

# Hate Your Drug

Saint Etienne

Like four paper-dolls / all heavy with sleep, /  
they hold you like a baby, / your body so weak. /  
They lay you on a white bed, / almost dead at nineteen, /  
like four paper dolls / all heavy with sleep. /

And with your blonde hair / all over my dress, /  
your heart had stopped beating, / your head on my chest, /  
and I told you for the last time / that I loved you best. /  
And with your blonde hair / all over my dress.