

Red House Painters, 24

So it's not loaded stadiums or ballparks
And we're not kids on swingsets on the blacktop
And I thought at fifteen that I'd have it down by sixteen
And twenty-four keeps breathing in my face
Like a mad whore
And twenty-four keeps pounding at my door
Like a friend you don't want to see
Oldness comes with a smile
To every love given child
Oldness comes to rile
The youth who dream suicide