

Do what it takes to make it
Through the day
To be alright, not bad, just fine
For most of us most Of the time

- wait 'till when she'll pretend
That you know it's the end-
(& i'd say)

I can still taste
Your breath upon my face
She's everywhere
I've seen enough
I'll always be
Some kind of wussypuff
I'm turning out the lights
I'm wound too tight
Can't sleep
Been on my knees
So long i can't find my feet

Do what it takes to make it through
The day

To be alright, not bad, just fine
For most of us most Of the time

- wait 'till when she'll pretend
That you know it's the end-
(& i'd say)

I can still taste
Your breath upon my face
She's everywhere
I've seen enough
She'll always be
My little wussypuff
I'm stahling out again
I'm staying up on ephidrin
Can't sleep
Been on my knees
So long i can't find my feet

(a stick, a stone, it's the end of
The road, it's the rest of a stump,
It's a little alone, it's a sliver of
Glass, it is life, it's the sun, it's the
Night, it is death, it's the trap, it's
The gun)

Molly's lips and fingertips