

Firewater, 7th Avenue Static

Wear the crown made of thorns on the day I was born
By the light of a cold television
And I remember the boss in his uniform
As he marched from the field of vision

Well he didn't come home and it was just us alone
The brat and the widowed civilian
Then one April night after Ma took her life
I fell down the street to oblivion

And I took what the dumpsters were giving
And I did my best to survive
'Cause I figured that life's for the living
While you're alive
While you're alive

Bring out the gin and the small violins
I'm a raging success as a failure
And it's colder than hell in this cardboard hotel
Which I share with a chronic embezzler

So I beat my retreat down collister street
To one of my holy places
And they tangled my wings with wire and string
But I'm spinning in a whirlpool of faces

And I'll take what the dumpsters are giving
And I'll do my best to survive
'Cause I still think that life's for the living
Yes I still think that life's for the living

And I'll take what the dumpsters are giving
And I'll pray every night to St. Giles
But I still think that life's for the living
At least for a while
At least for a while