

## **Brian Vander Ark**

# **"To The Front Row Junkies"**

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A fifteen minute warning,  
Brings another belly full of butterflies.  
I'm just a child of Jesus,  
A stage for my confessions.

And those who come to witness,  
Have joints they hide among their cigarettes.  
They've been let out of their cages.

What they've spent for their freedom,  
Left enough to buy a ticket.  
To celebrate what's in the air tonight,  
And trade their wars for encores.  
Forget the day and fade away.

And to the front row junkies,  
There's no such thing as backstage arguments.  
Where vanity outrages.

They've enough to buy a ticket,  
To celebrate what's in the air tonight.  
And trade their wars for encores,  
And let the day fade away.

The best shows are all ages.  
Left their books in lockers for the night.  
To be let out of their cages,  
They will borrow beg, steal, and save for,  
Enough to buy a ticket,  
To celebrate what's in the air tonight.  
I'll take the highs with butterflies,  
Leave the day fade away.

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