

## 3-11 Porter

### "The Heroin Song"

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How can something so cliché, something so pathetic  
Something so stupid be regarded as poetic  
With mum on methadone and daddy on the nod  
It's a picture full of death a syringe full of snot

You shoot up, you die. You shoot up, you die  
And if your body lives, then you die inside

Another paper, another shot  
Is the rust worth the risk, fuck no it's not  
Our generation should be smart enough to know  
The syringe, the gun, your life you blow

You shoot up, you die, you shoot up, you die  
A false sense of security, you shoot up you die.  
And now it's too late to change your mind.

Your life is empty, you fill it up with smack  
Too much one night you end up on your back  
You say you don't care, you're not afraid of dying  
Now you're on a respirator and all your friends are  
crying  
And now it's too late to change your mind!

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