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Buck 65

I don't know what's wrong with the youth of today
Wandering lost, it's true what they say
And who is to blame? tv and magazines
They would have you believe that everyday is halloween
Why, when I was a kid, playing in the ditches,
Living in fear of satan and the witches
The whole world was made of wood and smelled like gasoline
The days were at least twice as long and the grass was green

Running for my life, I was cursed by a talking snake
I'd walk all day and throw rocks across a bottomless lake.
There was a killer in the woods who would whistle.
Once in a while I could hear him shoot his pistol.
And the other kids hated me...but like a martyr,
I drove myself harder and harder
Blood in my eyes, scrubbing to get the dirt off
I didn't say much, didn't like to take my shirt off
I was quick but I didn't know the meaning of pain yet
I would visit father bob and he would show me his train set,
Tell me a story, offer me a glass of milk
Send me on my way with a question to ask myself
The rain didn't bother me the search had meaning
Church was good but I'd rather be dreaming.
High speed horseshoes, harnesses and heavy string
The problem is, today they got an answer for everything.
4-6-3 an x, an o
And I can't think of a better way to end the day
4-6-3 a punch, a kick
And I can't think of a better way to end the day
4-6-3 as yes, a no
And I can't think of a better way to end the day
4-6-3 it's life, death
And I can't think of a better way to end the day

Learning the words, turning the double play.
Doing some damage in my own subtle way
Been all over, I've seen too much
I no longer feel the need to rush
I'm upside down, I'm inside out
Broken glass all in my mouth
Cut wide open and everybody knew why
'Cause when it comes to rocking something fierce, boy do I

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