

## Over the edge

L.A. Guns

Yeah I got the music cranking, Japanese TV  
My head is full of jasmine smoke  
I can hardly breathe  
Turquoise dragons slip and slide  
Sliding down my back  
I'm standing on this cold, thin ice  
And I'm about to crack

I'm over  
I'm over  
Over the edge

Seven candles burn so bright  
The full moon behind a veil  
The ocean crashing in my head  
Outside the sirens wail  
Jet black is my dirty hair  
Jet black my heart and car  
My lips are red, my skin snow white  
My face is battle scarred

I no longer feel the pain  
No longer feel my love  
Just the air conditioner  
And some help from the Lord above  
Coughing up pieces of my broken heart  
My eyes work like radar  
I'm lyin' in the afterglow  
How'd I ever get this far

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