

You're living like you're a deadman  
Your neck gets broke with a twist  
You're as weak as anyone  
Who has a delicate wrist  
The devil's up on your shoulder  
He's always right in your ear  
Too many days, weeks, months  
You've been listening for years

You have an eye that flies just like a satellite  
You can't see clearly when you've got a broken mind  
Go grab your guts then maybe you can grow a spine  
Get with the times or you'll get left behind

You're 50 coming up 60  
You've still got nothing to say  
You just repeat, -peat, -peat  
Saying "Back in my day"  
You can't tell anybody  
When you've got nowhere to run  
When you start thinking like you do  
That's where it all goes wrong

You have an eye that flies just like a satellite  
You can't see clearly when you've got a broken mind  
Go grab your guts then maybe you can grow a spine  
Get with the times or you'll get left behind

You settle down  
'Cause we're all fucking crazy  
Let it all out  
'Cause shit can get too heavy  
If you can't  
No you can't

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You can't see clearly when you've got a broken mind  
Go grab your guts then maybe you can grow a spine  
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