

# **A.K.A.S., The "The Best Way To Beat A Mid-Life Crisis (is To Be D)"**

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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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