

A.k.a.s**"The Best Way To Beat A Mid-life Crisis (is To Be Dead)"**

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Momma, momma don't you waste those prayers on me.
Momma, momma, won't you wash those tears away.
I'm so red my credit line's fucked up, bankrupt on
borrowed time. I'm so red my credit line's fucked up,
bankrupt on borrowed time. Everybody say I'm too
young to die old and petty. Everybody say I'm too old to
die young and pretty. Today, I'll take summer tours and
power chords. Momma, momma, don't you listen to a
word they say. Momma, momma don't you turn your
back on me. I burn candles at both ends, blown up,
blown out between dead ends. I paint all the red doors
black. Black to red, and back again. Everybody say...

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