

The Young Crazy Peeling

The Distillers

Are you ready to be liberated
On this sad side city street?
Well the birds have been freed from their cages
I got freedom and my youth My name is Brody, I'm from Melbourne
Fitzroy Melbourne, Fitzroy Melbourne
I grew up on Bell St. then on Bennett St.
My mum kicked out my dad for battery Found a way, found a way
She found a way out of spiritual penury
Working single mother in an urban struggle
Blames herself now 'cause I grew up troubled It hit me, I got everything I need
It hit me, I got everything I need My one heart felt too much from the start
I've seen people come and go living large and living low
You can build up your walls sitting on death row
Let the curtain fall on your murdered soul You can wash it all down, swallow your story
Get smacked off your head, go down in drum roll glory
You won't solve it, committing self inflicted crime
Go on pull the trigger, this will be the last time It hit me, I got everything I need
It hit me, I got everything I need
So I speak of the truth, the truth of the heart
Like a desperate thirst in a raging drought
Hey, youth time flies by
There's an everlasting battle for eternal life I love a man from California
He's the prettiest thing, we got the same disorder
The way you feel, it's okay
It's never gonna change anyway It hit me, I got everyone I need
It hit me, I got everyone I need Are you ready to be liberated
On this sad side city street?
Well the birds have been freed from their cages
I got freedom and my youth
Yeah, I got freedom and my youth

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>