

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