

# Youth Wasted

## The Bronx

The truth is, the truth still hurts  
And that dept will just get worse  
Repetition makes us colder  
Death creeps a little bit closerSometimes the best laid plans  
Still end with blood on your hands  
Sometimes the best laid plans  
Still end with blood on your handsDon't look back and lose your ground  
Or keep passing don't slow down  
The fault with the burden on each shoulder  
The time has come to stop lying over  
Sometimes the best laid plans  
Still end with blood on your hands  
Sometimes the best laid plans  
Still end with blood on your handsThe night was black, my eyes were red  
Of past, present, future in my head  
When did I learn to bite my tongue?  
Youth is not wasted on the young  
Sometimes the best laid plans  
Still end with blood on your hands  
Sometimes the best laid plans  
Still end with blood on your handsI gotta get this blood, off our hands  
We gotta get this blood, off our hands.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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