

I Caught you sleeping on a sunset bench
You know the one I kinda looks like shit
Broken fingers and a bloody chest
I don't think you'll remember this

Then I saw you on the boulevard
Tried to sell me someone's credit card
Hanging out with the avenues
Coming down with nothing to use

And I know you're getting cold
And I know you're getting old

Quick stop at the liquor store
You'll buy a beer and I'll get 30 more
Yes sir I'm really 24
Fuck that let's just run for the door

Passed out and you're seeing stars
Waking up in someone else's car
Faced down in the spirit ditch
You broke your neck but your legs still twitch

And I know you're getting old
And I know you're getting cold