

Burning Heads, The Club

dust in my house is piling up,
spiders on my bed, i can't sleep,
i'm talking to bottles about love and hate,
making bottle talk.
down in your club, spending my dimes,
what a steal sucking down, my friend on tap,
i was looking for friendship,
but all i got is a headache.
drunk in your club? could've seen it coming,
i wasn't looking for trouble but for a friend.
you let me in,
to feed my soul,
but now it's time,
you kick me out,
you're just living,
on people's pain,
it only numbs,
the pain remains.
banned from your club,
but i'm feeling so free,
there's no solution,
in your house now i see.