

The Junkie and the Halo

Zebrahead

I won't be there
I won't do anything
No I won't
I won't be there to catch you
If you fall
I won't be there
I won't do anything
No I won't
I won't be there to catch you
God I wish I never met you
You're a cheap thrill weak will trippin' to bikini kill
A glass home of chloroform vaporized in the storm
Oh!
The junkie and the halo
You're so burned out no doubt crawling as your falling out
Glycerin blistering got you underneath my skin
Oh!
The junkie and the halo
I won't do anything
No I won't be there to save you
And I won't be there to catch you when you fall
I won't do anything
So build up the walls around you
I'll be leaving you where I found you
You're the fun one always spun baggage weighs about a ton
A strung out tongue on my empty lung
Oh!
The junkie and the halo
The last stop before the pop as you bottom from the top
A safety net made of thread to stop your drop
Oh!
The junkie and the halo
Shooting out in the middle of a canon of metal
I'll give you a hand out and or a call while ya try to stay level
It's like the minute that you fall punks howl at the devil
And I hope ya realize you're a cliché and not a rebel
Seep in your chemicals
In your brain
I won't be waiting for you