

## Litter, The "Codine"

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The achin' in my stomach got created in my head  
I feel like I'm dyin' and I wish I were dead.  
If my will comes tomorrow it will be a long time  
And I'll rise, not fall, and I'll die on Codine.

And it's real, and it's real  
One more time.

When I was a young boy,  
I learned not to kill  
For whiskey and colic,  
I happened to swear.

My mother and father  
Said whiskey's cursed.  
But the fate that they had  
Was a million times worse.

And it's real, and it's real  
One more time.

Stay away from the city  
Stay away from the town  
Stay away from the men  
Pushing Codine around.

Stay away from the stores  
Where the remedies you will find  
For better your pain  
Than be caught on Codine

And it's real, and it's real  
One more time.

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