

Cocaine (we're All Going To Hell)

Strata

She draws the costume correct
In thick, black and red eyeliner
Yeah, she's too young for the club
But the guys at the door don't mind her
The boys are all lining up for their chance
To wine and dine her
She thinks she's working the scene
But she's caught up in a web full of spiders
And all the drinks they buy her
Hey, hey, she don't like cocaine, baby
Just likes how it smells, says, "Maybe
You can drive me home if you want?"
Hey, hey, she don't like cocaine, baby
Just likes how it smells, says, "Maybe
You can drive me home if you want?"
Hey, hey
Then you wake up beside her saying
"Baby, I think you should leave"
She had a really rough night
She got too high and now she can't breathe
And if the ambulance comes
You know they're gonna bring the police
So you wrap her up tight, put her to sleep
Beneath a willow tree and your hands are clean
Hey, hey, she don't like cocaine, baby
Just likes how it smells, says, "Maybe
You can drive me home if you want?"
Hey, hey, she don't like cocaine, baby
Just likes how it smells, says, "Maybe
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Hey, hey, she don't like cocaine, baby
Just likes how it smells, says, "Maybe
You can drive me home if you want?"
You can drive me home?
So go out and have your fun tonight
You might as well go out and raise your glass to life
Go out and have your fun tonight

You might as well go out and raise your drinks to life

'Cause we're all going to hell

And so now we can see how easily we become

Hopelessly tangled up in the very webs we've spun

So give me one last line and I promise you I'm done

This is the story of how one night can weigh a ton

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You can drive me home if you want?

Hey, hey, she don't like cocaine

She don't like cocaine

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