

Bound For Glory "Better Off Dead"

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You wake up in the morning, and get up out of bed
Not remembering the night before, with an aching in
your head
You were snorting white lines before all went blank
You've been up for days, high on your crank
When I look at you, I see you're trapped in a maze
Living in another world, living in a haze
Just a waste of flesh, wracked with disease
Will you get back to your feet, or spend your life on
your knees?

Chorus:

Your arms are filled with tracks, boy, you're better off
dead
It's time for you to face the fact, boy, you're better off
dead
You'd sell your mother for a fix, boy, you're better off
dead
The grave beckons for the sick, boy, you're better off
dead

It's just another day of another month

This time you wake up in the street
Your sweat is cold, your skin is pale
You are lookin very weak
Your throat is parched, your stomach in pain
With no place to go, and not a penny to your name
Was it really worth it? That needle you shared?
Could it be infected? Or don't you really care?

(Repeat Chorus)

You're the walking dead, another lost soul
Another statistic, yet another toll
You're coming to an end, searching for that high
No one cares as another junky dies

Game over, it's time for you to die
Game over, no one will hear your cries
Game over, you thought you had it all
But now you know you're better off dead, it's time for

you to fall

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