

Mad scribble, because I wanted to!

The wind was howling and the snow outrageous as the hitcher stood by the road and levelled his thumb in the calm calculus of reason.

Only to be lonely, with no direction of home, like a complete unknown, just like a rolling stone.

Will I make tomorrow, well I just don't know.
Will I live another day, well I just don't care.
Well I know for sure, I don't want'a live no more.

Sounds like some one's knockin' on my window.

Feels like I'm living in the bottom of a grave.
Her cunt gripped me like a warm friendly hand.

Come here. Relax. Take it easy. We're your friends, we won't hurt you.

Pills, grass, whatever you need!

Dead boy, lying there, still, lifeless, at comfort, near the end, in a grave.

Death picked you up man. He gave you a lift.
Cool man, dig.

He ain't dead he's just sleeping, or maybe dreaming.....

Slave to the rhythm, live to the rhythm, love to the rhythm, you slave to the rhythm.
Uhhhh - - - - !