

Junkie

Lynyrd Skynyrd

Disillusions fillin' my head
Never happy, I wished I was dead
Can't remember things I used to know
Take another hit Lord, let the four winds blow
Junkie, junkie man

Feel so lonely, I wish I could cry
Suicidal, not man enough to die
Can't remember ever feelin' this low
Take another hit babe, here I go
Junkie, junkie man

Yonder come a man, Lord he's got my snow
Help me out babe, get down low
But I can't remember things I used to know
The Lord knows I'm to blame
Take another hit Lord, and let the four winds blow
Junkie, junkie man