

Suicide Life

John Waite

You say there's nothing wrong
With the lessons that your learning
The school of the streets
You'll kick next year
Skateboarding hollywood and vine
Yeah
You're a spaced out face in a crowd
You're 17 and shooting
The cars slow down to check you out
And your tattered freak flag flies
For sale, your habit
Where to? let's go!
I know
Out on the internet tonight
Deals made
Between the strangers
In green lights
No names
No touch no feel humanity
You and your suicide life
In a cardboard mansion sleeping
Out there just beneath the freeway
On a broken bottle carpet
Snoring now
The lord of the universe
Yeah
A hippie called john henry
A burnt out acid tripper
Yeah yeah yeah
A symbol and a brush stroke
And a barstool for a throne
Encino, jerusalem
Angel, dust and blow
I know
Out on the interstate tonight
Hell's angels
And poet cops alright alright
New names
And tie dyed blissed out humanity
You and your suicide life
Suicide life
Yeah baby
Have a nice day
At the heart of all this darkness
You got a crush on venus big time
Nodding out into a wet dream
The strangers take you
They take you
The slave trade sister rapes you
I know
Out on the interstate tonight
Hell's angels
And poet cops alright alright
New names
And tie dyed blissed out humanity
Oh no
You live in real time

Kings the knife
You and your suicide life
Suicide life
Hell's angels
And poet cops alright
Spare change and have a nice day
I believe you're here to stay
Yeah
Have a nice day
I believe your here to stay
Come home
Come home baby
I think you're here to stay
Time to come home
Hippie called john henry