

Mystery Jets, Twenty One

The boy who cried wolf couldn't take it anymore
They all tried to help but he'd heard it all before
Now he sits in a room with a lock on the door
Holding pictures in his arms and staring at the floor

Oh boy, you don't look a day over twenty one
But you already feel like half your life has gone
And you're close to the edge but you're hanging on
Do yourself a favour, don't do yourself any harm

And you want to tell your story but you don't know where to start
Well, your mother's pretty lonely but she don't have a heart
And you met the rich and famous and they're screwed up the same
Even "love will tear us apart"; don't ease the pain

You can wipe the blood from your shoes and the tear from your eye
But the scars on your arms, well, they're harder to hide
Drawing on a cigarette, hoping your head will clear
Is like rubbing on a lamp until a genie appears

The last time you counted you were twenty three
But you still don't know who you want to be
All of your heroes took their own lives
Do yourself a favour and take my advice

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