

Wasted Daze of Youth

Beach Slang

Please don't die before I do
Or say you'll take me with you
Deal?
You're my favorite weirdo
How'd you teach me how to
Feel?
I'd always tried I kiss your mouth to taste your spit
And sip your words until they
Stick
I wrap them around my hands
And wear my palms like boxing
Mitts
Too soft to fight I still taste you in the ash
Of every cigarette you kill
Have they dragged you back to life?
If not yet
They never will Carve 'I want you' in my arm
Cover up my sins with truth
If you stop being alive
Baby, take me with you

Songwriters

James Alex Snyder Published by

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