

## Crack City

Tin Machine

Oh come all you children  
Don't grab that scabby hand  
It belongs to Mr. Sniff and Tell  
It belongs to the candyman

Don't whore your little bodies  
The worms of paradise  
Like Everest it's fatal  
Its peaks are cold as ice

They're riding on the subways  
They're riding on the streets  
They'll ride you down to the gutters  
They'll ride you off your feet

Gonna hit Crack City  
Hit Crack City

Piss on the icon monsters  
Whose guitars bequeath you pain  
They'll face you down to their level  
With their addictions and their fast lanes

Corrupt with shaky visions  
And crack and coke and alcohol  
They're just a bunch of assholes  
With buttoholes for their brains

You can't keep on riding  
The pain you know so well  
They'll ride you down to the gutter  
They'll ride you down to hell

And you the master dealer  
May death be on your brow  
May razors slash your mainline  
I'm calling you out right now

May all your vilest nightmares  
Consume your shrunken head  
May the ho-ho-hoounds of paranoia  
Dance upon your stinking bed

Don't look at me you fuckhead  
This nation's turning blue  
Its stink it fouls the highways  
Its filth it sticks like glue

They'll bury you in velvet  
And place you underground  
The hatred of yourself  
And the sufferings that conspire  
To take your little body and throw it to the fools  
And the hounds that rip your flesh  
Only your mind can take you out of this  
Only your mind or death

I'm riding on the subway  
The subway down to hell  
I've finished with this journey  
I seem to know it well