

## **Buck 65**

### **"4-6-3"**

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I don't know what's wrong with the youth of today  
Wandering lost, it's true what they say  
And who is to blame?  
TV and magazines they'd have you believe everyday is  
Halloween  
Why when I was kid, playing in the ditches  
Living in fear of Satan and the witches  
The whole world was made of wood and smelled like  
gasoline  
The days were at least twice as long and the grass was  
green  
Running for my life I was cursed by a talking snake  
I'd walk all day and throw rocks across a bottomless  
lake  
There was a killer in the woods who would whistle  
Once in awhile I could hear him shoot his pistol  
And the other kids hated me  
But like a martyr I drove myself harder and harder  
Blood in my eyes scrubbing to get the dirt off  
I didn't say much didn't like to take my shirt off  
Was quick but I didn't know the meaning of pain yet  
I would visit Father Bob and he would show me his train  
set  
Tell me a story  
Offer me a glass of milk  
Send me on my way with a question to ask myself  
The rain didn't bother me the search had meaning  
Church was good but I'd rather be dreaming  
Hightspeed horseshoes, harnesses and heavy strings  
The problem is today they got an answer for everything

4-6-3

An X an O and I can't think of a better way to end the  
day

4-6-3

A punch, a kick and I can't think of a better way to end  
the day

4-6-3

a yes, a no and I can't think of a better way to end the  
day

4-6-3

it's life, death and I can't think of a better way to end

the day

Learning the words  
Turning the double play  
Doing some damage in my own subtle way  
I've been all over I've seen too much  
I no longer feel the need to rush  
I'm upside down I'm inside out  
Broken glass all in my mouth  
Cut wide open and everybody knew why  
Cuz when it comes to rocking something fierce -  
Mmm do I

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