

## **Dennis Leary**

### **"More Drugs"**

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And I'll tell you something else right now. I have the solution to the drug problem in this country. Nobody wants to hear it, but I have it. Not less drugs... more drugs. Get more drugs, and give 'em to the right fucking people. Mmm mm, 'cause every time you hear about some famous guy overdosing on drugs, it's always some really talented guy. It's always like Len Bias, or Janis Joplin, or Jimi Hendrix, or John Belushi. You know what I mean? The people you wanna have overdose on drugs never would! Like Motley Crue would never fucking overdose man, never! You could put them in a room with two tons of crack. They come out a half an hour later, "Rock on, man!" "Shit, they're still alive. Fuck! They're probably gonna make a double live album now, goddamn it!"

I take music pretty seriously. You see that scar on my wrist? You see that? Hmm? You know where that's from? Hmm? Hmm? Hmm? Hmm? I heard the Bee Gees were getting back together again. I couldn't take it, okay? That was the only good thing about the 1980's. We got rid of one of the Bee Gees. One down, three to go, that's what I say, folks. Yeah--here's ten bucks, bring me the head of Barry Manilow, all right? I wanna drink beer out of his empty head! I wanna have a Barry Manilow skull-keg party at my apartment, okay? You write the songs, we'll drink the beer out of your head.

We live in a country where John Lennon takes six bullets in the chest, Yoko Ono is standing right next to him and not one fucking bullet! Explain that to me! Explain it to me, God! Explain it to me, God! I want it explained to me now! Jesus! Now we've got twenty-five more years of "aaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!" Yeah, I'm real fucking happy now, God. I'm wearing a huge happy hat, Jesus Christ! I mean... Stevie Ray Vaughan is dead, and we can't get Jon Bon Jovi in a helicopter? Come on, folks. "Get on that helicopter, Jon. Shut the fuck up and get on that helicopter! There's a hair dresser in there. Yeah, go ahead in there, yeah yeah."

I don't get it. You know, I just don't get it. I missed the

fucking point some place. The boat left and I wasn't on the boat. Explain it to me. Heavy metal bands on trial because kids commit suicide? What is that about? Judas Priest on trial "because my kid bought the record, and listened to the lyrics, and he got into Satan..." Well, that's great! That sets a legal precedent. Does that mean I can sue Dan Fogelberg for making me into a pussy in the mid-70's? Is that possible, huh? Huh? "Your Honor, between him and James Taylor, I didn't get a blow job 'till I was twenty-seven years old. I was in Colorado wearing hiking boots, eating granola. I want some fucking money right now!"

Let me make sure I'm crystal clear on this issue, okay? Heavy metal fans are buying heavy metal records, taking the records home, listening to the records, and then blowing their heads off with shotguns? Where's the problem? That's an unemployment solution right there, folks! It's called natural selection. It's the bottom of the fuckin' food chain, okay? I say we put more messages on the records. "Kill the band, kill your parents, then yourself, okay? Make sure you get your whole head in front of the shotgun. Thank you for calling! Thank you for calling!"

And I'll tell you something else I don't get, okay? This whole thing-- these bands going backwards, you know what I'm talking about? This whole nostalgia for the late '60s, the early '70s that's happening right now? The Black Crowes wearing bell bottoms again? I DON'T FUCKING THINK SO, okay? I wore 'em once, they sucked, they didn't get laid, I'm not wearing them again!

Let me tell you something. We need a two-and-a-half hour movie about the Doors, folks? No, we don't. I can sum it up for you in five seconds, okay? "I'm drunk, I'm nobody. I'm drunk, I'm famous. I'm drunk, I'm fucking dead." There's the whole movie, okay? Big Fat Dead Buy in a Bath Tub, there's your title for you.

And I also don't go for this other thing now, with MTV being so big where you get a band that gets a hit video, and all of the sudden they think that they're like icons and they can tell us how to feel about environmental issues and how to vote and stuff. You know what I'm talking about? Like R.E.M.? "Shiny happy people--" Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey! Pull that bus over to the side of the pretentiousness turnpike, all right? I want everybody off the bus. I want the shiny people over here, and the happy people over here, okay? I

represent angry gun-toting meat-eating fucking people, all right? Sit down and shut the fuck up, Michael! Don Henley's gonna tell me how to vote. I don't fucking think so, okay? I got two words for Don Henley--Joe Fucking Walsh--okay? Thanks for calling, Don. How long's your pony tail now, okay?

All these rock stars should've been killed, man. Every single goddamn one of them. Right after Jon Lennon died, we should've gotten the Partridge Family bus and driven around and killed them all one by one, you know? Elvis Presley should have been shot in the head back in '57. Somebody should've walked up behind Elvis in '57 with a .44 magnum, put the barrel of the gun right up to his brainstem and just pulled the trigger... so you can remember Elvis in a nice way, eh? Wouldn't it be nice to remember Elvis thin, with a big head of hair? Maybe that gold lamÃ© suit. Wouldn't that be nice, eh? Because how do you remember Elvis? You know how you remember Elvis. He was found in the toilet... with his pants around his ankles and his big fat hairy sweaty King of Rock and Roll ass exposed to the world, and his final piece of kingly evidence floating in the toilet behind him! Ugh! Creepy! One of his aides had to walk in and go, "Dang, Elvis is dead. I'd better flush the toilet. (flush) Oh, man! I should've saved that! I coulda made some money off that! Dang, man! A ding dang doo!"

That's why I'm glad Jesus died when he did. Oh yeah. Because if he lived to be forty, he would've ended up like Elvis, come on! Oh yeah, he had that big entourage. Twelve guys willing to do whatever he wanted to do. He was famous already at that point. If he lived to be forty, he'd be walking around Jerusalem with a big fat beer gut and black side burns going, (in Elvis voice) "Damn, I'm the son of God. Gimme me a cheeseburger and french fries right now. Where's Mary Magdelene, I want a blow job now. Come on now! Fuck you, I'll turn you into a leper! Give me a cheeseburger now, goddamnn it. Bluhah. Love me tender, love me true, empty my colostomy bag! Ah! Bluhah! Huhah! Oh, I think I shit my pants on that last 'huhah.' Change my diaper now! Huhah!"

I'm going to Hell for that bit. And you're all coming with me! And don't try to get out of it. "We didn't laugh at that bit, Jesus, please!" "Shut up! Get on the bus with Leary and Scorsese. You're going right to fucking Hell!" And you know what Hell is, folks. It's Andy Gibb, singing "Shadow Dancing," for eons and eons. And you

have to wear orange plaid bell bottoms and sit next to the Bay City Rollers. "How you guys doing? This is gonna suck!"

I was reading an interview with Keith Richards in a magazine and in the interview Keith Richards intimated that kids should not do drugs. Keith Richards... says that kids should not do drugs. Keith, we can't do any more drugs because you already fucking did them all, all right? There's none left! We have to wait 'til you die and smoke your ashes! Jesus Christ! Talk about the pot and the fuckin' kettle!

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