A D G E

1. The death of Saint Jimmy

D G

My heart isbeating from me
I'm standing all alone.Please call me only,
If you are coming home
Waste another year flies by
Waste night or two.
You taught me how to live my life.

A D G

2. In the street of shame where you've lost

D

your dreams in the rain. There's no sign of hope.

The stems and seeds of the last of the dope There's a glow of light.

The ST.Jimmy is the spark in the night Bearing gifts and trust. $\,$

The fixture in the city of Lust.

D 2

Do you think what you need is a crutch.

- 3. In the crowd of pain.
 ST.Jimmy comes without any shame.
 He says"we're fucked up".
 But we're not the same
 And mom and dad are the ones you can blame.
- R: Jimmy died today.

 He blew his brain into the bay.

 In the state of mind.

 Is my own private suicide.