

Fifty Nutz, Pastime Glories

Pastime glories

Now that our world has grown stone cold
I can feel your hate through them
Swallowed all of our pride
Not to be famous : it will be another failed play

Don't fake a smile, can depend on you I'm sure
I'll hear from you

Deep inside, it leaves a scar
Wasn't a sense of growing up
Wasn't a part of our work
Will be a part of our future

Took your words for granted
What's your latest confession ?
I'm sure they'll hear about it
I Know it will be from you

I'm so sick of chasing it
Am I in it, where do we stand
I'm so sick of chasing it
The kind of life you'll never know'