

# Lonely Kings, Black Dahlia

Starve for there's no lack of money  
Thrown every coin in the well  
Fired for a speech, an impertinent lecture  
Jumped 30 stories to tell  
Save up for life in the fast lane  
You put your Mercedes for sale  
Spent too much time in glamorous states  
Woke up in your living hell  
While you wait  
It's ready for you  
It's a bad time  
What you've asked me to do  
Superstition  
And the mirror you broke  
All of these feelings are simple  
Search for a mid 80s Buick  
12 minutes South Santa Fe  
Talked of the Celtics mixed up Tom Collins  
Never has nothing to say  
Wakes up high side to an ashtray  
Behind an abandoned hotel  
Starved for some luck  
And more starved for attention  
Late for your own funeral  
"In this concubine of countless nights  
Reach for fulfillment and release  
Cut down to size under the shades of anger, pity and confusion  
Orange luminescent pain  
Suck it up and suck it in kid  
Superstitious and judicious  
Consequences are profound in litigation  
In the letting out  
As we turn in a circle  
Look at yourself  
You could've been aborted  
Feel blind, live blind, power, bleeding, fallen crime"