

## Bill Wilson

Joseph Arthur

All my junky friends are getting straight jobs  
Trading in their hearts for second place  
Everybody on this planet is lost  
I feel like Bill Wilson broke my legs  
Oh my darling how come you look nervous  
Is it cause my lips are turning blue  
I can tell that you don't think I'm worthless  
I wish i could think the way you do.

I don't want to party anymore than i have  
I just want to make it in your world

Make it in your world.  
Everyone says i should get a sponser  
Someone I can call on everyday  
Tell him everything that i've been thinking  
Throw my poison flower on his grave  
It's been so long since I've made a meeting  
Cause they always say the same thing twice.  
I guess I would rather just be myself.  
Instead of always trying to get nice

In this room the wheelchairs are on fire  
People here are made of ice and salt  
Raising hands in brave communication  
Breaking over what the public thought  
Afterward we count our time like money  
Holding hands in circles made of prayer  
When your with them you feel like your family  
But when your gone It's like you were never there