

Inhale

"Jeffrey"

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Born on a Sunday
Feeling cold as ice
Mother left rolling
Jeffery's dice
Father was a drunk
Up until his death
Jeffrey quit life
Turned to Meth
Jeffrey, where has all the good shit gone
You listen to the tv for advice and always come out
wrong
Jeffrey, you need someone to hold
If you want to survive this night that remains long
First girl was a whore
Found her with another man
Dreamt of a perfect life
But no one really can
Second girl left you
For some rocker in LA
Third girl slept with you
And died the next day
Jeffrey, where has all the good shit gone
You listen to the tv for advice and come out alone
Jeffrey, you need someone to hold
Someone to write and someone to phone
Jeffrey, your life ends here
Jeffrey, your life is dead
Jeffrey, your life means shit
Jeffrey, your life ends here

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