

## The Dead 60s

### "Chemical Valley"

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We somehow cannot grasp  
The concept of steady feet  
We dance amongst our sins  
Which only brings us to our knees  
I can't say I'm any better  
Cause I've been here time or two before

But I lie... cause I'm a stubborn fuck  
Who keeps coming back  
Even though I am shit out of luck  
Lets see what tonight throws up  
Maybe a lung, maybe a slew of tongues  
Maybe some old-fashioned lonesome

Really it's you who keeps dragging me back  
By my larynx and my lack of common sense  
Everyone has been dying to have you  
But I've been the only one killing for it

Line em up  
One by one  
Hell hath no waste like us  
Ain't being empty fun?  
It eats it's way  
Right through your head  
So you never remember  
The nights we spend  
We are all victims to  
Some form of chemical bliss  
But I think deep down you really need it  
Kill off this desire  
Before it kills me first  
Oh no, what's left in the clip  
Upon this covetous thirst

Line em up  
One by one  
I'm pumped and enthusiastic  
So stick me I am done

