

The Flatliners

"Hal Johnson Smokes Cigarettes"

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We've gone to all this trouble of tearing our hair out
Those shadows once oh so legendary have
disappeared and fucking faded out
At the foot of these graves of our fallen heroes the
feeling is fraudulent
As humiliation sets in

When all you've idolized is dead and gone, you'll
realize you've won
When all you've built yourself up on has crashed and
burned...
We're digging graves for old memories
And it's safe to say that I'll be home late
And as those dreams of yours, they fizzle out
Just remember we've already gone down in history

If your feet never touch the ground, and you keep your
head in those clouds
You know it'll rain someday
Surprise, surprise, this is the end
There's nowhere to go from here

Did you ever think the dead you'd bury wouldn't be
your friends?
Had it crossed your mind that your heroes are failures
in the end?
Surprise, surprise, this is the end.

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