

Drugs

The Music

Cos we're worlds apart but it's time to know
That the hardest part is to not let go
While the heart keeps beating the brain keeps wanting
How can I fly if you wont give me wings?

Burn the cinders of time
Come on and get to me now
Shoot the stars in the sky
Come on and get to me get to me
Burn the cinders of time
Come on and get to me now
Shoot the stars in the sky
Come on and get to me now

Cos you make it hard to believe in you
Cos you close your eyes to what we do
And as we keep paying we keep dying
How can I fly if you wont give me wings?

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Come on and get to me now
Shoot the stars in the sky
Come on and get to me get to me
Burn the cinders of time
Come on and get to me now
Shoot the stars in the sky

Because you say

Drugs in the hands of a dealer
They're no cure.
Drugs in the hands of a doctor
You all want more.
Drugs in the hands of a dealer
They're no cure.
Drugs in the hands of a doctor
You all want more.

Well it don't take a genius to work it out
But you're saving face just to stay in power
And as we keep paying we keep dying
How can I fly if you won't let me be?

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You've got to give them what they want
(Your only love is just a game)
You've got to give them what they want
(Find the way to ease your pain.)
(X 6)

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