

Cocaine Charlie

Atlanta Rhythm Section

He had an eye for pretty women
A taste for good cocaine
A fool for easy money
A good time was his game
I never saw him worry
He took it one day at a time
And lived the way he wanted to
Until the day he died

Cocaine Charlie, a dealer in ecstasy
Cocaine Charlie, the life of the party
Now he ain't nothin' but a memory
Cocaine Charlie, a victim of the seventies

On the south side of Atlanta
In the Escapade Motel
A sweet young thing from Sandy Springs
Was under Charlie's spell
He never heard the pistol cock
He was caught up in romance
A jealous boyfriend shot him dead
He never had a chance

Cocaine Charlie, a victim of ecstasy
Cocaine Charlie, the life of the party, yes, he was
Now he ain't nothin' but a memory
Cocaine Charlie, a victim of the seventies
Whoa, Charlie

Cocaine Charlie, a dealer in ecstasy
Cocaine Charlie, the life of the party, yeah
Now he ain't nothin' but a memory
Cocaine Charlie, may he rest in peace
Rest in peace, Charles