

Piece By Piece

Murder by Death

You wouldn't believe all the things that I've done
You just can't see 'cause you're young
I've paid my dues and I had my fun
You'll have yours too, son
You'll have yours too, son

You wouldn't believe how fast they can take it away
You're walking 'round free and in chains the next day
Time has a way of breaking you down
Piece by piece
From your tooth to your claw

Oh, trust me my son
'Cause you're still young

You wouldn't believe all the things that I've seen
The girls I have known, and places I've been
I've stood at Pompeii, prayed to stones in Delhi
But you don't see shit when you look at me

I've watched the smoke rise from a prince's pyre
It don't look much different from a beggar's fire
I know you don't think much of me
But in time, you'll see
In time, my son
'Cause you're still young

Don't do what I've done
When I was young

I've got some wisdom
From the time that I've done
But you're still young