

Overview

"Maybe Dead At 27"

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I was there and a man told me son
Shape up and learn to love

Till the ticks end to that silence before you fall asleep
Where you stay up and think when you stay up think
about
Future endeavors
Saying maybe (but) really never
This is was what I said
Lies, lies, lies, lies this aint, right, right, right
But your lies, lies, lies they feel so right, right, right
And I, I don't want to feel
AnymoreÂ...
Maybe I'm the legend
Maybe dead at 27
Honey I don't count my losses
I don't pray to bullshit [?]
Or worry about the effects of cancer
Or all their stupid anthems
Honey I'm the rebel now
But I'm a poser now

You better shape up
And suck them dry to see the whites in their pretty eyes
I suck them dry to see the lies in their pretty eyes

Like a dog running down the street
He's gone away from the beat
Yeah there's no time and there's nothing for free,
It's just politics waging for my money
My attention for important things
Comes from the ATM machine

But I, I can never decide
If this freedom I have inside
Are they just hierarchy lies
Because I don't know what's right,

But I can never decide
This love that I have inside
Are they just hierarchy lies
So that they're always (stay) right

Because I don't know what is right
I don't know what is right

Sitting there within my life,
I feel like I'll take my time
If they learn to love

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