

Blackfoot

"Junkie's Dream"

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Here comes a joe with a bag full of snow
He'll make you scream inside
With his wide brim hat and his Cadillac
He'll take you for a riii-ide, oh baby

Long ago you'd have sold your mother's soul
To the man on the street
But now you sell a night of love, pretty baby
To the people you meet

Your old man can't supply the both of you
You should know damn well
So the next time that your junk, baby, it runs out
You broke the night in hell,
Oh you broke the night in helllll

Your good nightmare is a junkie's dream
Your good nightmare is a junkie's (Ooooooooooooo)
dreammmmm
Oh Ho no (Ooooooooooooo)
And don't you worry little baby (Ooooooooooooo)
Some day you'll see it snow (Ooooooooooooo)

Ohhh Your good nightmare is a junkie's dream
Your good nightmare Oh
is a standin' outside in the rain
Suitcase in her hand
Wheels gettin' cold and a she's getting' old
And oh God don't you understand

A junkie has no promise that a he'll get by
Without pumpin' his veins
So go sell your soul for a bag full of snow
And if your lucky you'll die in vain
And if your lucky you'll die in vain, Lord, Lord

Ooooooh yeahhh oh
Yeahhhh ohhhhh lorrdd

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