Drugs Of Youth

Subhumans

Get away from the window The D.S. are outside The little packets in our pockets Stuff we gotta hide Sitting in a corner of a disco Mouth stuck in a bag It's hard to fake the high intake It turns your brain real bad Crush a barb put it in a syringe Stick it in your arm Let the feeling crawl to your head It won't do you no harm Sniffing sulfate up my nose Doing it for a joke It makes the world spin so fast Things go better with coke