

# 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