

Shelter From The Spoon

Morning Glory

The affliction of the needle
And so suffer now the soul
Takes another comrade
Once there was, now is a hole
The incremented acclimation
Loathe to be alive
Usurp me of a better life
And struggle to survive

Repeat the mantra of
One hundred thousand souls-

I could do anything if I could get clean

You loved me dearly I could see
And I for you it's told
Our love was left like lactose cut
Outside the cotton roll
I'm sorry that I couldn't stop the pain
And impending doom
And how I ran for shelter from
The needle and the spoon

Cuz in the end every junkie
Is just waiting for the man, she said-

I could do anything if I could stay clean
So clean