

Burn the River Dry

Jim White

Door is locked, no one's home
Frame is empty, picture's missing
Throw that rock right through the window
Hey, I know him, he's a singer
Roam around, another town, looks like Phoenix, Arizona
Borrow the car from it's owner
That sleepy head, he's dreaming the dreams of suburbia
Yeah suburbia

Me, I don't care, I just pay what it takes to feel alive
Cause somehow somewhere
Hell everyone I know is waiting
Just waiting to burn the river dry

And nothing works more than once
It keeps you restless, always moving
Fretful searching for a brand new spanking form of deliverance
Movies stars, heroin
Dreams of wild old fucking grandeur
Snap your fingers, now you're famous
Close your eyes as you sell out
To all them suckers that you hate
Yeah, them suckers that you hate

Me, I don't care, I just pay what it takes to feel alive
Somehow, somewhere
Everyone I know is waiting
Just waiting to burn that river dry
Burn that river dry

Hands that once reached for heaven
Grabbing at the penny in the sewer
Smell of your soul burning on the skewer
And all that dirt that you have swallowed
The howling voice from the closet
Better run away just because it
Seems to know a little bit too much about
All them shallow graves that you got buried
In the field of your experience

Me, I don't care, I just pay what it takes to feel alive
Somehow somewhere, hell everyone I know is waiting
Just waiting to burn that river dry