

Johnny Thunders

"Too Much Junkie Business"

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Well, you run down to the corner, baby, see what you
can cop
You buy some for your sister and you take yours off the
top
Run into the bathroom, fixing up a shot
Tie it up, shoot it up, bang your head and throw it up

Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
I don't wanna fuck around with you

Your life becomes as sickening as that mess you call
your face
The pig you call your girlfriend is dead from shooting
mace
Climbing up the walls, shot some on my balls
Wrap it up, call it art, now your record makes the chart

Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
I don't wanna fuck around with you

Too much junk, too much junk
Too much junk, too much junk
Too much junk, too much junk
I don't wanna see her hanging out with you

Well, you're the coolest thing in town
With your face right on the ground
Friends went through your pockets as the coffin went
down
You overdosed at last, spike stuck in your head
Now you're dead, dead, dead, dead

Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
I don't wanna fuck around with you

Too much junk, too much junk

Too much junk in your head

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