

Half Bad

White Reaper

Thought it'd be easy
Thought they didn't know
You thought it was the only way to go

Another way out
Found on the way home
Thought you were living fast
But you were living slow

And they tell you it's alright
It's for your own good
Maybe it's not half bad
Living in a teenage neighbourhood

Shorts for the summer
Long sleeves for the cold
Maybe you figured it out
Maybe you'll never know

Hey

You can't be sold
You won't grow old
It's mind control
They'll take your soul