

## As Forever Fades

### "14 Or So"

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When I was younger, 14 or so,  
I lived my life like it was over.  
Spent my days searching for cigarette butts,  
My nights in a newspaper bin.  
Loitered the halls of North Miami Beach Senior High  
On cocaine or pussy or anything goes,  
A comic book collecting time-bomb.  
Hey, alright. It's not over.  
It's never over.  
When I was younger, 14 or so,  
I lived my life by the next court order.  
Holed away in rehabs,  
Where they promised to save my soul.  
I'm still waiting, and I miss Matt Craft,  
I miss smoking crack, and I miss my bedroom.  
And though John's still around,  
There's no going back I presume.

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