

## 7th Avenue Static

Firewater

Wear the crown made of thorns on the day I was born  
By the light of a cold television  
And I remember the boss in his uniform  
As he marched from the field of vision

Well he didn't come home and it was just us alone  
The brat and the widowed civilian  
Then one April night after Ma took her life  
I fell down the street to oblivion

And I took what the dumpsters were giving  
And I did my best to survive  
'Cause I figured that life's for the living  
While you're alive  
While you're alive

Bring out the gin and the small violins  
I'm a raging success as a failure  
And it's colder than hell in this cardboard hotel  
Which I share with a chronic embezzler

So I beat my retreat down collister street  
To one of my holy places  
And they tangled my wings with wire and string  
But I'm spinning in a whirlpool of faces

And I'll take what the dumpsters are giving  
And I'll do my best to survive  
'Cause I still think that life's for the living  
Yes I still think that life's for the living

And I'll take what the dumpsters are giving  
And I'll pray every night to St. Giles  
But I still think that life's for the living  
At least for a while  
At least for a while