

Die Young

Jesse Jo Stark

You taste like cinnamon
Raised on adrenaline
Mama tried but you wouldn't let her in
You taste like cinnamon
My little tumbling skeleton
I'm hysterical
Your tongue licks like heroin
Across the skin of the man I loved
I'm wearing him

I'm an alien
A spoon to cook saline in
I was born dead just so I could die again
I'm your dance floor
But you always want more
I'm so tired of saying I don't want you anymore
But they're my words and they're all dressed in black
I've never been so sad

Ahhhhhhh
Ahhhhhhh
Ahhhhhhh
Ahhhhhhh

The older I get, babe, the more I wanna die young
The older I get, babe, the more I wanna die young