

## Junkie's Dream

Blackfoot

Here comes a joe with a bag full of snow  
He'll make you scream inside  
With his wide brim hat and his Cadillac  
He'll take you for a riii-ide, oh baby

Long ago you'd have sold your mother's soul  
To the man on the street  
But now you sell a night of love, pretty baby  
To the people you meet

Your old man can't supply the both of you  
You should know damn well  
So the next time that your junk, baby, it runs out  
You broke the night in hell,  
Oh you broke the night in hellllll

Your good nightmare is a junkie's dream  
Your good nightmare is a junkie's (Ooooooooooooo) dreammmmm  
Oh Ho no (Ooooooooooooo)  
And don't you worry little baby (Ooooooooooooo)

Some day you'll see it snow (Ooooooooooooo)

Ohhh Your good nightmare is a junkie's dream  
Your good nightmare Oh  
is a standin' outside in the rain  
Suitcase in her hand  
Wheels gettin' cold and a she's getting old  
And oh God don't you understand

A junkie has no promise that a he'll get by  
Without pumpin' his veins  
So go sell your soul for a bag full of snow  
And if your lucky you'll die in vain  
And if your lucky you'll die in vain, Lord, Lord

Ooooooh yeahhh oh  
Yeahhhh ohhhhh lorrrrrd