

All your years of treasure  
hunting for thruth and love  
are stealing all your youth 22  
22 is when you said you would improve  
But you all had to loose,  
cause you already used 22  
22 is when they said  
they would improve...

You keep scratching yourself  
with the roses that he left on your bed  
Don't forget they won't make you pretty  
Imprints on your pillow case of history  
Branded on that face  
Your not suppose to be touchin  
All them strangers my love

Don't you feel betrayed?  
you thought you had it made  
You shined once in the sun  
Now your days as the pearl are done  
22 22, is when you said  
you would improve  
Haven't they told you my love  
youre six years past due?

Ladadadada...