

# Image

## Lust for Youth

You act a pansy, pushover  
Who is that, something says your name  
You seem chancy, moreover  
Do live your fancy, go lower  
The call is mine  
I'm gonna get you up  
The call is mine  
I'm gonna get on top  
On the skew, you're dancing all over  
In a blue suit, orange pullover  
You are the anti-fashion statement  
I'm gonna get on top  
You look like my old dog Rover  
I'm gonna get you up  
The call is mine  
Spit teeth - I can hear you  
Head crash - I can't see you  
I feel your pounding me onto the street  
I've learned to know the taste of concrete  
Why don't you follow me?  
I feel the blood gushing, crumbling away  
Eyes flash - feels like electroshock  
Street brash - time flies, tick-tock  
I know this marks the end of my hey-day  
Why don't you follow me

Lyrics provided by

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