

Can't you see  
That I'm not straight edge  
You can tell  
By the look in my eye  
I hear that shit you preach  
It's so far out of reach  
You meaningless x's  
Don't cry

It's done man  
Yes, it's done man  
Yes, it's done  
We know your scene is gone  
Yes it's gone, it's gone

Train of thought that you'll outgrow  
It's only a matter of time  
I'm old enough to think  
So I'm old enough to drink  
I won't ebb with your tide

Hide behind your x's, that is fine  
But keep it to yourself  
Don't you get it, admit it  
This phase is for the under twenty one