

## Timo Räisänen

### "The Drug Of My Choice"

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Hell, here I go again too fucked up to get the words  
right.  
And hell, here I come again after you.  
Hell, here I go again trying to hang sweet from the tree.  
And hell, I'm just loosing my dignity.

But if you'd just come out and give me the word I'd  
leave you and I'd leave me too.  
I'd hand myself over to his masters voice, like before,  
the drug of my choice.

Dear, here I go again giving away pieces of me.  
Though I known it's not all right I'll just let it be.  
Sweet dear, let's sit down a while, I have so much left  
for you.  
And hell, just listen to me I sound like a fool.

But if you'd just come out and give me the word I'd  
leave you and I'd leave me too.  
And I'd hand myself over to his masters voice, like  
before, the drug of my choice.

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