

## Graves Of Rockers

Black

we could sit in here and drink right through the night  
hear the tales of drugs and alcohol and fights  
and where the stories go around the car park in the snow but  
it's a black and white world to live inside  
marx was wrong and groucho's gone (why not)  
give chance a piece of what's going on  
the little white lies and the long white lines  
only hide the cracks in what we're standing on

we are born and then we become what we are  
strung between the lines of a guitar  
and many seem to want what none would surely choose again;  
the graves of rockers

you don't have to suffer like you do  
this is the strangest place you've been  
sat in the back  
of a stretch limousine  
you drink to ishmael the one that's left alive  
a drink is an article of faith  
to someone with more than one face  
to show to the world when you cannot sneak it past  
and you want to have it all, ahead of time

there written on each granite slab of stone  
above the bleaching, brittle bones  
the numbers don't add up, there's none  
would surely choose again  
the graves of rockers

few things hurt more  
than being ignored  
face up in the bath a stupid smile upon your face you only  
forget why you'd done it all

there written on each slab of frozen stone  
above the bleaching, brittle bones  
the numbers don't add up there's none would surely choose again  
  
the graves of rockers