

Junk City nowhere (Vancouver)

D.O.A.

Hadn't seen you for a while
But things still felt close
When your brother Bob called me
I felt a big chunk slip away
A big chunk of me died that day

When Bob felt your hand
It was ice cold
The junk had done its business
You got a hit that was too bold
And they say the coast ain't that cold

Somehow - every score will even out
'Cos anytime - it can all screw up
Too much junky business in Vancouver town
Some call it cool
I just call it, I just call it, I just call it... Nowhere

In Dimwit's shed we started
Cheap guitar and a drum set
Where we made a lot of big plans
Now our plans are a dead end
And I feel like I'm kicked and dead

'Cos you had to go score
Some call it dangerous fun
But I just call it crap
It's just another way to lose
And what we lost was you

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