

## Drugs

### Black Lips

Ran outta 'tude and my nose is a runny  
I like you lots, but you think that I'm a dummy.  
Can I pick you up with me and my buddies and chill?

We're aimin down in my Plymouth Baracouda  
Huffin and a puffin on that BC Buddah  
Don't worry bout it, sugar, you got nothin to lose.

Come along and take a ride with me.  
I'll make some space in my dirty back seat.  
I'll break the credence, push the pedal to the metal round town  
.

We'll laugh about this tomorrow.  
It's times like this I hope we'll follow.

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It's times like this I hope we'll follow me.  
I hope they follow me. I hope they follow me. Oh oh I hope they  
follow me.