

## Dead at Last

Wolfsbane

He ironed his shirt and pressed his pants,  
And with a dull empty sadness hanging over his heart,  
He shined his shoes.

'It's better than working for a living', the waitress said,  
But all the time inside, Johnny's heart was breaking open wide.

Playing in that half empty Twilight Room on a Saturday,  
Johnny tried to dream his life away,  
Hoping that he would wake up in the beam of a super trooper,  
Wishing that he was much cooler.

All he heard his head say was,  
"Life ain't like that",  
In the sorrow of his dressing room he sat,  
So he drains the bottle,  
Loads the gun,  
Writes the note,  
No-one will come,  
Pulls the trigger,  
Breaks the glass,  
The man in the mirror,  
is dead at last.  
The note said "Stick your club right up your ass,  
This gig stinks, you're second class,  
I'm going to save my pride, keep my head,  
If people ask, that singer's dead.",  
So when every hour seems like a day,  
And nothing seems to go your way.

Don't let those bastards drag you down,  
You've got to hold on to what you've got,  
Don't swan dive off a bottle top,  
All you got to do is blow that town.