

# Boy Decide

## Murder By Death

There is a son, he is born  
With a silver spoon in his mouth  
Go on, boy, admit  
There's got to be something you love Enough to protect  
You tire of things, I know  
But you've got to push on  
On, on, on, on, on, on, on Some men crave women  
And some men crave gold  
Some folks die too young  
And some die too old Some just want to pass time  
With liquor and cards  
Some work to the top  
And then some don't get far Boy, decide, boy, decide  
You're too old to fuck around  
And too young to die  
Time to try life on for size Now the time has come  
To pull yourself out of the mud  
And fix yourself up  
Hell, don't you care how you look? Your mother, god rest her  
She'd spin in her grave  
If she knew  
What a mess you have made Well, some men crave women  
And some men crave gold  
Some folks die too young  
And some die too old Some just want to pass time  
With liquor and cards  
Some work to the top  
And then some don't get far Boy, decide, boy, decide  
You're too old to fuck around  
And too young to die  
Time to try life on for size You're pissing into the wind  
Squandering the life you were given  
Now what will you do? 'Cause you wasted, a waste of a life  
Diggin' a hole you can't dive in  
To, when you get tired, ohh, fire

Songwriters

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