

Murder By Death, Boy Decide

There's a son
he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth
go on boy admit it
there's got to be something you love enough to protect
you tire of things I know but you've got to push on

Some men crave women
and some men crave gold
some folks die too young
and some die too old
some just want to pass life with liquor and cards
some work to the top and well some don't get far

Boy, decide
boy, decide
you're too old to fuck around
and too young to die
- time to try life on for size

Now the time it has come
to pull yourself out of the mud
and fix yourself up
hell don't you care how you look?
your mother god rest her
she'd spin in her grave
if she knew what a mess you have made

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And some men crave gold
Some folks die too young
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Boy, decide
Boy, decide
You're too old to fuck around
And too young to die
Time to try a life on for size

'Cause you're pissin' into the wind
squandering the life you were given
now what will you do?
You're wasting away still alive
digging a hole you can dive into
when you get tired of fighting