

Twenty One Said Three Times Quickly

Dillinger Four

Past ten I start to lose my sight
Six hours gone, two fisting
Try to talk but nothing comes out right
Try to make it work tomorrow
Yesterday we were barely in command
Full of dumb ideas, like children
I blinked and the world had dropped my hand
Don't let it show but I'm stumbling

Now I've lost track of the things that I once knew
I know what I want but I don't got the tools
Carry the weight upon my back
I'm killing time until the heart attack
Now that you're 21 you've got a lot to lose
Look back on better times, f**k all 'til 22
Now that you're 21

I've got no will to move ahead
Don't understand just how we got here
My memory dangles by a thread
Try to bring it back but it's fading