

## The Dead Milkmen

### "Destination X"

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Black man comin' down the avenue  
Arm shot full of holes, don't know what to do  
Goes to the doctor, says doctor please  
Just give me something to make the pains cease

Said I can't do nothing about it  
I'm so sick without it  
I don't want to talk about it  
I can't learn to live without it

Down to recovery where the psychos are kept  
Ain't no prisoners but they watch every step  
Down to the wires hooked up to your head  
They push that button and you wish you were dead

Looks through the cobwebs all in his mind  
Too many times he's gone under the knife  
It's like a cancer that's trying to kill  
The more you feed it the worse that you feel

Cuts so cruel that fatal design  
Once you're connected you haven't much time  
Crystal and cobalt and feeling no pain  
Then comes the darkness to feed on your brain

Said I can't do nothing about it  
I'm so sick without it  
I don't want to talk about it  
I can't learn to live without it  
I can't cope or strike out at it  
I can't get through the night without it  
I can't fight the finding out about it  
I just wanna die without it

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