

## Junk City nowhere (Vancouver)

D.O.A.

Hadn't seen you for a while  
But things still felt close  
When your brother Bob called me  
I felt a big chunk slip away  
A big chunk of me died that day

When Bob felt your hand  
It was ice cold  
The junk had done its business  
You got a hit that was too bold  
And they say the coast ain't that cold

Somehow - every score will even out  
'Cos anytime - it can all screw up  
Too much junky business in Vancouver town  
Some call it cool  
I just call it, I just call it, I just call it... Nowhere

In Dimwit's shed we started  
Cheap guitar and a drum set  
Where we made a lot of big plans  
Now our plans are a dead end  
And I feel like I'm kicked and dead

'Cos you had to go score  
Some call it dangerous fun  
But I just call it crap  
It's just another way to lose  
And what we lost was you

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