

Red House Painters

So it's not loaded stadiums or ballparks
And we're not kids on swingsets on the blacktop
And I thought at fifteen that I'd have it down by sixteen
And twenty-four keeps breathing in my face Like a mad whore
And twenty-four keeps pounding at my door
Like a friend you don't want to see
Oldness comes with a smile To every love given child
Oldness comes to rile
The youth who dream suicide

Songwriters

Kozelek, Mark Edward Published by

Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>