

Sick Of Drugs

The Wildhearts

Waking up with an eight point two
And it seemed like the easiest thing to do
When someone said: "Here's one for you!"
Mouth's so dry that I just spit ash
And a hole in my pocket full of wasted cash
But it's all right, it was just back stash
"Jump inside," he said, I tried
"I never met a junkie that I didn't like"
Said he and who am I to disagree?

Oh how can you stay
When you're sixty million miles away?
How can you fly when you're free?
And how can you feel
When your mind's made up like a will of steel?
How can you deal in your tree?
Sick of Ecstasy

Kicked in bad and you got too low
To be down with-a company you don't know
Said "Come on in, we got a right good blow"
Yeah, talking, talking the whole world's clear
Until a guy with a goatee got a touch of fear
Which went 'round the room like diarrhoea
Bored with this, I'm bored with that
I'm stuck in bed alone with a you-know-what
No rest with a heart beating out of your chest

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Sick of LSD

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Sick of drugs are we