

Cellmates

Dave Hause

You should've seen us at twenty-two
Like Bryan Kienlen's first tattoo
Way out of line, crooked, we were wild, we were loose
Broken teeth and broken homes
Long before we all fell face first into our phones
Sky high but sinking like stones
Doing any little thing not to feel alone

But now, me and all my rotten friends
Sit around like convicts stuck inside counting days
Now, me and all my rotten friends
Reminisce about the time we spent behind those prison gates
Back when we were cellmates
Back when we were cellmates

Pills and powders, baby, powders and pills
Holes wide inside you know that'll never get filled
Grist for the murder mill
Rack up the tab, never pay the bill
You should've seen us by thirty-five
Shaking like dogs on the Fourth of July
Last leaves on the tree, last buds on the vine
Death wish living but afraid to die

And now, me and all my rotten friends
Sit around like convicts stuck inside counting days
Now, me and all my rotten friends
Reminisce about the time we spent behind those prison gates
Back when we were cellmates
Back when we were cellmates

And we're stuck in the in-between
We mainline nostalgia like amphetamine
Dress up the past like it's Halloween
Like killers coming back to the crime scene
We mainline nostalgia like amphetamine

And now, me and all my rotten friends
Sit around like convicts stuck inside counting days
Now, me and all my rotten friends
Reminisce about the time we spent behind those prison gates
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