

Sergeant Smythe

"No Turning Back"

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Armed with a black cape, plastic shield
And with a cocaine addiction
That could bury Bakersfield.
What's that you've got in that rucksack?
A lifetime of regret
And no chance of ever turning back.
You used to be about the music.
A washed up junkie with no chance of turning tricks.
Staring at pleasure and death in the face.
A bill up your nostril
And one hit gets you right back to that place.

So what, you scored some big weight.
Looks like you'll be spaced for some days
No doubt you'll be awake.
Needing a fix like a hole in the head.
What's the point when
We'll end up worse than dead.
But if they catch you, God help us
You know there'll be no turning back for us.

There's no turning back.

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