

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

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