

Hal Johnson Smokes Cigarettes

The Flatliners

We've gone to all this trouble of tearing our hair out
Those shadows once oh so legendary have disappeared and fucking
faded out
At the foot of these graves of our fallen heroes the feeling is
fraudulent
As humiliation sets in

When all you've idolized is dead and gone, you'll realize you've
e won
When all you've built yourself up on has crashed and burned...
We're digging graves for old memories
And it's safe to say that I'll be home late
And as those dreams of yours, they fizzle out
Just remember we've already gone down in history

If your feet never touch the ground, and you keep your head in
those clouds
You know it'll rain someday
Surprise, surprise, this is the end
There's nowhere to go from here

Did you ever think the dead you'd bury wouldn't be your friends
?
Had it crossed your mind that your heroes are failures in the e
nd?
Surprise, surprise, this is the end.