

Friends And Lovers

Mickey Avalon

All my friends and all my lovers are... dead
Some from cheap narcotics and others from... lead
The filthy rich and the dirt-dirt poor
Are all the same when they can't take no more
'Cause all my friends and all my lovers are... dead

A slit wrist leaves a mess
On the breakfast table, oh yes
Betta' cut deep 'fore you go to sleep
Or in the morning you're the one who gonna have to clean

Things I've seen make a priest lose his beliefs
Like Kathy crawlin' 'cross the carpet in her bloodstained briefs
Chewin pills like she was starvin' for a taste of relief
Her last wind was in the trash can; couldn't beat the disease

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Johnny made a record, went straight to number one
But Johnny had a little fascination with guns
And cocaine, he couldn't stand to take the slow train
Got a little porsche, lost his breaks in the rain, ooo
What to do when your luck is through
Whether you come from the slums or live in Malibu
Seen runnin' down the avenue
Mickey Avalon with an attitude

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Lean Lee Tucker was a mean motherfucker
Seen him knock a man clean out his corduroy slippers
And that same man's queen ran her mouth so Tucker hit her
Found her lifeless as a log in the Mississippi river
Tara was a stripper died on the shitter with a smile on her face
and her hand on her liver
But I ain't mad, I forgive her
I just get a little sad everytime I fuck her sister