

# The Jesus And Mary Chain, Blues From A Gun

I don't care about the state of my hair  
I got something out of nothing  
That just wasn't there  
And your kiss kiss kiss  
Is never gonna blow me away

Dreams of escape keep me awake  
I'm never gonna get out and make it away  
I'm a stone dead tripper  
Dying in a fantasy

Like a cracked open sky it helps you to die  
Don't split it scrape it  
You're screaming automatic pain

Too young kid you're gonna get hit  
Looks like your never gonna make it  
Off the government list

I don't mind about the state of my mind  
But you know it's good for nothing  
And I left you behind  
It's a sick sick city  
But it's never gonna make me insane

If you're talking for real  
Then go cut a deal  
You're facing up to living out  
The way that you feel  
And you shake shake shake  
'Cause you know you'll never make it away

Well I guess that's why I've always  
Got the blues