

Junky XL

"Action Radius"

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I used to crystalise my dreams as a teen in my
bedroom scene,

playin' the poser,

(...?)

fanatic like L.A. locsters,

my quest,

tempestious,

euphonimous,

plannin' bombing scripts,

turnin' the chips,

flex statuesque,

make record sales spread around like acne,

(...?)

uncanny abilities rocking you whigpiece,

days of playing air guitar,

now you're staring so far,

at crowds,

open and scoping to a superstar.

chorus:

BUILT ME UP TO DESTROY AGAIN,

YOU HEALED ME ONCE FROM THE VOID AGAIN,

BEYOND LIMITS IS MY ACTION RADIUS

NEED YOUR LOVE TO FEEL THE POISE AND STAND

Between scylla and charybdis,

boredom versus dubris, (debris?)

daily routines make moods vary like parking meters,

feeling hollow like empty bottles,

in pieces like jigsaw puzzles,

lack of purpose,

like winos in disillusionment guzzle,

when problems operate like vortex on brain cortex,

music could be more sex than porno flicks with chicks
can pack,

discontinuity,

audience see is attraction like a magnet to mic and
amp it,

constanty...

(chorus)

...HEY HALLO...

Last city with the baddest ditties got the crowds giddy,

this kitty got with me,

swivvy and drippy,

at the after party,

in any land i'm getting more grace than presley,

from legions bigger than hooligans from chelsea,

my voice is considered golden like my (?) bassey,

my doses attacks like tuberculosis from here to
tallahssee,

adrenaline got me spinning in bed reminiscin' at the
marriot,

never end the night period.

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