Hawksley Workman "Addicted"

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Ah, people get addicted, it's a problem around here And I'm afflicted and the reports all say Something, I guessed I'd have chosen not to listen Just a busy by the bush, just a puking and a pissing

Got the whiskey in my blood and, hell, dammit, I'm in love

And I'm addicted, c'mon everybody, get addicted

And I'm guilty, baby, I'm so guilty
Just for being born, being white, wrong or right, back
and forth

For the poor, for a ball, for the deep or for our soul I'm addicted, and I'm ready to kill for it 'cause I'm addicted

And I'm the sadist
Like the mayor of the badlands
And you're tired, you're, oh, so fuckin' tired
And your homes let it slide, let the bad guys in behind

Now they're making with your honey With your freedom and your money And you're fucked, oughta say it, save it for a rainy day it

'Cause, baby, you're addicted You're addicted Fuck you, fuck you, you're, fucking addicted

And I'm a nice guy, it's always been my problem Don't know whether I should fuck it, or destroy it Or should I fire it or employ it or hate it Or enjoy it, cause I'm addicted

Like a cancer, eating at the answer I've got the beauty by the throat, so it couldn't sing a note

And it's begging just for seeing for the truth in all its being

For needing, bleeding, feeding, weeding, treating Bleeding, cheating, gums receding

C'mon people, get addicted, get ad, dic, dic, dicted Let's everybody get addicted People get addicted, people get addicted C'mon people, get addicted

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