

Hot Fries

The Hold Steady

All your favorite movies.
They ain't all that funny.
If you ain't that high.
And I ain't that high.
All your favorite books.
They wouldn't seem so well written if you were just a little bit more well read.
Jack Kerouac is dead.
He drank himself to death.
I just ain't that high.
All your favorite songs wouldn't seem so sad.
If you weren't so depressed.
Elliott Smith seems like a mess to me.
And you cry way too easily.

The things that make you high will make you die.

I went to your party and your party was got clever.
I put a milkcrate on my head and surrendered in the corner.
Some borderline whore asked me how I'm liking California.
I just cried.
I saw you making eyes at some quote/unquote gorgeous guy.
Look a little closer because he's covered in flies.
You're hot.
But you're fried.
You're cool.
But you're iced out.
You know exactly what I'm talking about.

The things that make you high will make you die.
The crack has got you slipping through the cushions of the couch.
Dilaudids got your head like a howling haunted house.
She said it's my party and I'll die if I want to.
You would too if it happened to you.