

## A Junkie's Blues

Queensrÿche

I still have questions with no answers.  
I'm alive... but I'm not living.

I don't have much time left... I just know this:

I've lived a violent life.  
I might as well be dead.

I just want to sleep... forever  
And forget...

It's more than physical, love unconditional.  
Everything else is like a Band-Aid.  
Everything will be alright.

So you cover your bleeding wounds,  
So the dogs won't smell you coming.  
There may be time... and  
. . . everything will work out fine.

But what if it never changes?  
And what if I wasn't to blame?  
And what if it never gets any better... than this?  
Everything will be alright.

What if I wasn't to blame?  
And what if I could change?  
Yeah, what if I could change?  
Everything will work out fine.

What if you're only...?

What if I'm only insane?