

## Hooked

D.R.I.

You're tied down, you're locked up  
You've got no way out  
You're broke down you're fed up  
Your lungs start to shout  
You're wincing, convulsing  
You're aching with pain  
Gasping for breath, and you're feeling insane

Hole after hole  
Just proving your point  
Point after point  
Just digging you hole  
Slow digging with a spoon

Hooked!

You're hooked on a drug that's controlling your mind  
Hocking your soul for that measly last dime  
You're dragged off and thrown in your own padded cell  
You've reached end of rope at bottom of well

Yellow-black arm-hole of eager junk acceptance  
Thin steel prick cums in your arm  
I see you fall over and over again  
Hanging onto nothing you thought was a friend