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 dreamIts 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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