

Pusher Man

Pete Shelley

Pusher Man
I met a good man
He had some good stuff
He showed me a bag
And he pulled out the snuff
I had just one try
And that was enough
Water poured from my eye
God stuff this rough snuff

I was wiping my eye
On the edge of my sleeve
When who did I spy?
God damn the police!
I said hey look man the fuzz!
He turned ghostly white
He gave me the bag
And ran outasight!

I leapt on my hog
And I burned up the street
All the traffic had to stop
Cos I couldn't be beat
All the people were scared
As they leapt from my wheels
But I didn't care
I couldn't hear their squeals

I went to my pad
And I crashed on my bed
I kept taking that snuff
Until it blew my head
It was really gunpowder
I a flash in the pan
I a charcoaled cinder
God damn the pusher man

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