

My belly is a-cravin', I got a shakin' in my head,
I feel like I'm dying, and I wish I was dead.
If I live 'til tomorrow, that'll be a long time,
But I'll reel and I'll fall and I'll rise on cod'ine,
And it's reel, and it's real, one more time.
Well, when I was a young girl, I learned not to care
Off whiskey, and frlick I often did swear.
My mother and father said, Whiskey's a curse.
But the fate of their baby was many times worse,
And it's reel, and it's reel, one more time.
Stay away from the cities; stay away from the town,
Stay away from the man pushin' codeine around,
Stay away from the stores where the remedy is fine,
For better your pain than be caught on cod'ine,
And it's reel, and it's reel, one more time.
You'll forget you're a woman, you'll forget about men,
Try it just once, and you'll try it again.
You'll forget about life, you'll forget about time,
And you'll live off your days as a slave to cod'ine,
And it's reel, and it's reel, one more time.
But, if I die tomorrow, still one thing I've done,
I've heeded the warning that I got when I was young.
My one satisfaction, it comes when I think
That I'm livin' my life without bendin' to drink,
And it's real, and it's real, one more time.
And my belly is a-cravin'; I got a shakin' in my head,
I feel like I'm dying, and I wish I was dead.
If I live 'til tomorrow, that'll be a long time,
But I'll reel and I'll fall and I'll die on cod'ine,
And it's real, and it's real, one more time.