

# Anthrax, Efilnikufesin (N.F.L)

It started back in high school  
So cool, king of the scene  
You found that making people laugh  
Was more than just a dream  
The public took right to you  
Like flies to a pile of shit  
So funny and smart, so talented  
But success just couldn't fit

Wasting your life no future bright  
Dancing on your grave  
Living like a slave, someone should've said...

N.F.L., Efilnikufesin N.F.L.  
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Wake up dead in a plywood bed  
Six feet from the rest of your life  
And when you couldn't see your own dependency

N.F.L., NICE FUCKIN' LIFE

The whole world is your playground  
Yet you can't find your niche  
Your only friends, it helps you through  
Helps you dig your daily ditch  
The bottom line can't touch you  
Cause you're above the rest  
But your little friend's the enemy  
And the bottom line is death

You lived a life of excess  
GODDAMN shame it's such a waste  
Just one too many cookies  
From the batch no one should taste  
Yet his memory stills stays with us  
Cause watching him was fun  
Too bad things weren't different  
Who knows what he'd have done