

# Radio Iodine, For You

I could travel to NY City  
Dress in black and slump around the Village  
Pierce my flesh with jewels and needles  
Turn my black hair white or whatever  
I could hang out with the mod and the junkie  
Sleep all day and run out of money  
Put my faith in God or the Beatles  
Turn my black hair whatever I needed  
whatever I needed  
But I'd still be the same to you  
My heart would remain for you  
I could inject my anger like some venom  
Seek revenge then slowly drown in it  
Pierce my head with weed or religion  
Turn my black thoughts white or whatever  
I could thin about all I'm missing  
Lift my head and see what I can take in  
Put my fears away with a ribbon  
Turn my white thoughts whatever I needed