

Heart Attack

The White Buffalo

Well, he can back up the fact that he don't attract
What's good for him
And he could spend a lot less time filling up his mind
On wicked ways of sin
Well, he'll chase the sun with the young and dumb
Hope his heart don't quit
Don't you think it's time you spent your dime?
Get on with it

So I say fine, fuck it, forget it
Well, you ain't no fun
Well, I like to spread my wings
And try to touch the sun
Sometimes the mirror don't see what you've become

I get back on track with a one way ticket to a heart attack
Filled my lungs and sung at the moon like a motherfucking maniac
Tell my mother and Mary
That I'm out with Dirty Harry with a loaded gun
Well, you shake your head and your finger and mutter:
"Boy, aren't you done?"

So I say fine, fuck it, forget it
Well, you ain't no fun
Well, I like to dress up pretty
And dance upon the sun
In the morning I don't even know what I've done
Sometimes it's hard to see what has become
Of me
Of me

So I spend my tender on a one-eyed bender on a blurry road
Wake up in the morning on the bathroom floor, fully clothed
Well, I travel in time on a carnival ride that might detonate
I hate to taint the party, but don't you think that it's getting late
?

So I say fine, fuck it, forget it
Well, you ain't no fun
Well, I like to dress up fancy
And prance around in the sun
In the morning I don't even know what I've done
Sometimes it's hard to see what has become
Of me
Of me
Of me
Of me