

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 no 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 like she's stupid

Lyrics provided by

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