

Jamie Notarthomas

"The Dead End (in Memory Of Mike Cubito)"

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On a hot summer night if there's nothing to do
There's a place near the park and Woodbine Avenue
And as the sun goes down
The cars pull into the dead end
The radios are blatin'. Bucky's always laughin'
Everybody's talking 'bout some place they're gonna be
And if misery needs company
It can always find a friend in the dead end.
Ingesting magic potions. Chasing with JD
Where we can forget about tomorrow
Where we don't need to be free
To get high enough
To see beyond the place I know I'll be
When I wake up again in the dead end
There must be a road that leads out of here
I don't know where it goes and I don't really care
'Cause I got the car
If you got the money to spend
I'll meet you after work in the dead end.

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