

Crystals And Cash

Bleach

I search for the truth I find no luck
I search for solace in my friend the rock
And I have a friend on the telephone
A crystal and some cash and my tomorrow's known
Cross my legs and I am one
With what I was or I am to become
And I have the stars and some pixie dust
Oh, and Elvis nights on Thursday and it's a must
Have your every thought just possibly
Your ideals are a twisted philosophy
By a man in a suit who loves currency
Or a woman who is called instability