

The Kill

Ben Rector

He's still feeling like he's 16
And you're chasing all of the same drink
Only living on the weekend nights
The card is empty but the tab got paid
I think it's funny how some things change
There's got to be more to life

He can't stand knowing he's dieing
Tick tock timing
He feels the kill
And my God, he'd love to know why he's dead inside
cause he just can't get his fill

Still sitting at the desk job
And you're still staring at the clock wall
And now you're working for the weekend ride
It's just the money, it'll change one day
As you're stuck in traffic on the highway
And know you've said it for the thousandth time

He can't stand knowing he's dieing
Tick tock timing
He feels the kill
And my God, he'd love to know why he's dead inside
cause he just can't get his fill

We can't stand knowing we're dieing
Tick tock timing
We feel the kill
And my God, we'd love to know why we're dead inside
cause we just can't get our fill