All Too Well

Joydrop

Down in the valley where the veins don't go And the tied up tigers smoke the dope And dream of rope fuck with everything with a face And the straight disgrace of a mission on a mountain

Of blood tracks to the Queen in a tower of money money money Talking to the train tracks working for the Wrong man dreaming of the perfect tan and the Beautiful voices telling you what you are and

The death of poetry on the pages of a magazine Strung out on the perfect set of genes

And I don't want to be there When it all comes crashing down Somehow there's gonna be tomorrow Somehow there's gonna be tomorrow I know...I know...all too well

Funny how the days slip by without a thought In the mind or a moment of time with your feet On the ground I know that this will come round Such a beautiful thing that one day all of this Will be gone Nothing is sacred nothing is true Nothing is blue and I don't mind what you do 'Cause my mind is my mind in spite of you

And I don't want to be there When it all comes crashing down Somehow there's gonna be tomorrow Somehow there's gonna be tomorrow I know... I know... all too well

Standing on a spaceship looking for life Or a god or a gun or a matchbook telephone number To the one who might love you or maybe... Maybe....maybe....maybe....maybe....

Maybe it's time to close the line And step outside and look for the great disaster It must might be faster To close this book myself

And I don't want to be there When it all comes crashing down Somehow there's gonna be tomorrow Somehow there's gonna be tomorrow I know... I know... I know... all too well

Isn't it strange that we've come this far And still don't' know who we are...