

Hooked

D.R.I.

You're tied down, you're locked up, you've got no way out
You're broke down you're fed up, your lungs start to shout
You're wincing, convulsing, you're aching with pain
Gasping for breath and you're feeling insaneHole after hole
Just proving your point
Point after point
Just digging you hole
Slow digging with a spoonHookedYou're hooked on a drug that's controlling your mind
Hocking your soul for that measly last dime
You're dragged off and thrown in your own padded cell
You've reached end of rope at bottom of wellHookedYellow black arm hole of eager junk acceptance
Thin steel prick cums in your arm
I see you fall over and over again
Hanging onto nothing you thought was a friendYou're tied down, you're locked up, you've got no way out
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