

Nikki Sixx "Van Huys"

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December 25th, 1986, Van Huys
Merry Christmas.
Well, that's what people say on Christmas, right?
Except for normally they have somebody to say it to.
They have friends, and family,
And they haven't been crouched naked under a
Christmas tree
With a needle in their arm like an insane person
In a mansion in Van Huys.
They're not out of their minds,
They're not writing in a diary,
And they're definitely not watching their holiday spirit
coagulate in a spoon.
I didn't speak to a single person today
I thought, 'Why should I ruin their fucking Christmas? '
I've started a new diary, and this time I have a few new
reasons:
One, I have no friends left.
Two, so I can read back and remember what I did the
day before,
And three, so if I die, at least I leave a nice little suicide
note of my life.
It's just me and you diary--
Welcome to my fucking life.

Nobody would believe the shit that happens inside my
head, it's haunted.
Now I've come down from the drugs, it seems like a
sick play
That I saw in a theater somewhere.
Thirty minutes ago I could've killed somebody,
Or better yet...
Myself.*This is X-Mas in Hell not Van Nuys*

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