Bikeage

Descendents

Running out of time again Where did you go wrong this time? When your problems overwhelm you Go get drunk it's party time Take a quaalude, relax your mind Relax your body tool Run from problems but You'll never get away No one loves you, and you Wonder why? Sitting there with your Mouth full of beer Your eyes are glazed, your face is red Who's gonna pick you up and use you for tonight? And when you're on the streets With a needle in your arm Selling your body for another fix Who's gonna pick you up and take You home with them tonight? Not me! Running out of breath again you're an Old maid, but you're only 15 You're losing your little girl's charm Cry all night but you'll never get it back Don't be afraid, it's not too late Save yourself, I need you here Wearing off, wearing out I can't think about this cause it makes me sick