

Blues from a Gun

The Jesus and Mary Chain

I don't care about the state of my hair
I got something out of nothing
That just wasn't there
And your kiss kiss kiss
Is never gonna blow me away

Dreams of escape keep me awake
I'm never gonna get out and make it away
I'm a stone dead tripper
Dying in a fantasy

Like a cracked open sky it helps you to die
Don't split it scrape it
You're screaming automatic pain

Too young kid you're gonna get hit
Looks like your never gonna make it
Off the government list

I don't mind about the state of my mind
But you know it's good for nothing
And I left you behind
It's a sick sick city
But it's never gonna make me insane

If you're talking for real
Then go cut a deal
You're facing up to living out
The way that you feel
And you shake shake shake
'Cause you know you'll never make it away

Well I guess that's why I've always
Got the blues