

Living In The Fast Lane

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Once I had a good friend, very dear to me
He said, "I can handle it, it doesn't worry me"
Cocaine and the needle, I know when to say no
Let me tell you: my good friend, ain't here no more

Living in the fast lane, never go slow
Living in the fast lane, anything goes

Way back in the sixties, I remember well
Mind blowing parties, gate to living hell
First it gives you sweet dreams, makes your mind fly free
But that goddamn' habit is killing by degree

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Builds walls around you, bars up the door
Makes a strong man heplless, cry out for more
Makes you beg for mercy, on your knees and pray
Time bomb on your brain, ticking night and day

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