

Dire Tribe

Gomez

Hello

Feel much better on hashish or ephedrine
Feel much better when I'm smoking a lot
Feel much better on acid or mescaline
Feel much better though somebody's not

In their kitchens and ballrooms
And boardrooms with chairs
They'd have to pile them to the ceiling
For someone to get high

And everybody wants to know
Everybody singing
If you really need to know
Everybody cry
Everybody wants to know
Everybody singing why
Lord, try and sober this old tribe
Oh, goodbye

Feel much better on meths or on Windolene
Feel much better when I've had my line
Feel much better on amyl or ketamine
Feel much better though somebody's not

When they're hyped up and paranoid
With lithium lights
They'll have to drop an Ebenezer
To get a first class flight

Oh, here we go again

Feel much better on Night Nurse, amphetamine
Prozac is better, Viagra I got
Feel much better, paracetamol and codeine
Feel much better on heat, I get hot

With wine gum's and diesel
Pot noodle or fries
I'd rather die from emphysema
Than learn to just get by