

Salad Days

Minor Threat

Wishing for the days when I first wore this suit. Baby has grown older, it's no longer cute. Too many voices. They've made me mute. Baby has grown older.

It's no longer cute.

But I stay on, I stay on. Where do I get off? On to greener pastures. The core has gotten soft.

Look at us today. We've gotten soft and fat. Waiting for the moment, it's just not coming back. So serious about the stuff we lack. Dwell upon our memories but there are no facts.

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