

# Spock, Tom Waits and Kurt Cobain

Dreams within a bottle, things are not so right  
I think that I'm a loser and I don't know why  
Life's so fucking empty, my weakness is all i feel  
I witnessed my damnation and it was so real  
Spock was not a bad guy, his ears were not so wrong  
My black and white TV and a drink that's very strong  
I'm fucking damned and lonely  
I'm dying quiet and lovely  
It's something 'bout this town  
I need to spend some time around  
For I need a place to sing my songs  
People clapping hands as I tell of my wrongs  
And as the flowers wither when fall it comes  
A drink is not enough for me to warm my bones  
I need a dream, a dream of perfection  
Something impossible to cause my reaction  
To wake me up from my permanent sleep  
For I think life must have something to give

Tom Waits was not a drinker  
I'm sure he never smoked  
My neighbours new born child has the same kind of voice  
It wraps me in confusion  
Cobain made suicide  
I think he was a loser but he was a star  
And Spock was not a bad guy  
But there must be something wrong  
Whisky in my head and a thought that's growing strong  
And I have come to this conclusion: the lights of fame are not so bright  
So I think if I'm a loser I'm half-way on being a star.