of a fool,
He squandered the hours of his day.
Then darkness and disorder slapped him sharply in the face, yeah.
It hit him like a friend, struck something deep within.
He couldn't break the chain of slow decay that seemed to drag him
Just like a fatal tie toward the other side.
And Billy was a lunatic, just barking at the moon,
And his brain was totally wasted.
He then exchanged his friends for a needle and a spoon
And he threw his future away.
Bolt the door and throw away the key.
Your dim reflection is all that you can see.
So where is the justice when no one is at fault
And a human life is tragically wasted?
How fragile is the flame that burns within us all
To light each passing day?