## 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'