

## Junkie's Prayer

The Statler Brothers

That bed that I lay on is narrow and cold  
This sickness inside me tears at my soul.  
And the devil awaits me, he calls me his son  
For he knows I'm cornered and too weak to run.

For I soon must return to my gutter of thrills  
Where joy is the needle or a bottle of pills  
Where a man welcomes misery like an old friend from home  
That he uses and abuses till the misery is gone.

My minds filled with torture my body's in pain  
But the needle is warm as it sinks in my vein  
Just a matter of seconds then my mind will be free  
From the coldness and darkness that dominate me.

But the freedom is short lived and then I'm alone  
I must find the pusher but my money's all gone  
Then the cycle of horror starts over once more  
Oh God let me suffer this misery no more...