

Said your all mouth and no brains
All rock stars go to heaven
You said you'll be dead at 27
When we drunk in a English tavern
The owner poured you the Bourbon
And you drunk your self so rotten
So he got so rich he bought a Bentley
And moved himself to Devon

You started dirty dancing
And you bar tended a dozen
I took you to the clinic
To get you clean but you couldn't
Said in 2 days your 27 and your destiny was coming
So your papa passed so sudden
And left you with lil' something

You blew that money on a mountain of drugs
And staged your self a bed in
A month later when I popped in
Your still high but the winter set in
I bought you a coffee and a muffin
And you quoted me some Lenin
I wished I was that clever
But that's what kept me coming
Your friendship did mean something
But you left me for nothing
When I left, you befriended a rope
And I saw you both were hanging.