

# The Black Halos, Tracks

You had tragic 8-ball eyes  
But you laughed at your demise  
like it was a joke

All goosed up, suburban trash  
Your arms are tied, you're failing fast  
You couldn't let go

Let's go get some Chinese Rocks  
Chatterbox you squawk a lot  
You'd better get off the phone

It's a Sad Vacation without you  
You hurt me baby but I love you  
All by myself, I'm so alone

Too much way too soon  
the Junkie Business you do  
You made damn sure you were Born to Lose

(Chorus:)  
Tracks are all you left for me  
After you O.D.'d  
I can't put my arms around your memory  
After you oh...after you O.D.'d

like a Subway Train with a One Track Mind  
Goin' Steady Downtown Pipeline  
You'd better Go Back To Go

In Cold Blood, Dead Or Alive  
JeyBoy you don't seem so high  
Ask Me No Questions, I'll tell you no lies

Let's go get some Chinese Rocks  
Yeah Chatterbox you talked that talk  
But there ain't nobody home

It's a Sad Vacation, yeah it's true  
You Hurt Me Johnny but I Love You  
But you just screamed 'Leave Me Alone'

Too Much way Too Soon  
All the Voodoo You Do  
You made damned sure you were Born To Lose

(Rep't Chorus)

You O.D.'d  
Yeah you O.D.'d  
Down in New Orleans  
You fucking died junkie!