

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 are at yourself
You could've been aborted
Feel blind, live blind, power, bleeding, fallen crime"