

Severe Tire Damage "Stuart"

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Music: Russ Haines, Lyrics: Steve Rubin

Woke up this morning, can't see, can't walk straight
Tried to think, but I knew that it would have to wait
Can't work, and yet I sure as hell can't get no peace
Can't relax, all wound up and no release
Where's my matches
Where's my blotter
Where's my fifty
Where's my needle
Nearly noontime, I've been low and I need high
Won't you give me, everything so I can die
Killing time, I want fun and I want games
Entertain me, save me from a life that's lame
Where's my matches

Where's my blotter
Where's my fifty
Where's my needle
{Bridge:}
Life without drugs, seems like hell
Nancy sounded my death knell
Stop the war, I'll be well
Reality, just does not sell
Day is over, time to move and time to shout
Go buy something, eat it, drink it, throw it out
Gonna lose it, gonna puke right in the trash
I won't clean it, I'm going now, I gotta crash
Where's my matches
Where's my blotter
Where's my fifty
Where's my needle

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