

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
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