

Die On Time

Young Guns

I slip away
Like a thief I'm on the run
Cause I cracked the safe
Sold the priceless parts for fun
I'll save
Smoke and mirrors babe
For the ones they work on
It's far too late for me

Show a little soul and they'll want more
These days a pound of flesh don't get you far
I watch you smoke your cigarettes
Drink your liquor lets
Race to the bottom
Die on time
Is this everything you asked for?

I bend and break
For your pleasure I'm undone
Kept tapping the vein
Now I'm drowning in the flood
But stay
Be my tourniquet
We can share the hurt 'cause
It's far too great for me

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