

L.A. Guns

"Over The Edge 541"

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Yeah I got the music cranking, Japanese TV

My head is full of jasmine smoke

I can hardly breathe

Turquoise dragons slip and slide

Sliding down my back

I'm standing on this cold, thin ice

And I'm about to crack

I'm over

I'm over

Over the edge

Seven candles burn so bright

The full moon behind a veil

The ocean crashing in my head

Outside the sirens wail

Jet black is my dirty hair

Jet black my heart and car

My lips are red, my skin snow white

My face is battle scarred

I no longer feel the pain

No longer feel my love

Just the air conditioner

And some help from the Lord above
Caughing up pieces of my broken heart
My eyes work like radar
I'm lyin' in the afterglow
How'd I ever get this far
I'm over
I'm over
Over the edge

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