Glassjaw "All Good Junkies Go To Heaven"

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From the pills for the whispering Even children know you are sickened by your own protest and you make sure it will pass And you made it your business to fish the tumor out so you take and shake it, shake it out of the ones you are

When the medicine you fancy has all run out all good junkies go to heaven When the medicine you fancy has all run out all good junkies go to heaven

You bottled divinity
for the thimble to drown in
It brightens the children's faces
when you water your old man
a sinner at gun point
you keep your monkey fed
and he takes and shake it, shake it
out of the ones he hurt

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You bottled divinity
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It brightens the children's faces
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and he'll take and shake it, shake it
out of the ones you are

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