

Shots and Pills

Rude City Riot

Save me Sugar,
For I am ill.
And the touch that I crave so much,
Comes from your fingertips.

Doctors orders,
Shots and pills.
Still I'm sure that the only cure
Is a kiss from your lips.

Well I've been sick, sick before
I've knocked on Heaven's door
Watched my temeperature soar
But I can't compare this.

Well I need you, beside me
To flush this bug away,
So won't you come and rescue me
Girl 'cos I am ill.

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And the touch that I crave so much
Comes from your fingertips.

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Shots and pills.
Still I'm sure that the only cure
Is a kiss from your lips.

Well she left me weeks ago,
For actions she don't condone
But now I'm chilled up to the bone
And I just cant take this.

Darling please, forgive me.
You've got the antidote.
Administer your lovin'
'cos I am ill.

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Comes from your fingertips.

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