

Pinhead Gunpowder

I'm not seventeen And going on nowhere fast
A decade lost in the East Bay fog
Birthday cards thrown in the trash
Last years' calendar On the wall, collecting dust
My friends say to tear it down
But instead I'll leave it up
And now I'm 27
When I turn 28
Driving to the 7-11
Will I end up losing faith
On expiration dates
Promises decayed
New Years resolutions sold
To the bums out on the street
What was it all worth?
And was it worth the while
Lost and found and ten years down
And torched it to the ground
Will I still stand in line
When I turn 29?
But now I'll take a number
And it reads 27

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