

All Good Junkies Go To Heaven

Glassjaw

From the pills for the whispering
Even children know you are
sickened by your own protest
and you make sure it will pass
And you made it your business
to fish the tumor out
so you take and shake it, shake it
out of the ones you are

When the medicine you fancy has all run out
all good junkies go to heaven
When the medicine you fancy has all run out
all good junkies go to heaven

You bottled divinity
for the thimble to drown in
It brightens the children's faces
when you water your old man
a sinner at gun point
you keep your monkey fed
and he takes and shake it, shake it
out of the ones he hurt

When the medicine you fancy has all run out
all good junkies go to heaven
When the medicine you fancy has all run out
all good junkies go to heaven

You bottled divinity
for the thimble to drown in
It brightens the children's faces
when you water the oldman
a sinner at gun point
you keep your monkey fed
and he'll take and shake it, shake it
out of the ones you are

When the medicine you fancy has all run out
all good junkies go to heaven
When the medicine you fancy has all run out
all good junkies go to heaven