

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.