

Dear Cocaine

Crossfade

Dear cocaine, I'm not your bitch
Dear cocaine, I'm not your whore... anymore
I hate the day we ever met
The times with you I'll just forget

So dear cocaine, quit calling me
The phone is off and I'm fast asleep
I can't recall when we last slept
The times with you I'll just regret

What can I say, I said I'm not your bitch
Or should I say, I'm not your whore... anymore
I'm not your whore... anymore

I'm coming down...

Dear cocaine, you're not my friend
Dear cocaine this is the end
'Cause I missed the days, when I used to smile
When life was simple and so alive

So dear cocaine, don't follow me
Don't turn around, don't say a thing to me
Let me go, 'cause I know
That I could do this on my own
Dear cocaine, I'm not your whore... anymore
I'm not your whore... anymore

I'm coming down...

Down...

I'm coming down...

I'm coming down...

I'm not your whore... anymore
I'm not your whore... anymore

I'm coming down...