

Constantines, The

"No Ecstasy"

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Born to hold your breath, 1979
Growing up in a dollhouse 'neath a beehive
But you've been wading in them dirty waters
Since you were thirteen years
Running with that lonely crowd
Crying them dirty tears

Thirteen, broke your last baby tooth
Fourteen, joined the cigarette youth
If all roads lead home, you build a new highway
And you run-run-run-run-runaway

It's the boredom of a bitter age
That drives them to the arms of a punk rock stage
I'm sending all my sympathy
To the sweet little helots of the neglected beat

Little sister got a new beat

Thirteen, broke your last baby tooth
Fourteen, joined the cigarette youth
Lock up the young lovers!
Keep their bodies covered!
Somewhere some kid is beating off tonight

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