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 stealall you kids you waste away
all you kids are gonna pay
all you kids will rot your brains
all you kids got yourselves to blamei 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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