

Misspent Youth

The Living End

See, the streets at night
Far, away from school
But, they'll never know
I'll carry on, something is wrong

Runaway, from somebody you'll never know
You'll live on hostility
Breakaway, from the mayhem and misspent youth
And think about the bitter pill you swallow

Lost, in paradise
Not in the environment for you
But, they'll never know
I'll carry on, something is wrong

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