

Jesus And Mary Chain "Blues From A Gun"

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I don't care about the state of my hair
I got something out of nothing
That just wasn't there
And your kiss, kiss, kiss
Is never gonna blow me away

Dreams of escape keep me awake
I'm never gonna get out and make it away
I'm a stone dead tripper
Dying in a fantasy

Like a cracked open sky it helps you to die
Don't split it, scrape it
You're screaming automatic pain
You're too young kid you're gonna get hit
Looks like your never gonna make it
Off the government list

I don't mind about the state of my mind
But you know it's good for nothing
And I left you behind
It's a sick, sick city
But it's never gonna make me insane

If you're talking for real then go cut a deal
You're facing up to living out
The way that you feel
And you shake, shake, shake
'Cause you know you'll never make it away

Like a cracked open sky it helps you to die
Don't split it, scrape it
You're screaming automatic pain
You're too young kid you're gonna get hit
Looks like your never gonna make it
Off the government list

Well I guess that's why I've always got the blues
Well I guess that's why I've always got the blues
Well I guess that's why I've always got the blues

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