

# So Old

## Social Circle

I got a feeling that this ain't right  
And unpaid bills keep me up at night  
Years pass by my hope starts to slip  
As I wreck myself on this destruction trip and Hate to say it but I think I see  
I'm not as young as I used to be  
And it's just blank faces it's all gone cold  
I can't go back and it's all so old Locked behind bars of my own design  
People come and go I'm just left behind  
Try to get by and ignore the shit  
Still addicted to the noise the blood and spit and Hate to say it but I think I see  
I'm not as young as I used to be  
And it's just blank faces it's all gone cold  
I can't go back and it's all so old

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