

D.R.I. "Hooked"

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You're tied down, you're locked up, you've got no way
out

You're broke down you're fed up, your lungs start to
shout

You're wincing, convulsing, you're aching with pain
Gasping for breath and you're feeling insane

Hole after hole
Just proving your point
Point after point
Just digging you hole
Slow digging with a spoon

Hooked

You're hooked on a drug that's controlling your mind
Hocking your soul for that measly last dime
You're dragged off and thrown in your own padded cell
You've reached end of rope at bottom of well

Hooked

Yellow black arm hole of eager junk acceptance
Thin steel prick cums in your arm
I see you fall over and over again
Hanging onto nothing you thought was a friend

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