

## 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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