

Sadie, I was around
The second time
They found your body drowned.
And, lately, I know
Somehow if there with nothing,
I'd having something to show.
Raiding my head,
Raiding my death
Too many restless summer nights,
Too many drunken, lonely pints.

In town and fucked with all my friends.
You've said that before

It's really getting old, kid.
It's really getting old, kid.
It's really getting old, kid.
It's really getting old, kid.
It's really getting old

Sadie, I was around.
The second time
You let your mother down
And, lady, I know
That shit she says is lies.
She wants you to come home.
Laying in bed.
Raiding your death.
Too many restless summer nights.
Too many drunken family fights.

In town and fucked with all your friends.
You've done that before

It's really getting old, kid.
It's really getting old, kid.
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It's really getting old, kid.
It's really getting old, kid.
It's really getting old, kid.