

Jim Carroll

"Hairshirt Fracture"

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It's a garbage truck hour, I'm sleeping in the shower
I'm feeling like I'm waiting on a train
By the sounds from my bed I think somebody's bled
All over something someone's 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
I've done it, I've said all I can, I've reached the end
Now you must learn to bend
Bend to the floor, taste the core

You're 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
I'm standing on my head to watch the day just drift
away
This city always makes the same mistakes, asleep or
awake

I'm 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
I'm breathing

I feel you through your fear
Pull the arrow from my ear
Tonight we'll take a different way home
They say the fire burns but won't consume
But it does consume

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

I'm sick of me for being sick of you
We'll take a gypsy cab to heaven or hell
Time will tell

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