

## Coma Beach "Suicide Season"

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A girl committed suicide  
On a sullen sultry summer's day  
And her friends, they didn't understand  
'Cause she'd always been so good and gay  
It all began when she reached that age  
When it dawned on her there's no way out  
When innocence dies  
And shadows rise  
To impervious highs  
Day in, day out  
On the very evening that she crashed  
Her boyfriend told her they should talk  
But she just shook her little head  
And she went out for a little walk  
Alone with her fears  
Alone with her tears  
Her pills, a knife  
And six little beers  
She climbed to the top  
And didn't stop  
'Til her head burst open  
With a plop

Just a matter of where and when  
Suicide season's here again  
Close your tired eyes and then  
Suicide season's here again

A boy committed suicide  
On an ordinary awful autumn's day  
And his mother couldn't understand  
How her life had turned so sad and grey  
It all began on that special day  
When his girlfriend shook her little head  
And she went out for a little walk  
To paint the black soil crimson red  
On that night before he slashed his wrists  
He had a dream of a broken spine  
So the following day  
He took a bath  
With a razor-blade  
At half past nine

His mother found him - red

water, lifeless  
Gone, dead  
Shivering and quivering  
She fell on her bed  
To have her last cup  
Didn't want to wake up  
And her husband drove to town  
And got drunk in a pub

Just a matter of where and when  
Suicide season's here again  
Close your tired eyes and then  
Suicide season's here again

A man committed suicide  
On a windy wistful winter's day  
And there was no one left to ask themselves  
Why he ended up in that bloated way  
It all began when he lost his son  
Then he lost his wife  
Then he lost his mind  
And his neighbours merely shook their heads  
While he tried to hide and seek and find  
On Christmas Eve, before he drowned  
He drank so much that he couldn't walk  
So he took his car  
And drove somewhere  
To find someone  
To whom he could talk  
There was no one there  
'Cause people just care  
About cash and gossip  
And the clothes they wear  
He jumped into the stream  
To leave this madman's dream  
And desperately hoped to wake up  
With a scream

Just a matter of where and when  
Suicide season's here again  
Close your tired eyes and then  
Suicide season's here again

Self-consciousness is a curse

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