

Dingus, Shrunken Heads

Wasted cigarettes hardly ash before
there's something else to burn
it's done, you're already moving on
and the drunkard seeks scape
through the faded tint of empty bottles
leave no room to discover
That it's always been in front of him,
but he's never recognized
that the more he runs, the more he's left behind
because horoscopes and shrunken heads
can't be without the numb
keep it burning
For every hooker, there's a nun
for every welcome, there's a shun
it makes no sense to search forever
when only so much can be done
nothing is fair when nothing's sufficient
continued mistakes to turn and neglect
And the moment dies, and everybody cries
for what could never be achieved
but the broken hearts appear to be relieved
And even if you're strictly sober
you never take the glance
your haste can't make tomorrow sooner
your faded will can't pave the way at all
kicking off what's nipping at your heels
through it could support your feet
And now, self-inflicted suffocation, poorly judged contemplation
what's beyond this boring town, and what beauty laid within
all those alcoholic routines, and all the faded friends and jobs?
they have made you who you are
you can't forget the roots from which you claim to be growing
Burning cigarettes hardly give that sweet tobacco taste
the time has come to recover
Keep it burning
self-inflicted suffocation, poorly judged contemplation
Keep it burning