

## **Social Distortion**

### **"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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