

Jim Carroll, Junky Man

By rancid:

The common man doesn't suffer pain like this
Only the soul that has never been kissed
Let us adore our beautiful son
He's ridin' on the rivers of babylon
Bootin' up, shootin' up
Bring on the brightness
See the son of God is comin' up
Your [sic] caught up in a system that's goin'
No one answers no one takes that call from you
Junky man tell me what your story is . . .
Water I desire
Some parents [sic] house is on fire
Slowly the house gonna burn to the ground
The neighborhood will watch . . .
Will someone be a witness please
Tell me that he's crazy
But he's not and they thow that
And they can't get him 'cause he's not crazy
Beat him lock him knock him take away his authority
Hit 'em, ship 'em, club 'em submitted conformity . . .

By carroll:

Audio sample

My hand went blind clairvoyant
I make love to my trance sister
My trance sister went on
And my trance parents see from the balcony
I looked out on the big field
It opens like the cover of an old bible
And out come the wolves
Their paws trampling the snow
The alphabet
I stand on my head and watch it all go away

By rancid:

Bootin' up, shootin' up
Bring on the brightness
See the sun of God is comin' up
And there is a likeness
Internalize the lunacy
The misery is showin' when your [sic] brought up
And your [sic] caught up in a system that is goin'