

Backstreet Boys

"Eight-Balled"

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Ive seen you in the nightclub
Ive seen you dressed up right
But your hearts not beating through your pale white
skin
That's how I know that you'll never win
Ah, ah, it's just a dead end
Ah, ah, and there aint no turning back
I took your place, you were a king for a day
But somehow you never learn
I didn't ask for this it's just the way things turn
And it hurts to go down in flames
Ah, ah, it's just a dead end
Ah, ah, and there aint no turning back
You got eightballs, baby, as a mattress in your bed
13 tattooed on the back of your head
Where will you go when all the things you see are black
You try to change
Maybe grow young
Jump on a bandwagon and lose
Its just a dead end
Ah, and there aint no turning back

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