

Wolfsheim, Youth And Greed

She once was 17 but she never fall
in love
Because she never felt the same
Like the other ones at school
Like all the other boys and girls around
Misery - talk to me
Youth and greed - walk with me
Now she's 33 but there isn't anything
The reality changed in her life
Not a moment not a while
She is married, bore a child
Growing old, growing older all the time
And she cries
A whining sound slips from her mouth
Trapped in here and no way out
Wait a while - wait a while
Mommy's pills will bring you to the other
side
Wait a while - wait a while
Daddy's razor-blades will make you feel
so fine