

# John Waite "Suicide Life"

Visit "[Suicide Life](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

You say there's nothin' wrong  
With the lessons that you're learnin'  
The school of the streets  
You'll kick next year  
Skateboardin' Hollywood and Vine  
Yeah

You're a spaced out face in a crowd  
You're 17 and shootin'  
The cars slow down to check you out  
And your tattered freak flag flies  
For sale, your habit  
Where to? Let's go

I know  
Out on the Internet tonight  
Deals made  
Between the strangers

In green lights  
No names  
No touch no feel humanity  
You and your suicide life

In a Cardboard mansion sleepin'  
Out there just beneath the freeway  
On a broken bottle carpet  
Snorin' now  
The Lord of the Universe  
Yeah

A hippie called John Henry  
A burnt out acid tripper  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
A symbol and a brush stroke  
And a barstool for a throne  
Encino, Jerusalem  
Angel, dust and blow

I know  
Out on the interstate tonight  
Hell's angels

And poet cops  
Alright alright

New names  
And tie dyed blissed out humanity  
You and your suicide life  
Suicide life, yeah baby  
Have a nice day

At the heart of all this darkness  
You got a crush on Venus big time  
Noddin' out into a wet dream  
The strangers take you  
They take you  
The slave trade sister rapes you

I know  
Out on the interstate tonight  
Hell's Angels  
And poet cops alright alright  
New names  
And tie dyed blissed out humanity

Oh no  
You live in real time  
Kings the Knife  
You and your suicide life  
Suicide life

Hell's Angels  
And poet cops alright  
Spare change and have a nice day  
I believe you're here to stay  
Yeah  
Have a nice day

I believe you're here to stay  
Come home  
Come home baby  
I think, you're here to stay  
Time to come home  
Hippie called John Henry

Visit [John Waite](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.