

## Sick Of Drugs

The Wildhearts

Waking up with an eight point two  
And it seemed like the easiest thing to do  
When someone said: "Here's one for you!"  
Mouth's so dry that I just spit ash  
And a hole in my pocket full of wasted cash  
But it's all right, it was just back stash  
"Jump inside," he said, I tried  
"I never met a junkie that I didn't like"  
Said he and who am I to disagree?

Oh how can you stay  
When you're sixty million miles away?  
How can you fly when you're free?  
And how can you feel  
When your mind's made up like a will of steel?  
How can you deal in your tree?  
Sick of Ecstasy

Kicked in bad and you got too low  
To be down with-a company you don't know  
Said "Come on in, we got a right good blow"  
Yeah, talking, talking the whole world's clear  
Until a guy with a goatee got a touch of fear  
Which went 'round the room like diarrhoea  
Bored with this, I'm bored with that  
I'm stuck in bed alone with a you-know-what  
No rest with a heart beating out of your chest

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How can you deal in your tree?  
Sick of LSD

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Sick of drugs are we