All Our Days Are Numbered

Big Wreck

They say you'll go to hell
If you get bakedThe things we know so well
Are never fakedI've walked some different lines
And they're on loanAnd after all I've heard
I miss her moanYour life is not your own
You're just hanging out in flesh and boneAll our days are numbered
It's an age-old spell I've been underYou think that when you move
You're starting freshSee all the things you hate
Up close in the fleshI've walked some different lines
And never borrowedBut after all I've heard
I miss her moanMy bag of flesh and blood
Will just get buried in the mudYour life is not your own
You're just hanging out in flesh and boneAll our days are numbered
It's an age-old spell I've been underYeahAll our days are numbered
It's an age-old spell we've been under

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