I was 15, you were 21
I was bad news like a loaded gun
You were a hard, hard working man
I was selling, selling out my band
& you bought in...

I was 18 at the top of my game Namedropping & looking for fame You lied, lied to me About all, all I could be & I bought in...

You sellout, you souled yer soul, Forget it, you lost control What's done is done, it's now your turn Now your turn to bleed & burn

Yer 25 & barley alive
You've got a hoodrat you call your wife
I'm given y ou loving on the side
Cause your cold hard heart is just like mine
I'm 21, you're 28
We coulda had our day, we coulda been great
But you laying, laying down to win
And I'm paying for my life, life of sin
& I bought in...