

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"