

22 Catch

"Keasbey Nights"

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It was the summer of '95 (so what?!),
in the backyard, shaving the old plies.
Feeling so strong, something went wrong.
Straight into my finger, what a stinger, it was so long.
I still remember that day,
like the day that I said that I swear,
"I'll never hurt myself again",
but it seems that I'm deemed to be wrong,
to be wrong, to be wrong.
So i've got to keep holding on...
they always played a slow song.
When they come for me,
I'll be sitting at my desk,
with a gun in my hand, wearing a bulletproof vest..
Singing "my, my, my, how the time does fly,
when you know you're going to die by the end of the
night."
I still remember when we were young and fragile then.
No one gave a shit about us because times were
tougher then.
Feeling so good, cruising the hood;
straight into the real world, rich kids never understood.
But I don't care. I can fade away to anywhere.
Don't stop because you might get dropped and if
you do who's going to pick you up.
Well I won't... they always played a slow song

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