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Backyard Babies "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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