

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.