

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