

Queensryche, A Junkie's Blues

I still have questions with no answers.
I'm alive... but I'm not living.

I don't have much time left... I just know this:

I've lived a violent life.
I might as well be dead.

I just want to sleep... forever
And forget...

It's more than physical, love unconditional.
Everything else is like a Band-Aid.
Everything will be alright.

So you cover your bleeding wounds,
So the dogs won't smell you coming.
There may be time... and
. . . everything will work out fine.

But what if it never changes?
And what if I wasn't to blame?
And what if it never gets any better... than this?
Everything will be alright.

What if I wasn't to blame?
And what if I could change?
Yeah, what if I could change?
Everything will work out fine.

What if you're only...?

What if I'm only insane?