

# As Friends Rust, 14 Or So

When I was younger, 14 or so,  
I lived my life like it was over.  
Spent my days searching for cigarette butts,  
my nights in a newspaper bin.  
Loitered the halls of North Miami Beach Senior High  
on cocaine or pussy or anything goes,  
a comic book collecting time-bomb.  
Hey, alright. It's not over.  
It's never over.  
When I was younger, 14 or so,  
I lived my life by the next court order.  
Holed away in rehabs,  
where they promised to save my soul.  
I'm still waiting, and I miss Matt Craft,  
I miss smoking crack, and I miss my bedroom.  
And though John's still around,  
there's no going back I presume.