

# Addicted

## Hawksley Workman

Ah, people get addicted, it's a problem around here  
And I'm afflicted  
And the reports all say  
Something I guessed I'd have chosen not to listen  
Just a busy by the bush, just a puking and a pissing  
Got the whiskey in my blood and hell dammit I'm in love  
And I'm addicted  
C'mon everybody, get addicted

And I'm guilty, baby I'm so guilty  
Just for being born, being white, wrong or right, back and forth  
For the poor, for a ball, for the deep or for our soul  
I'm addicted, and I'm ready to kill for it  
'Cause I'm addicted

And I'm the sadist  
Like the mayor of the badlands  
And you're tired, you're oh so fuckin' tired  
And your homes let it slide, let the bad guys in behind  
Now they're making with your honey, with your freedom and your money  
And you're fucked, oughta say it, save it for a rainy day it,  
'Cause baby, you're addicted  
You're addicted  
Fuck you, fuck you, you're, fuck'ing addicted

And I'm a nice guy, it's always been my problem  
Don't know whether I should fuck it, or destroy it  
Or should I fire it or employ it or hate it  
Or enjoy it, cause I'm addicted  
Like a cancer, eating at the answer  
I've got the beauty by the throat, so it couldn't sing a note  
And it's begging just for seeing for the truth in all its being  
For needing, bleeding, feeding, weeding, treating, bleeding, cheating, gums receding  
C'mon people, get addicted, get ad-dic-dic-dicted  
Let's everybody get addicted  
People get addicted  
People get addicted  
C'mon people, get addicted

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