

John Wesley

"Chasing Monsters"

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Last year, is a terrible place to live
Before that, is someplace ya go when you cannot
forgive
Your own misguided attempt, at changing the world

Wake up in the dark you're all covered in sweat
I ain't much of a gambler but I'd be willing to bet
You've been chasing monsters
Looks like you've already been found...

You wear addiction like a second skin
Well this is one fight you never fought to win
Try as you might
You're the only fool that still believes

Well I'm here with you
Chasing monsters with you
I still believe, so tell me
Where do they come from?
Where do they come from?

Well I'm here with you
Hunting monsters with you
I've got the big guns so tell me
Where do they come from?
Where do they come from?

The chime of a full glass, taste of the first pass,
aroma of butane laid out before you
Slit of a short skirt, a blade on a glass tray
Bliss of a raised vein, chained to the spoon again

The life of the party, centre of gravity
A shroud of mystery surrounds you
The smack of a freight train. Crippling ghost pains
Cower and hide, mosters have found you again

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Chasing monsters with you
I still believe, so tell me
Where do they come from?

Where do they come from?

Well I'm here with you
Hunting monsters with you
I've got the big guns so tell me
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