

## half-life

I try and try but I can't always get it  
    what does he want from me anyway?  
I'll drive anywhere pay anything  
    do anything to get that guy  
    off my back for an hour or two.

what's the half-life of a lousy childhood?  
stranglehold tentacles  
    come out of a house where  
    nobody I know lives anymore  
body and soul clench like a fist  
    when that hairy hand tries to pull me down  
I need lights I need noise  
    I need naked female flesh all around  
else I implode.

how do I give up what I don't understand?  
this home isn't broken it's blown to hell.

now *here's* a place where I can be unhappy in peace  
totally safe and unbelievable  
a crime against everything I was brought up to be  
a slap in the face to that guy who thinks  
    he knows how it's supposed to be done  
a tight connection to all those old friends  
    I thought I'd left behind  
whores just like me  
who knows what they sell themselves for?

*last chance for ro-mance*  
*take care of these ladies and they'll take care of you*  
    why do I need this?

the weird thing is I don't even see  
    most of these women anymore  
    not even as objects.

can't buy a thrill?  
sometimes I can sometimes I can't but  
    I don't need a thrill  
    I need a break.