All your years of treasure hunting for thruth and love are stealing all your youth 22 22 is when you said you would improve But you all had to loose, cause you already used 22 22 is when they said they would improve...

You keep scratching yourself with the roses that he left on your bed Don't forget they won't make you pretty Imprints on your pillow case of history Branded on that face
Your not suppose to be touchin All them strangers my love

Don't you feel betrayed?
you thought you had it made
You shined once in the sun
Now your days as the pearl are done
22 22, is when you said
you would improve
Haven't they told you my love
youre six years past due?

Ladadadada...