

Abby Normal "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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