

Can't you see
That I'm not straight edge
You can tell
By the look in my eye
I hear that shit you preach
It's so far out of reach
You meaningless x's
Don't cry

It's done man
Yes, it's done man
Yes, it's done
We know your scene is gone
Yes it's gone, it's gone

Train of thought that you'll outgrow
It's only a matter of time
I'm old enough to think
So I'm old enough to drink
I won't ebb with your tide

Hide behind your x's, that is fine
But keep it to yourself
Don't you get it, admit it
This phase is for the under twenty one