

## Abbott Hayes

### "Dead At 17"

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Dead at 17- Dead at 17  
Life is so obscene and no it aint a dream  
When your 17

Everyday is a holiday, All the way is the only way  
TNT and a side of fries, Insanity can't be sanitized  
There's other things that I'd rather do  
Fuel to burn and I'm coming through  
I let the fumes go to my head  
Either way I think I'm dead at 17

Dead at 17- Dead at 17  
Life is so obscene and no it aint a dream  
When your 17 Dead at 17- Dead at 17  
Lost in between and no it aint a dream when you r 17

I'm at war with humanity, Live in this world of stupidity  
I'm so annoyed with everything, I growing into a big  
nothing  
I don't care about the state in, A snot-nose punk who  
just can't win  
An angry misfit that's seeing red, But either way I think  
I'm dead at 17

I feel like shit, I need something to smash, I need  
something to hit  
I feel like shit, and the voices in my head say there  
something to it

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