

# John Waite, Suicide Life

You say there's nothing wrong  
With the lessons that your learning  
The school of the streets  
You'll kick next year  
Skateboarding hollywood and vine  
Yeah  
You're a spaced out face in a crowd  
You're 17 and shooting  
The cars slow down to check you out  
And your tattered freak flag flies  
For sale, your habit  
Where to? let's go!  
I know  
Out on the internet tonight  
Deals made  
Between the strangers  
In green lights  
No names  
No touch no feel humanity  
You and your suicide life  
In a cardboard mansion sleeping  
Out there just beneath the freeway  
On a broken bottle carpet  
Snoring now  
The lord of the universe  
Yeah  
A hippie called john henry  
A burnt out acid tripper  
Yeah yeah yeah  
A symbol and a brush stroke  
And a barstool for a throne  
Encino, jerusalem  
Angel, dust and blow  
I know  
Out on the interstate tonight  
Hell's angels

And poet cops alright alright  
New names  
And tie dyed blissed out humanity  
You and your suicide life  
Suicide life  
Yeah baby  
Have a nice day  
At the heart of all this darkness  
You got a crush on venus big time  
Nodding out into a wet dream  
The strangers take you  
They take you  
The slave trade sister rapes you  
I know  
Out on the interstate tonight  
Hell's angels  
And poet cops alright alright  
New names  
And tie dyed blissed out humanity  
Oh no  
You live in real time  
Kings the knife  
You and your suicide life  
Suicide life  
Hell's angels  
And poet cops alright

Spare change and have a nice day  
I believe you're here to stay  
Yeah  
Have a nice day  
I believe your here to stay  
Come home  
Come home baby  
I think you're here to stay  
Time to come home  
Hippie called john henry