

No Tomorrow

Hush.

Hello everybody, this is Hush.
The views and expressions in this song
Are not necessarily those of any fuckin' body.
And if you do have these views & expressions,
You are fucked up.

okay, so I know you don't like the slow shit
but wait a second people, before you throw fits.
just try to picture you inside a maze,
see I'm always caught up in this suicidal craze.
I always try to think about what would happen after,
everybody cryin' - big tears of laughter.
I guess I shouldn't try no more to fight this,
so I wrote a couple ways, & it goes just like this:
maybe I should jump off a really big boat
in the shark-infested waters & see if I can float.
it doesn't seem hard, I'm a natural born swimmer;
I took one class but didn't pass the beginner.
ooh, I know I'll run into a police station,
& have a gun fight, one might to start blazing.
hit me point blank & end my frustration -
with my luck they'd be all gone on vacation.

all around me are familiar faces, worn out places;
worn out faces. hide my head I wanna drown my sorrow
- no tomorrow, no tomorrow.

see I feel like the Beatles when they lost John Lennon,
'cause ain't no comin' back from that, it's all ended.
I picture how my funeral looks, it's so drastic -
closed casket, time's up & no basket.
all because I leaped into on-coming traffic,
the pressure's too big for me to move past it.
I shoulda been gone man, at least ten times,
this time it's all over - I can see the headlines.
"a mouthful of pills & an ounce of cocaine
shot up a sea biscuit to drown the slow pain.
Hollywood's new kid can't face his inner demons,
& one speed ball goes out like River Phoenix."
I'm sick of writin' songs, so now I'm gonna do it;
it's just too much for anyone to go through it.
a can of gasoline & a handful of matches
I locked all the doors, so patten down the hatches.

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so listen everybody, wanna hear my pain shout?
is it really gonna take for me to clear my brains out?
a gage in my mouth, wouldn't hurt no brain
unless I pulled the trigger like Kurt Cobain.
I'm all set to go, see I bought the book,

loaded up an extra clip, took the phone off the hook.
wrote a bill & left everything to my two kids,
I betcha never thought that it would come down to this.
everybody understand, so grin & bear at people,
guns on my hip, one's in the desert eagle.
I had to take an air so somebody hears me,
I've been screaming 'til my nose, mouth, eyes & ears bleed.
yesterday I kissed my kids for one last time,
it's too bad I won't see them grow up past nine.
I wouldn't blast mine, if anyone was up there -
so I guess no one's listening, or just doesn't care.

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