

Jim Carroll

"Hairshirt Fracture"

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Its a garbage truck hour, Im sleeping in the shower
Im feeling like Im waiting on a train
By the sounds from my bed I think somebodys bled
All over something someones keeping clean

I don't need anything, just make it bright
Then turn it low
You don't need more than me
You could live right there beneath the stairs
Ive done it, Ive said all I can, Ive reached the end
Now you must learn to bend
Bend to the floor, taste the core

Youre not going nowhere
Leave the money right there
I feel the arrow sticking in my ear
We owe so much we pawned
Now watch the power come undone
Im standing on my head to watch the day just drift
away
This city always makes the same mistakes, asleep or
awake

Im sick of waking up inside white balloons
Inside of blue balloons

New york air is sweet tonight
There's no stars but that's all right
Im breathing

I feel you through your fear
Pull the arrow from my ear
Tonight well take a different way home
They say the fire burns but wont consume
But it does consume

Youre slick, you shoplift
What's left of my brain
You haven't changed
This city always makes the same mistakes,
Its just like me
It always breaks in two

Im sick of me for being sick of you
Well take a gypsy cab to heaven or hell
Time will tell

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