

House Of Heroes, Friday Night

And I don't want to spend this Friday night,
like I had to spend last Friday night;
dying by the record machine.
All day cigarettes, all day entertain the void.
There are so many things I should be doing
but I don't, and I don't change.
All day kerosene, all day I play with matchbooks.
I push them all away or burn them alive
in attempts to save me.
Regret would require less arrogance.

I like my self on the following conditions:
that I'm better than the next guy
at everything I'm into.
And my looks are important
if I'm less sophisticated.
And my girlfriend's a bombshell
and I'm all she's ever dated.
And money's an object if it pays for my ego.
Power's the drug, and pride s the needle.
And it rips through my skin
and goes into my blood stream.
I feel like laughing, I feel like choking on it.

I don't want to spend this Friday night
picking fights by the record machine.

True, but not quite,
that I'm tired of the fantasy.
And I see the light,
but the dark is so accommodating.
The worst mistake I cold make
is watch you walking away.
Not that I know how to change
I do it just the same