

# Richard Hell And The Voidoids, Don't Die

I see the passionate who killed themselves with drink  
Or drugs or speeding cars in order not to think  
They must have felt like there just nothing was to do  
Oh why hast thou murdered those who see the most in search of a true thrill or clue

Don't die, don't die, don't die, don't die... (throughout)

There's something wrong here where the best ones want to go  
Parker, Lautreamont, Monroe they held it just to throw  
The world away who were its grace before they left  
To choose to have a point of view oblivious that leaves the rest of us bereft

There I see the piercing eyes that look through all until they see their back  
There where any thought will think about itself and that's the only fact  
There a man has left just death, delerium, and drugs, or feel the lack

The air is cool today the time is drawing near  
My walls are white and so's my brain afloat in self-made fear  
A banal feeling of the sort "I ain't insane"  
No fate worse than to never leave yourself and it's as well the most repulsive pain

The air is cool today that whistles through my ribs  
My skull is full of sand that dribbles down upon my bib  
I call out "Baby" but her face looks like a clock  
Tick tock, alive, triumphant victims so surprised we can't recover from the shock

Me, I like a joke as much as anybody else but some are rough  
Yeah when the joke's on you though you're the joker too you've had enough  
Then though there is no one there, because there's nothing there, you call your bluff