

Boy Decide

Murder by Death

There's a son he is born
With a silver spoon in his mouth
Go on body admit it
There's got to be something you love
Enough to protect
You tire of things I know but you've got to push on
On, on, on, on, on

Some men crave women and some men crave gold
Some folks die too young and some die too old
Some just want to pass life with liquor and cards
Some work to the top and well some don't get far

Boy, Decide
Boy, Decide
You're too old to fuck around and too young to die
Time to try life on for size

Now the time it has come to pull yourself out of the mud
And fix yourself up
Hell don't you care how you look?
Your mother god rest her she'd spin in her grave if she know wh
at a mess you have made

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Cause you're pissin' into the wind
Squandering the life you were given
Now what will you do?
You're wasting away your life
Digging a hole you can dive into
When you get tired of fighting