Over The Edge

L.A. Guns

Yeah I got the music cranking, Japanese TV
My head is full of jasmine smoke
I can hardly breathe
Turquoise dragons slip and slide
Sliding down my back
I'm standing on this cold, thin ice
And I'm about to crack
I'm over
I'm over
Over the edge
Seven candles burn so bright
The full moon behind a veil
The ocean crashing in my head
Outside the sirens wail
Jet black is my dirty hair
Jet black my heart and car
My lips are red, my skin snow white
My face is battle scarred
I no longer feel the pain
No longer feel my love
Just the air conditioner
And some help from the Lord above
Coughing up pieces of my broken heart
My eyes work like radar
I'm lyin' in the afterglow
How'd I ever get this far
I'm over
I'm over
Over the edge

Songwriters
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