

Douchka

"Drugs"

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Please get out of the toilet, my man
(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)
Please get out of the toilet my man
(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)

Went to the disco with half a pound of go go
Cut with baking soda
Saw my girl with the one kiss curl
She's a pusher, I think you know her
Locked the door, found my score
Now just give me a few minutes more

Please get out of the toilet, my man
(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)
Please get out of the toilet my man
(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)

Let me have a leak, you little speed freak
Or I'll hose down your white powder
I'll defecate more than old Don Lane
Rain down like a golden shower
I've got to go, let me in, Joe
I'm about to let the scapa flow!

Please get out of the toilet, my man
(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)
Please get out of the toilet my man
(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)

You can find romance or piss in your pants
Let's leave it up to fate, mate
You're a drunken bore
So let's lock the door
Let me get this line straight
I've been waiting all night
To powder my nose
Lord don't stop me, thar she blows!

Please get out of the toilet, my man
(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)
Please get out of the toilet my man

(Oh no, I'm doing drugs)

It's impacted, backed up and compacted
I think I've split my spleen, oh
Fell out of luck with my bile duct
There's treacle in my jeans, oh
I can't reach the can
I'll make a stand
Wham, bam, that's spam, ma'am

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