

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