

# Junkie Romance

## Wayne Kramer

So you wanna look like Johnny  
And you wanna act like Keef  
And you crave some soft cocoon, boy  
For your Charlie Parker grief  
And you court the adoration  
Of the ones with no esteem  
And a hollow point delivery  
Dope fiend self-inflicted dream  
Its a junkie romance, kid  
Alive on Avenue D  
Its junkie romance, kid  
Nothing comes for free.  
As she shoots up through her stockings  
You see her thighs as pale as death  
And you cant feel her freezing  
But theres frost upon her breath.  
An old time Rx croaker  
The doctor? Yeah, hes in  
A drugstore substitution  
For the thing the priests call sin.  
Its junkie romance, kid  
Alive on Avenue D  
Its junkie romance, kid  
Youre dead on MTV.  
Its junkie romance, kid  
Singing waiting for the man  
Its junkie romance, kid  
The kingdom if you can  
Its junkie romance, kid  
Hes waiting in the back  
Its junkie romance, kid  
Yeah, always dressed in black.  
Its junkie romance, kid  
Youre dead on MTV  
its junkie romance, kid  
Nothing comes for free.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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