

# Big Wreck, All Our Days Are Numbered

They say you'll go to hell  
If you get baked

The things we know so well  
Are never faked

I've walked some different lines  
And they're on loan

And after all I've heard  
I miss her moan

Your life is not your own  
You're just hanging out in flesh and bone

All our days are numbered  
It's an age-old spell I've been under

You think that when you move  
You're starting fresh

See all the things you hate  
Up close in the flesh

I've walked some different lines  
And never borrowed

But after all I've heard  
I miss her moan

My bag of flesh and blood  
Will just get buried in the mud

Your life is not your own  
You're just hanging out in flesh and bone

All our days are numbered  
It's an age-old spell I've been under

Yeah

All our days are numbered  
It's an age-old spell we've been under