

Die On Time

Young Guns

I slip away,
Like a thief I'm on the run,
Cause I cracked the safe,
So the prices pass for fun, Now save,
The smoke and mirrors babe,
For the ones they work on,
It's far too late,
For me. (Chorus)
Show a little soul,
And they'll want more,
These days and pounds of flesh,
Don't get you far,
I'll watch you,
Smoke your cigarette,
Drink your liquorlette,
Race to the bottom,
Die on time,
Is this everything you asked for? I been ingrained,
For your pleasure I'm undone,
Kept tapping a vein,
Now I'm drowning in the flood, But stay
Be my tourniquet,
We can share the hurt cause,
It's far too great,
For me (Return to Chorus x2)
Show a little soul,
And they'll want more,
These days and pounds of flesh,
Don't get you far,
I'll watch you,
Smoke your cigarette,
Drink your liquorlette,
Race to the bottom,
Die on time,
Is this everything you asked for?

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