

Gay Blades, The "Wasted On The Youth"

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I'll be sitting on the back porch wondering
Is this really what I've come to know
Am I gonna hve to lose my mind or
Are we gonna have to explode

You want a perfect love song
Reach ears break hearts
Well kill the cliché baby
We can all sound handsome and smart

All of this is crumbling...

I don't want to get old,
But I know, there's no other opportunities so
I take the world like I'm told,
Nice and slow
I don't want to get older so I won't
Spend all my days wondering hoping I don't
We're not getting older anymore

Well I'm just about to let you have this

Every bit of this infamy
Well I'm just about to let you know that
What it has all done for me

You want a perfect love song
Reach ears break hearts
Well kill the cliché baby
We can all sound handsome and smart

All of this is troubling...

Well I know it's the truth when they say that youth's
been
Wasted on the young

Shake from the break of the state I'm in
You'll figure out that you need to spend
All of the time that you never really had

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