

# Piece by Piece

## Murder By Death

You wouldn't believe all the things that I've done  
You just can't see 'cause you're young  
I've paid my dues and I had my fun  
You'll have yours too, son, you'll have yours too, son  
You wouldn't believe how fast they can take it away  
You're walking 'round free and in chains the next day  
Time has a way of breaking you down  
Piece by piece from your tooth to your claw  
Oh, in time, my son, yeah 'cause you're still young  
You wouldn't believe all the things that I've seen  
The girls I have known and places I've been  
I've stood at Pompeii, prayed to stones in Delhi  
But you don't see shit when you look at me  
I've watched the smoke rise from a prince's pyre  
It don't look much different from a beggar's fire  
Yeah, I know, I know you don't think much of me  
But in time you'll see  
Oh, in time, my son, yeah, 'cause you're still young  
Don't do what I've done, oh, when I was young  
I've got some wisdom from the time that I've done  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, but you're still young

Songwriters

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