

Die While We're Young

A Wilhelm Scream

It's been years since I sold my soul.
What a life: no advice and no guidance.
Worked through the weekend at my bullshit job
with the pumps and the mops and the tire irons. Now us slaves break bread and go to work.
And these pigs will tread on our backs.
Every bastard to pass through the grinder
can just laugh at the mania of his own nerves. I had to go to class but just drove on
through the rain and fog up Route Six past the mall.
Drank through paychecks, they don't last so long.
But Monday we're on. Please, Monday, come. Now us slaves break bread and go to work.
And these pigs will tread on our backs.
Every bastard to pass through the grinder
can just laugh at the mania of his own nerves.
And embossed in the gold top half of his nickel-plated watch:
"Let's die while we're young."
"Let's die while we're young."
"Let's die while we're young."
While we're still young. While us slaves break bread and go to work,
where sick pigs will shit down our backs.
Every bastard to pass through the grinder
our resolve is a reminder we are guts and bone.
And attached to the three ring binder,
reminders of our old pact:
let's die while we're young.
let's die while we're young.
let's die while we're young.
But now we're too old for that.

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