

## Barbara Dickson

### "Slaine Iz Like"

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Yo, lots of impossible things happened to him  
Who hasn't forgotten his dreams  
Even though he hangs with the rottenest fiends  
Who keep heaters on the waistline  
Right behind the pockets of jeans and vodka to drink  
And I am not obscene just to be obscene  
What I say is what I mean, I mean I am just being me  
And you gotta live with that cause that is all I can be  
Man I wish on every star I see  
Till I'm adios, ghost gone and laid down, the RIP  
With any sick track and sold song on my CD  
I gotta look back, it's so long as far I see  
Seen mommas covered in love, later mobbed with grief  
Seen times smothered in drugs I could hardly eat  
My later teen years I fell down in part of the streets  
In my 20's I became something that's harder to beat  
Man this lifestyle's taking sanity out of me  
My friends are dead or locked up, strung out and  
hopped up  
Hopping out of trucks jammed watching for cops' cuffs  
This is not plush living, this is living from adrenaline  
rush  
Definitions of a feeling that you never can trust  
Love, lust, crush, pain with the heroin flush  
If the lust is what the devil is peddling us isn't heavy  
enough  
I'm unemployed, can't drive, and my Chevy is fucked  
Yo, I guess you live, you learn, you play the game  
You change from your struggle, never stay the same  
Man I spit fire with halos, Heaven and Hell  
S-I-a-I-n-e is the letters that spell Slaine

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