

Retired at 21

Black Flag

Had money in my pocket But he had a gun How was I to know That I was a lucky one? You got me through this
Time But my time will come When things get wild I'll get out from underneath the gun You're retired at 21
Your mind is gone Your race is run You're retired at 21 You side with the law And the man with the gun
Lookin' for a thrill But it just ain't that easy Cause when you move in for the kill Got to get sleazy The bait'll
come off the wild... Before we crawl all over you We've both got power And at... you'll don't know what I'll do
Money Money Money'll buy you food into my brain But your heart can't even breathe cause your soul's
already claimed Collecting a scrapbook Proud of what you've done No more pushing Retired at 21 You're
retired at 21 Your mind is gone Your race is run You're retired at 21 You side with the law And the man with
the gun crapshoot crapshoot Don't know what you'll find there Don't want no one To catch you in a dare Your
life story is complete The clock has got you beat You look at life Then you turn and retreat You're retired at 21
Your mind is gone Your race is run You're retired at 21 You side with the law And the man with the gun

Songwriters

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