

# Buck 65, 463

I don't know what's wrong with the youth of today  
Wondering lost, it's true what they say  
And who is to blame, TV and magazines  
They would have you believe that everyday is Halloween  
Why, when I was a kid, playing in the ditches  
Living in fear of Satan and the witches  
The whole world was made of wood and smelled like gasoline  
The days were at least twice as long and the grass was green

Running for my life, I was cursed by a talking snake  
I'd walk all day and throw rocks across a bottomless lake  
There was a killer in the woods who would whistle  
Once in a while I could hear him shoot his pistol  
And the other kids hated me, but like a martyr  
I drove myself harder and harder  
Blood in my eyes, scrubbing to get the dirt off  
I didn't say much, didn't like to take my shirt off  
I was quick but I didn't know the meaning of pain yet  
I would visit Father Bob and he would show me his train set  
Tell me a story, offer me a glass of milk  
Send me on my way with a question to ask myself  
The rain didn't bother me, the search had meaning  
Church was good but I'd rather be dreaming  
High speed horseshoes, harnesses and heavy string  
The problem is today they got an answer for everything

4-6-3, an X, an O  
And I can't think of a better way to end the day  
4-6-3, a punch, a kick  
And I can't think of a better way to end the day  
4-6-3, a yes, a no  
And I can't think of a better way to end the day  
4-6-3, it's life, death  
And I can't think of a better way to end the day

Learning the words, turning the double play  
Doing some damage in my own subtle way  
Been all over, I've seen too much  
I no longer feel the need to rush  
I'm upside down, I'm inside out  
Broken glass all in my mouth  
Cut wide open and everybody knew why  
Cause when it comes to rocking something fierce, boy do I

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