

I'm feeling independent,
I made it through another day,
having a wonderful time.
I haven't felt the sickness,
I think I may have scared it away,
looks like I'm gonna be fine.

My friend down on the corner
says it's gonna be alright,
he's handing me a needle,
he sells me a fix,
he says I'll see you here tomorrow.

I'm feeling self-sufficient,
it's nice to finally be in control,
I'd have it no other way.
I do it when I want to
let the good times roll,
each and every day.

My friend down on the corner
says it's gonna be alright,
he's handing me a needle,
he sells me a fix,
and says I'll see you here tomorrow.

My friend down on the corner
says it's gonna be good times.
Pats me on the shoulder,
and sells me a fix,
he says I'll see you here tomorrow.