Joseph Arthur, Bill Wilson

All my junky friends are getting straight jobs
Trading in their hearts for second place
Everybody on this planet is lost
I feel like Bill Wilson broke my legs
Oh my darling how come you look nervous
Is it cause my lips are turning blue
I can tell that you don't think I'm worthless
I wish i could think the way you do.

I don't want to party anymore than i have
I just want to make it in your world

Make it in your world.
Everyone says i should get a sponser
Someone I can call on everyday
Tell hime everything that i've been thinking
Throw my poison flower on his grave
It's been so long since I've made a meeting
Cause they always say the same thing twice.
I guess I would rather just be myself.
Instead of always trying to get nice

In this room the wheelchairs are on fire
People here are made of ice and salt
Raising hands in brave communication
Breaking over what the public thought
Afterward we count our time like money
Holding hads in circles made of prayer
When your with them you feel like your family
But when your gone It's like you were never there