

Burn The River Dry

Jim White

Door is locked no one's home
Frame is empty picture's missing
Throw that rock right through the window.
Hey, I know him, he's a singer.
Roam around another town
Looks like Phoenix, Arizona
Borrow the car from it's owner.
That sleepy-head
He's dreaming the dreams of suburbia.
Yeah suburbia.

Me, I don't care
I just pay what it takes to feel alive.
'Cause somehow somewhere,
Hell everyone I know is waiting
Just waiting to burn the river dry.

And nothing works more than once,
It keeps you restless, always moving
Fretful searching for a brand new
Spanking form of deliverance.
Movies stars heroin,
Dreams of wild old fucking grandeur!
Snap your fingers, now you're famous
Close your eyes as you sell out
To all them suckers that you hate.
Yeah, them suckers that you hate.

Me, I don't care
I just pay what it takes to feel alive
Somehow, somewhere
Everyone I know is waiting
Just waiting to burn that river dry.
Burn that river dry.

Hands that once reached for heaven
Grabbing at the penny in the sewer.
Smell of your soul burning on the skewer,
And all that dirt that you have swallowed.
The howling voice from the closet,

Better run away just because it
Seems to know a little bit too much about
All them shallow graves that you got buried
In the field of your experience.

Me, I don't care
I just pay what it takes to feel alive.
Somehow somewhere, hell everyone I know
Is waiting
Just waiting to burn that river dry.

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