

Friends And Lovers

Club 8

All my friends and all my lovers are dead
Some from cheap narcotics and others from lead
The filthy rich and the dirt, dirt poor
Are all the same when they can't take no more
'Cause all my friends and all my lovers are dead
A slit wrist leaves a mess
On the breakfast table, oh yes
Betta' cut deep 'fore you go to sleep
But in the morning you're the one who gonna have to clean
Days I've seen make a priest lose his beliefs
Like Kathy crawlin' 'cross the carpet in the bloodstained briefs
Chewin' pills like she was starvin' for a taste of relief
Her last wind was in the trash can, couldn't beat the disease
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Johnny made a record, went straight to number one
But Johnny had a little fascination with guns
And cocaine, he couldn't stand to take the slow train
Got a little fortune, lost his breaks in the rain, ooh
What to do when your luck is through?
Whether you come from the slums or live in Malibu
Seen runnin' down the avenue
Mickey Avalon with an attitude
All my friends and all my lovers are dead
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Lean Lee Tucker was a mean motherfucker
Seen him knock a man clean out his corduroy slippers
And that same man's queen but in the monster truck and hit him
Found him lifeless as a log in the Mississippi river
Tara was a stripper
Tara done that shit with a smile on her face and her hand on her liver
But I ain't mad, I forgive her
I just get a little sad every time I fuck her sister

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