Dope Fiend Blues

Mike Ness

In a police car I feel so very small
I see my lover's face and I watch her teardrops fall
And I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the track
I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it backAnd in the end, you know a dope fiend ain't got no friends
And a junkie is a junkie to the bitter end
Hope to die now 'cause you know I'm better off dead
Hey brother, won't you lend me a helping hand?I tie myself off, shoot it in my veins
I feel like Marlon Brando and I've hid another day's pain
I'm going back where it's safe, going back to the womb
I find my mother's comfort, here in a needle and spoonAnd Christmas for a dope fiend ain't no fun
Waiting for good times that seem to never come
Going out now, gonna get myself a gun
Please stop me, don't you know I'm on a run?Aren't you tired of the detox and the places in the mind?
Aren't you tired of the misery, aren't you tired of doing time?
And I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the track
You know I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it backI'm a dope fiend, I'm a liar, a cheat and a thief
At my funeral, won't you bring me a red rose wreath?
Dress in black now, show everyone your grief
Well, I'm gone now, you can all feel relief

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