

I am a man on the run
Running on two empty lungs
Running from my own mind
And things I hide inside
Some call it sweet temptation

Sometimes I don't trust myself
Cameras on old empty shelves
I leave inside my brain
To make sure I stay sane
Good God, I think I need help

I know what everybody knows
Die young or you can grow old
Until they bury you six below
Live long enough to tell your sons
Things you learned when you were young
So maybe I can have some self-control

But they say, "oh to be young"
Innocent of what's to come
Oh, to be beautiful, each mistake excusable
Give into sweet temptation

So, tell me what do I do?
Am I just playing a fool?
That never learned to grow old
And still has no self-control

I know what everybody knows
Die young or you can grow old
Until they bury you six below
Live long enough to tell your sons
Things you learned when you were young
So maybe I can have some self-control
Here we go

I know
I know
Live long enough to tell your sons
Things you learned when you were young
So maybe I can have some self-control