

## **Smut Peddlers**

### **"Dead End"**

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My dear loaded friend  
Please hear what I'm saying  
You're not gonna win  
At this game you're playing  
You'll go straight to hell  
If you go anywhere  
I tell you this  
Only because I care  
Slow down friend  
Your wicked ways you've got to mend  
Hit the brakes my friend  
You're headed for a dead end  
You're pulling the wool  
Over everyone's eyes  
When you say that you're clean  
While you savor your highs  
Yes, you are slick  
And I'm just a fool  
But the Devil  
Is gonna take you to school  
You knew you were losing the game you were in  
When you had to do time for heroin  
You turned to the Lord and you got salvation  
But you thought it would be different with some  
medication  
After your completion of a famous rehab  
Your doctor prescribed you some Loritab  
It helped your anxiety and general pain  
But the pilot was ignited and now you're insane  
You say it's from a doctor so it doesn't count  
You have a real prescription for a medical amount  
You speak sober lingo but your eyes are pinned  
You'd suck my cock for some Vicodin  
Like so many before, you developed "bad back"  
And to cool it down, took a chunk o' smack  
One day at a time you sell your soul  
Submerged in denial, you're out of control  
The real things in your life are up on the shelf  
Like most of us, I guess, you've got to find out for  
yourself  
You don't want a square telling you what to do  
The rules of the road don't apply to you

But when I look in your eyes, my heart gets the knife  
Cuz you made a wrong turn on the road of life  
I'm only trying to flag you down my friend  
Pull over, turn around, you're headed for a dead end

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