

# Streetlight Manifesto, Keasbey Nights

It was the summer of 95 (so what!)  
In the backyard, shaving the old plies  
Feeling so strong (strong!), something went wrong (wrong!)  
Straight into my finger, what a stinger, it was so long  
I still remember that day, like the day that I said that I swear  
"I'll never hurt myself again", but it seems that I'm deemed to be wrong  
To be wrong, to be wrong  
Gotta keep holding on...they always played a slow song.

When they come for me, I'll be sitting at my desk  
With a gun in my hand, wearing a bulletproof vest singing  
"My, my, my, how the time does fly, when you know you're going to die  
By the end of the night." And said hey

I still remember when we were young and fragile then.  
No one gave a shit about us because times were tougher then.  
Feeling so good (good!) cruisin the hood (hood!)  
straight into the real world where rich kids never understood.  
But I don't care.  
I can fade away to anywhere don't stop  
because you might get dropped  
and if you do who's going to pick you up  
well I wont, well I won't...  
they always played a slow song.

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With a gun in my hand, wearing a bulletproof vest singing  
"My, my, my, how the time does fly, when you know you're going to die  
By the end of the night." And said hey

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With a gun in my hand, wearing a bulletproof vest singing  
"My, my, my, how the time does fly, when you know you're going to die  
By the end of the night." [x3] and said hey. HEY, HEY, HEY