

(Dead in a gutter, dead in a gutter, I should be dead in a gutter)

Back when I was fifteen, I got into the wrong crowd
Got myself in trouble just to make a silly man proud
When I was sixteen, I almost died
Swear my mum watched my life flash behind her eyes
When I was seventeen, I relapsed like ten times
And that last one led me on a downward spiral
Eighteen, picking up the drink
Felt kinda nice 'cause I didn't have to think

Nineteen, lockdown hit
Everything around me, it all went to shit
Then I turned twenty
When did I turn twenty?
How the fuck am I twenty?
Like what?

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Should be six feet under
Don't know how I swerved that corner
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De-de-dead in the gutter
Dead in the gutter
Dead in the gutter

I was twenty-six
Came back to the land of the living
Before that I was sick in the body, unforgiving
Twenty-seven, so confused, still alive, but in pain
I would smoke, till I'm dumb, till I'm numb, in the brain

Twenty-eight, let's get it straight
I put my paper to pen
And applied the pressure to the pages, tell the story of Ren
A story of a fallen angel amongst mortals and men
Tryna carve a place inside a space or stumble again

Twenty-nine, the world has changed, still I am sick
Still overmedicated, stress-related, cuffs on my wrist
Now I'm thirty
When did I turn thirty?
How the fuck am I thirty?

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I'm just such a hypocrite
Dunno how I live with it
Told my brother not to smoke
I'm the one who hasn't quit
Really, I'm just winging it
Hoping it don't go to shit
Hoping I can find a place where I fit

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