

## Dinosaur

Lovedrug

Fever = Drugs, Money = Blood  
Is it bad to love?  
I got no faith in these dogs or my chance of survival, ho-hum  
I got no cure for these kids or their cancerous rivalry  
So dumb they go and go again  
I got no need for these clothes when you get my blood boiling  
My friend, I got no way to feel bad while your tree of life grows in it, it  
Grows in it  
We get so high, we get so low  
We were dinosaurs in the end  
We were dinosaurs in the end  
We were carnivore to pretend  
That we'd opt out of survival  
In lieu of some revival pretense  
Got this belly of salt and a mouth full of glass teeth  
I'm a fix, I'm a junkie, I'm a pirate  
I'm a love maker, falling  
We get so high, we get so low

Correct these lyrics

```
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m"};  
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ndow.cf)c();else{cf_async=!0;var r=document.createElement("scri  
pt"),s=document.getElementsByTagName("script")[0];r.async=!0;r.  
src="//"+opts.hostname+"/showads/showad.js";r.readyState?r.onre  
adystatechange=function(){if("loaded"==r.readyState||"complete"  
==r.readyState)r.onreadystatechange=null,c():r.onload=c;s.pare  
ntNode.insertBefore(r,s)};})();
```