

Henry Rollins, Volume 4

I spend time searching my mind, walking blindly
I'm a live but I don't know why, my thoughts plague me
Paranoia, fear and guilt, I hope I don't explode
I'm a bomb that I can't diffuse, a gun I can't unload
I don't listen, I don't know, man I don't care
Talking about all the Hell that you've seen, man I live there
Talk to me and it goes right through, I never heard a word you said
Save your breath, it's no use, you're talking to the living dead
Bullet driven eyes
What can you tell me
I'm living in a nightmare
I'm on the edge shrinking back from the ledge
Looking out my window down upon my heritage
Strip malls, thin walls, people paralyzed beneath the sun
Why me why now
I see the dirty millions and try to survive somehow
Got no reason got no need
I hear gunshots I hear screams
What can you do to me
What can you say
I used to be alive but I threw it all away
I used to have problems
I used to live a lie
But then I saw the sidewalk bleed and I watched his mother cry
I used to use my mind
I used to wonder why
Now I go from day to day and wait around to die
Like He did