

Tin Machine, Crack City

Oh come all you children
Don't grab that scabby hand
It belongs to Mr. Sniff and Tell
It belongs to the candyman

Don't whore your little bodies
The worms of paradise
Like Everest it's fatal
Its peaks are cold as ice

They're riding on the subways
They're riding on the streets
They'll ride you down to the gutters
They'll ride you off your feet

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

Piss on the icon monsters
Whose guitars bequeath you pain
They'll face you down to their level
With their addictions and their fast lanes

Corrupt with shaky visions
And crack and coke and alcohol
They're just a bunch of assholes
With buttholes for their brains

You can't keep on riding
The pain you know so well
They'll ride you down to the gutter
They'll ride you down to hell

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

And you the master dealer
May death be on your brow
May razors slash your mainline
I'm calling you out right now

May all your vilest nightmares
Consume your shrunken head
May the ho-ho-hoounds of paranoia
Dance upon your stinking bed

Don't look at me you fuckhead
This nation's turning blue
Its stink it fouls the highways
Its filth it sticks like glue

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

They'll bury you in velvet
And place you underground
The hatred of yourself
And the sufferings that conspire
To take your little body and throw it to the fools
And the hounds that rip your flesh
Only your mind can take you out of this
Only your mind or death

I'm riding on the subway
The subway down to hell
I've finished with this journey
I seem to know it well

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City