

# Waste Away

## The Readymen

the kids in the street are coming down  
there ain't no money left in this town  
pounds for a gram is so unreal  
if you can't get a scrip then you need to steal all you kids you waste away  
all you kids are gonna pay  
all you kids will rot your brains  
all you kids got yourselves to blame i lost my job i was falling asleep  
i was falling over walking down the street  
i sold all my records for a months supply  
and i've seen my doctor and i'm gonna die  
i'm all alone with no more friends  
the needles beat me in the end  
out in the night with no one close  
i'm out cold with an over-dose

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