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Gbh "Dead On Arrival"

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Tracks in his arm made him a man, No-one could understand. Each night he'd go out shooting skag, Met a pusher who sold him a bag.

That's why he was .. Dead on arrival

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Ran out of money so he stole a car, tried to run but didn't get far. Sent to prison, no turning back, saw his arm, weaned him off smack.

Out on parole tried to keep calm, finally died with a needle in his arm. Yes out on parole, tried to keep calm, finally died with a needle in his arm.

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