

Street To Nowhere

"Dead Cliché"

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I strayed from the kitchen
That's where we kept the knives
That could slice the tense air from clenched fists.
I wasn't partial to pain
But I fled home every day,
Starin at the veins through the skin on my wrist.
And in the morning
When my throat burned like cuts and scrapes
And salty dry eyes refused to wake
The only warmth were cold hands of a mother
She'd say "It'll be ok."

And I'd be nothing but a dead cliché (a dead cliché)
A dead cliché
With nothing to say (nothing to say, nothing to say)
But farewell notes are so passé.

So shoot me in the gallery
We'll call it art
You can critique the bloodstains on the floor.
Why let my death go to waste
If I'm dying anyway
I might as well have something to die for.
Because I'm breathin in dead air
I'm tuggin at dead skin
I know the only road I walk is a dead end.
And the papers would agree,
It's the only fame I see
Because all the greatest artists are insane
Or dead.

And I'd be no more than a dead cliché (a dead cliché)
A dead cliché
With nothing to say (nothing to say, nothing to say)
But farewell notes are so passé.

Made a heart out of tape and wire.
I painted it the color of crying eyes
I wore it on my sleeve

For the vultures to see
And screamed
You're born, you learn, you work, decay, and die.

And I'd be no more than a dead cliché,
A dead cliché, a dead cliché,
With nothing to say
But farewell notes are so...

And I'd be no more than a dead cliché (a dead
cliché)
A dead cliché
With nothing to say (nothing to say, nothing to say)
But farewell notes are so...
Oh, farewell notes are so passé.

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