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St. Vitus Dance "The Money's Gone"

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The money is all gone

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95, I was 21. We were living hand to mouth. Glassy eyed, slack jawed. Dreaming of the broken locks.

Paper walls in my bedroom. Perfect on my Drunkard's walk. Drinking meals. Drowning in my sleep. We were starving to death and holding it all.

What you gonna do, when the money's gone? How you gonna live, when you keep burning it down?

5 years to good. Nothing changing but my mind. Same actor, different faces. And a better plot.

No one said it would be easy. No one said it'd be this hard. Burning twice as bright, reaching critical mass.

Steady the world. Steady the world.

What you gonna do, when the money's gone? How you gonna live, when you keep burning it down?

Think I found a way out.

34 bring self reflection.Rally towards the broken clock.Shaking off the dregs of reason.Saying never again. Never again.

Time enough, and time repeating. Night has settled over us. Staring disconnected at me. Now, where do we go. Where do we go?

What you gonna do, when the money's gone?

How you gonna live, when you keep burning it down?

When the money is gone

Where'd the money go?

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