

J Church "You're On Your Own"

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Jam that needle in your vein,
Blood is in my sink again,
Well I don't wanna know what you had to do,
To score the skag that's killing you

You're dead to me,
You're just a ghost,
I'm haunted by the empty host,
I'm waiting for my friends to die,
I prefer like you're not alive

Don't call, I'm not home,
And I don't care if you're alone,
This time you're on your own

All my friends are fucking high,
Waiting for their turn to die,
I see the scabs and I see the veins,
Don't tell me about the pain,
Punk chicks are turning tricks,
On Capp Street to score a fix,
Twenty-five going on sixty-six,
What is it baby?
What is this?

Don't call, I'm not home,
And I don't care if you're alone,
This time you're on your own

Don't call, I'm not home,
And I don't care if you're alone,
This time you're on your own

You're on your own,
You're on your own,
You're on your own

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