

# Crucified, So-Called Living, 1991

3 a.m. shots ring again  
good-bye to another night's rest

pusher in the tradewinds been cold two days  
found dead by the manager's kid  
more fights at the show last night  
more leave in the ambulance  
homeboy spendin' the night in emergency  
caught a monkey-wrench in the head

a life full of nothing, or little more  
this city starts to take its toll  
frustration aches, the tension breaks  
self-destruction takes its hold

watch me going (ever see despair? just look in my eyes)  
nowhere  
watch me going (here i was born and here I'll die)  
nowhere

so whats the use continuing?  
if living means nothing more  
than to face another week trying to make ends meet?  
finished off by passing out on the floor  
can't you see that there's more to this?

or are you content at wasting away?  
live a life that's lost, hide from the cost  
end up dead in a downtown alley-way

a hand extended there's life at the cross  
there's no need to go on living this way  
can't take seeing another life lost  
or feel again that empty look on your faces