

The Indelicates

"Heroin"

Visit "[Heroin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My heroine is on heroin
But not bad heroin, the good heroin
That rockstars take
And that heals the ache
Of the pain she's in
She's not dirty; she's past thirty
She plays acoustic guitar and the flute
And the harp and the theramin
On heroin
My heroine

And oh, in this dead town
The dead kids hang around
This must be Zion, they promised us Zion...

My heroine is so beautiful
Her cheeks are hollowed out, God, She's beautiful
She orders jugs of wine
And wastes all her time
At the wishing well
She's a dreamer
I'm a dreamer
We are not like the others
We're the best of our brothers
We dreamers, We dreamers
You should see us

And oh, in this dead town
The dead kids hang around
This must be Zion, they promised us Zion...

My heroine believes in something
Because something big must be happening
She carries books
That belie her looks
And the pain she's in
She sees singers
Who sing protest songs
That she already agrees with
She has afternoon teas with
Them, looks at the world

And the unthinkable wrongs

She sings, damn this dead town
Where the dead kids hang around.
Bored to tears with the infinite peace
The chosen one, like everyone
She raises her eyes
Raises her eyes
Raises her eyes and succumbs

Visit [The Indelicates](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.