

Henry Rollins, The End Of Something

I don't step on roaches
when they crawl across my floor
If I saw your body burning in the street
I'd put you out with gasoline
When the garbage piles up past my knees
and the rats are running free
I'll say we're even -
you'll know it's the end of something
Touch our fear
Don't be afraid
When the tears from your eyes
that you cried have dried
And there's nothing left to say
When you see that the time
we spent together meant nothing
And you couldn't make me stay
Remember me and my eyes and how they saw you
Remember me and my voice and what I said
It's over and now there's nothing -
it's the end of something
Touch our fear
Don't be afraid
When the laughter dies away and I finally see
that the joke was on me
When the cold wind blows through my clothes
and there's nowhere warm for me to go
When my flesh pulls tight across my bones
And I'm thinking I'd be better off stoned
I'll know - it's the end of something