

## Interlude 3 (Second Thoughts)

Zach Callison

The truth is  
The kid's medicine made him sin  
Whether it's from a doctor or a dealer  
Screaming about Juanita  
We put his record on  
Until he's bleeding on the needle  
And he's weeping in the street  
Cut down on his curtain call  
That's where he's gonna sleep  
Take aim with these hands he once possessed  
A dozen roses on the pavement laid the rest  
Oh my dear Sister Christie  
Will I feel some remorse  
She says "No, pull the trigger  
'Cause he's left us no recourse  
His brain has a sickness  
So kill it at the source"