

The Wild

"Sick Of Drugs"

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Waking up with an 8.2
When it seemed like the easiest thing to do
When someone said "here's one for you!"
Mouth's so dried and I just spit ash
In a hole in my pocket full of wasted cash
But it's all right it was just bad stash

"jump inside" he said, [I tried/I'll try], "I never met a
junkie that I didn't like" said he
And who am I to disagree? {sometimes "I think I'm
gonna disagree" live, apparently}

CHORUS:

(oh,) how can you stay when you're 60 million miles
away?
How can you fly when you're (home) free?
And(/oh) how can you feel when your mind's made up
like a will of steel?
How can you deal in your tree?

Sick of ecstasy

Kicked in bad and you got too low
To be down in a company you don't know
Said 'come on in got a right good blow'
Yeah, talking, talking the whole world's clear
Until a guy with a goatee got a touch of fear
Which went round the room like diahorea

Bored with this, I'm bored with that
I'm stuck in bed alone with a-you know what
No rest, with a heart beating outta your chest

CHORUS

Sick of LSD

CHORUS (x2)

Sick of drugs are we

