

# Jim Carroll, Junky Man

By rancid:

The common man doesn't suffer pain like this  
Only the soul that has never been kissed  
Let us adore our beautiful son  
He's ridin' on the rivers of babylon  
Bootin' up, shootin' up  
Bring on the brightness  
See the son of God is comin' up  
Your [sic] caught up in a system that's goin'  
No one answers no one takes that call from you  
Junky man tell me what your story is . . .  
Water I desire  
Some parents [sic] house is on fire  
Slowly the house gonna burn to the ground  
The neighborhood will watch . . .  
Will someone be a witness please  
Tell me that he's crazy  
But he's not and they thow that  
And they can't get him 'cause he's not crazy  
Beat him lock him knock him take away his authority  
Hit 'em, ship 'em, club 'em submitted conformity . . .

By carroll:

Audio sample

My hand went blind clairvoyant  
I make love to my trance sister  
My trance sister went on  
And my trance parents see from the balcony  
I looked out on the big field  
It opens like the cover of an old bible  
And out come the wolves  
Their paws trampling the snow  
The alphabet  
I stand on my head and watch it all go away

By rancid:

Bootin' up, shootin' up  
Bring on the brightness  
See the sun of God is comin' up  
And there is a likeness  
Internalize the lunacy  
The misery is showin' when your [sic] brought up  
And your [sic] caught up in a system that is goin'