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Mystery Jets "Twenty One"

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The boy cried wolfe can't take it any more They all tried to help him but he heard it all before Now he sits in a room with a lock on the door Compare to those arms and staring at the floor The boy don't look it there at 21 But you already feel like half your life is gone And you're close to the edge but you're hanging on Do yourself a favour don't do yourself any harm

And you want to tell your story but you don't know where to start

Well you mother's pretty loaded but she don't have a heart.

Well you met the rich and famous and they're screwed up just the same,

Even love will tear us apart don't ease the pain.

You can wipe the blood from your shoes and the tear from your eye

But the scars up your arms are harder to hide And drawing on a cigarette hoping your head will clear Is like rubbing on a Imap until a gennie will appear And the last time you counted you were 23

But you still don't know who you want to be

And all of your heroes have took there own lives But do yourself a favour and take my advice You want to tell a story but you don't know where to start

Well you mother's pretty loaded but she don't have a heart

And you met the rich and famous and they're screwed up the same

Even love will tear us apart don't ease the pain

And boy you don't look it there at 21, But you already feel like half your life is gone, And your close to the edge but you're hanging on, Well do yourself a favour though don't do yourself any harm.

If you want to tell a story but you don't know where to

start, Well your mother's pretty lonely but she don't have a heart, And you met the rich and famous and they're screwed up the same, Even love will tear us apart don't ease the pain.

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