

The Black Halos "Tracks"

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You had tragic 8-ball eyes
But you laughed at your demise
like it was a joke

All goosed up, suburban trash
Your arms are tied, you're failing fast
You couldn't let go

Let's go get some Chinese Rocks
Chatterbox you squawk a lot
You'd better get off the phone

It's a Sad Vacation without you
You hurt me baby but I love you
All by myself, I'm so alone

Too much way too soon
the Junkie Business you do
You made damn sure you were Born to Lose

[Chorus:]
Tracks are all you left for me
After you O.D.'d
I can't put my arms around your memory
After you oh...after you O.D.'d

like a Subway Train with a One Track Mind
Goin' Steady Downtown Pipeline
You'd better Go Back To Go

In Cold Blood, Dead Or Alive
Jet Boy you don't seem so high
Ask Me No Questions, I'll tell you no lies

Let's go get some Chinese Rocks
Yeah Chatterbox you talked that talk
But there ain't nobody home

It's a Sad Vacation, yeah it's true
You Hurt Me Johnny but I Love You
But you just screamed 'Leave Me Alone'

Too Much way Too Soon
All the Voodoo You Do
You made damned sure you were Born To Lose

[Rep't Chorus]

You O.D.'d
Yeah you O.D.'d
Down in New Orleans
You fucking died junkie!

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