Where the Wild Things Were

As Friends Rust

It was 1988, near time for my first fix.
Everybody seemed to want to get some.
What I left on that fourth grade floor I can't get back no more.
That's when it all just headed down hill.
I was a half-brained thorn in the side of the word,
and a full-fledged fucking disaster.
It was 1989, entered the world of crime.
Banned from Woolworth's for all time.
Come 1991, put on my shoes and run.
I ain't seen the inside of my house since.
Now, 2002, just me and Kobaroo.
Still fucking up, but not like I used to.
What I left on that fourth grade floor I can't get back no more.
That's when it all just headed down hill.

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