

# The Kill

Ben Rector

He's still feeling like he's 16  
And you're chasing all of the same drink  
Only living on the weekend nights  
The card is empty but the tab got paid  
I think it's funny how some things change  
There's got to be more to life

He can't stand knowing he's dieing  
Tick tock timing  
He feels the kill  
And my God, he'd love to know why he's dead inside  
cause he just can't get his fill

Still sitting at the desk job  
And you're still staring at the clock wall  
And now you're working for the weekend ride  
It's just the money, it'll change one day  
As you're stuck in traffic on the highway  
And know you've said it for the thousandth time

He can't stand knowing he's dieing  
Tick tock timing  
He feels the kill  
And my God, he'd love to know why he's dead inside  
cause he just can't get his fill

We can't stand knowing we're dieing  
Tick tock timing  
We feel the kill  
And my God, we'd love to know why we're dead inside  
cause we just can't get our fill