

Die Young

Off With Their Heads

I don't care for anything
I can't stand this anyway
I'd live fast if it were fun
Am I old enough to die young?
I count one and I count two
I hope to hell I don't see you
I'm waiting on these goddamn drugs
Transport, I gotta transport

Hey Mom and Dad don't shop universities
Don't worry about our future or the matter of succeeding
I'm not bluffing on how I don't wanna live to be 34
But when I'm 40 I'll sing it once more
The brittle boned boys march again
They'll validate with cheap slogans
And reminisce about being dumb kids
But then of course go sing it again

Am I scared or just plain bored
I'll try things I wouldn't before
My ten foot pole got cut real short
And curiosities not what for
Self destruction from apathy
My domestic enemy
I'm sick of right I'm sick of wrong
Is This real or just a dumb song

Hey this is not the way I wanted things to be
It's not my blueprint it's just plan z
To be naive to recessitate and dig
A foot a week to get out of your grave
Mouth to mouth to taste behind
Pay no mind to bankrupt minds
Ignore the stale noose around your neck
I got more respect for ripe slit wrists
Pretentious gen x is all I see from you
Kill what's dead find something new