

Maná

"Codine"

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And my belly is craving, there's a shakin' in my head
well I feel like I'm dying, I wish I was dead
If I lived till tomorrow it's gonna be a long time
For I'll reel and I'll fall and rise on codine
When I was a young man I learned not to care
Wild whiskey, confronted I often did swear
Well my parents... is a curse
But the fate of their baby is many many times worse
Well it's real, one more time
Well it's real, one more time
Stay away from big cities, stay away from the towns
Stay away from the stores where the remedy is found
stay away from those people...
but it's better to have acodine
Well it's real, one more time
Well it's real, one more time
You forget you are a woman
and you forget all about men
If you try it.... you want it again
You forget how I lovin'...
You live out your days as a slave to codine
Well it's real, one more time
Well it's real, one more time
Well it's real, one more time

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