

Thunderhead

"Behind The Eight Ball"

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Music: T. Pulit / R. Cerrito; Lyrics: T. Pulit

Been pacin' down these halls
'Bout half the night
Thinkin' how I'm gonna keep this high
With no lines in sight

Called up everyone
They said I'm out of luck
Already spent my pay
And I don't give a fuck
Ya know I really don't

I'm just another one
Behind the eight ball

I'm just another one
Behind the eight ball

Went down to the local bar
To see what I could find
Oh my god, it's Johnny Wadd
He'll take care of me tonight

I said I'll be your friend
Your friend 'til the end
But when that last line's gone
This friendship's dead

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

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