

## 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