

Burn The Evidence

Slaves on Dope

We all need therapy, 'cause God never seems to listen/ Open up the pharmacy, and you'll hear the angels crying/ I never sleep/ She's lying on the plastic beach/ and it's reflecting right at me/ I never sleep/ Burn the evidence/ I fill the void when I'm fucking you/ locked in the white room with no view/ it's irrelevant/ my life is quickly turning to/ a catch 22/ I've lost all self control/ there's no light in this hole/ it will destroy me, break me/ set me up to fail/ I'm like a time bomb/ chemical, comatose, medical, overdose/ counting tiles on the ceiling/ forty-five or sixty-seven/ the telephone's always ringing/ this conversation's going nowhere/ ahhh insomniac/ burn the evidence / I fill the void when I'm fucking you/ locked in the white room with no view/ call the ambulance/ my life is quickly turning to / a catch 22!/I've lost all self control/ There's no light in this hole/ it will destroy me, break me/ set me up to fail/ I 'm like a time bomb/ chemical, comatose, medical, overdose/ as my life seems to fade/ one second isn't a second at all/ ignore it but it never goes away