

Civet, Bleed & Burn by Civet

I was 15, you were 21
I was bad news like a loaded gun
You were a hard, hard working man
I was selling, selling out my band
& you bought in...
I was 18 at the top of my game
Namedropping & looking for fame
You lied, lied to me
About all, all I could be
& I bought in...
You sellout, you souled yer soul,
Forget it, you lost control
What's done is done, it's now your turn
Now your turn to bleed & burn
Yer 25 & barley alive
You've got a hoodrat you call your wife
I'm given y ou loving on the side
Cause your cold hard heart is just like mine
I'm 21, you're 28
We coulda had our day, we coulda been great
But you laying, laying down to win
And I'm paying for my life, life of sin
& I bought in...