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, sonYou 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 clawOh, in time, my son, yeah 'cause you're still youngYou 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 meI'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 seeOh, in time, my son, yeah, 'cause you're still young
Don't do what I've done, oh, when I was youngI've got some wisdom from the time that I've done
Yeah, yeah, yeah, but you're still young

Songwriters
Matthew Taylor Armstrong;Sarah Jackson Balliet;Adam Michael Turla;Dagan ThogersonPublished by WING KONG EXCHANGE COMPANY;RAM ISLAND SONGS (*SEE NOTES*) Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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