

Wildhearts "Sick of Drugs"

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waking up with an 8.2
when it seemed like the easiest thing to do
when someone said "here's one for you!"
mouth's so dried and I just spit ash
in a hole in my pocket full of wasted cash
but it's all right it was just bad stash

"jump inside" he said, [I tried/I'll try], "I never met a
junkie that I didn't like" said he
and who am I to disagree? {sometimes "I think I'm
gonna disagree" live, apparently}

CHORUS:

(oh,) how can you stay when you're 60 million miles
away?
how can you fly when you're (home) free?
and(/oh) 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 in a company you don't know
said 'come on in 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 diahorea

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 outta your chest

CHORUS

sick of LSD

CHORUS (x2)

sick of drugs are we

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