

Social Code

"Dope Fiend Blues"

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In a police car I feel so very small
I see my lover's face and I watch her teardrops fall
And I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the tracks
Well I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back

And in the end, you know a dope fiend ain't got no
friends
And a junkie is a junkie to the bitter end
Hope to die, cause you know I'm better off dead
Hey brother, won't you lend me a helpin' hand?

I tie myself off, shoot it in my veins
I feel like Marlon Brando and I've hid another day's
pain
I'm going back where it's safe, going back to the womb
I find my mother's comfort, here in a needle and spoon

And Christmas for a dope fiend ain't no fun
Waiting for good times that seem to never come
Going out, gonna get myself a gun
Please stop me, don't you know I'm on a run?

Aren't you tired of the detox and the places in the
mind?
Are you tired of the misery, aren't you tired of doin'
time?
And I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the tracks
Well I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back

I'm a dope fiend, I'm a liar, a cheat and a thief
At my funeral, won't you bring me a red rose wreath?
Dress in black now, show everyone your grief
Well, I'm gone now, you can all feel relief

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