

No Age, Teen Creeps

Wash away what we create
My sins like funny calls you make
Teen creeps I've seen you on my street
Teen creeps get what they want and me
I won't end up like them at all
This town will take you kissing trees
Before you see the forest bleed
Teen creeps I've tried to hold it back

So let me leave your welcome mat
I won't end up like them at all
Wash away what we create
I hate you more I hate this place
I know why I feel this way
Teen creeps please don't leave me dead, dead this way