

Vai Steve "Junkie"

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Junkie (S. Vai)

I need some junk,

To shoot in my veins,

Would you give me some,

To relieve the pain?

These city streets,

Are drivin' me insane,

I tried laundry detergent,

But it's not the same.

I need some food,

To stuff in my face,

But the garbage man,

he took the trash away.

These city streets,

Are makin' me crazy.

I tried to eat rocks,

But they have no taste.

My face is a wreck,

My brain's decayed,

I need a fix 'n' I'll

Be O. K.

These city streets,

Are makin' me crazy,

I'm chewin' on glass but I

Don't even bleed,

I don't even bleed (x3)

I'll pray tonight,

tTo the king of kings,

Won't you pull me out,

I'd rehabilitate those

City streets, you know I can't keep straight.

Will I murder somebody? Well, ya'

Can't fool fate

Ya' can't fool &ate; (x2)

No ya' can't fool fate.

I need some help, I

Need some help, I'm

Fallin' apart.

Will I die in my sleep,

Or will I live in the streets,

In agony?

{Some more sweet guitar

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