

# Revolver

## Scarlet

We are the morbid and the abstract  
We are the breeding mammals with bad backs  
Our messiah on the cover of magazines has a  
black lung an i.v. of nicotine  
With strung out ambulance driver's caffeine blues  
A.m. rendezvous  
Feeling the needles the medics used  
To stab their veins with double doses by  
the twos  
This is the life of the living dead  
This is the revolver blowing off my head  
These are the sedatives that keep me fed  
All the lies and piss  
Has it come down to this  
A junkie's tract mark makeshift remiss  
This is the life of the living dead  
This is the revolver blowing of my head

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>