

So it's not loaded stadiums or ballparks  
And we're not kids on swingsets on the blacktop  
And I thought at fifteen that I'd have it down by sixteen  
And twenty-four keeps breathing in my face

Like a mad whore  
And twenty-four keeps pounding at my door  
Like a friend you don't want to see

Oldness comes with a smile  
To every love given child  
Oldness comes to rile  
The youth who dream suicide