

Cindy's On Methadone

Screeching Weasel

Cindy's on methadone
She's through with the syringe
Cindy's on methadone
She's off on heroin

Cindy's on methadone
We're glad to have her home
She slept in vomit now
She sleep on methadone but she

Stopped ripping off her neighbors
Stopped taking change from strangers
Stopped shooting needles full of
Dreams into her arms

Cindy's on methadone
We see it in her eyes
Sounds so much better
But it's just another high

She stopped calling at three thirty
Stopped looking thin and dirty
Stopped screaming bloody murder
When she got cut off

Why don't you stop with
Your fake solutions
Stop covering up the truth and
Stop trying to make things

Smooth and stop acting