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.

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