

It was the summer of 95 (so what!)  
In the backyard, shaving the old plies  
Feeling so strong (strong!), something went wrong (wrong!)  
Straight into my finger, what a stinger, it was so long  
I still remember that day, like the day that I said that I swear  
"I'll never hurt myself again", but it seems that I'm deemed to  
be wrong  
To be wrong, to be wrong  
Gotta keep holding on...they always played a slow song.

When they come for me, I'll be sitting at my desk  
With a gun in my hand, wearing a bulletproof vest singing  
"My, my, my, how the time does fly, when you know you're going  
to die  
By the end of the night." And said hey

I still remember when we were young and fragile then.  
No one gave a shit about us because times were tougher then.  
Feeling so good (good!) cruisin' the hood (hood!)  
straight into the real world where rich kids never understood.  
But I don't care.  
I can fade away to anywhere don't stop  
because you might get dropped  
and if you do who's going to pick you up  
well I won't, well I won't...  
they always played a slow song.

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"My, my, my, how the time does fly, when you know you're going  
to die  
By the end of the night." [x3] and said hey. HEY, HEY, HEY