

It was the summer of '95 (so what?!), in the backyard, shaving the old plies. Feeling so strong, something went wrong. Straight into my finger, what a stinger, it was so long. I still remember that day, like the day that I said that I swear, "I'll never hurt myself again", but it seems that I'm deemed to be wrong, to be wrong, to be wrong. So i've got to keep holding on... they always played a slow song. When they come for me, I'll be sitting at my desk, with a gun in my hand, wearing a bulletproof vest.. Singing "my, my, my, how the time does fly, when you know you're going to die by the end of the night." I still remember when we were young and fragile then. No one gave a shit about us because times were tougher then. Feeling so good, cruising the hood; straight into the real world, rich kids never understood. But I don't care. I can fade away to anywhere. Don't stop because you might get dropped and if you do who's going to pick you up. Well I won't... they always played a slow song.