

Buck 65

I don't know whats wrong with the youth of today  
 wondering lost it's true what they say  
 and who is to blame?  
 T.V and magazines,  
 they'd have you believe, everyday was halloween.  
 why when I was a kid,  
 playing in the ditches  
 living in fear of satan and the witches  
 the whole world was made of wood and smelled like gasoline  
 the days were atleast twice as long  
 and the grass was green.  
 running for my life  
 I was cursed by a talking snake  
 I'd walk all day  
 and throw rocks across a bottomless lake.  
 there was a killer in the woods who would whistle  
 once in a while I could hear him shoot his pistol  
 and the other kids hated me...  
 but like a martyr  
 i drove my self harder and harder  
 blood in my eyes.  
 scrubbing to get the dirt off  
 didn't say much didn't like to take my shirt off  
 was quick  
 but I didn't know the meaning of pain yet  
 I'd visit father Bob  
 and he would show me his train set  
 tell me a story, offer me a glass of milk  
 send me on my way with a question to ask myself  
 the rain didn't bother me  
 the search had meaning  
 church was good but I'd rather be dreaming  
 high speed horse shoes harnesses and heavy string  
 problem is today they've got an answer for everything 4-6-3 an x an o and I can't think of a better way to end the  
 day  
 4-6-3 a yes a no and I can't think of a better way to end the day  
 4-6-3 a punch a kick and I can't think of a better way to end the day  
 4-6-3 it's life, death and I can't think of a better way to end the day learn the words  
 turnin' the double play

doing my damage in my own subtle way  
I've been all over  
I've seen to much  
I no longer feel the need to rush  
I'm upside down I'm inside out  
broken glass all in my mouth  
cut wide open and everybody knew why  
'cause when it comes to rockin something fearce  
mmmm do I 4-6-3 an x an o and I can't think of a better way to end the day  
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