

# 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