

# The Methadones, Premature Mid-Life Crisis

I search for what is right and with everyday I fight  
For what I feel needs to be done  
The years keep slipping by I try to  
Get the most out of my life  
There are many places I've gone wrong  
I've been my worst enemy  
Wading through the shit and stink  
Turning out incomplete  
I was refusing to grow up paving the road to hell but still I lived according to my will  
I thought of a career objective and gained a new perspective playing punk rock's a non-transferable