

Crowbar, Awakening

No more white line fever - no more counting change
Eternal slumber calling me
Awakening a bold new rage

Buried in the bottle - lost what I was thinking
A decade plus of hard abuse
A lonely man left weak and sinking

The truth won't always shine on you

Happiness ain't money - happiness ain't greed
Have the strength to dig the hole
And have the balls to plant the seed