

Disarm you with a smile  
And cut you like you want me to  
Cut that little child  
Inside of me and such a part of you  
Ooh the years burn  
Ooh the years burn  
The burn  
The burn

I used to be a little boy  
So old in my shoes  
And what I choose is my choice  
What's a boy supposed to do?  
The killer in me is the killer in you  
I send this smile over to you

Disarm you with a smile  
And leave you like they left me here  
To wither in denial  
The bitterness of one who's left alone  
Ooh the years burn  
Ooh the years burn  
The burn  
The burn

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So old in my shoes  
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