

The Pusher

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You know I smoked a lot of grass
Oh Lord I popped a lot of pills
But I never touched nothin'
That my spirit could kill
You know I've seen a lot of people
Walking around with tombstones in their eyes
But the pusher don't care
Ah if you live or if you die
God damn, the pusher, God damn, hey I say the pusher
I say, "God damn, God damn the pusherman"
You know the dealer, the dealer is a man
With a lot of grass in his hand
Ah but the pusher is a monster
Good god he's not a natural man
The dealer, for a nickel lord
He'll sell you lots of sweet dreams
Ah but the pusher'll ruin your body
Lord he'll leave, he'll leave your mind to scream
God damn, the pusher, god damn, God damn the pusher
I said, "God damn, God, God damn the pusherman"
Well Lord if I were the president of this land
You know I'd declare total war on the pusherman
I'd cut him if he stands and I shoot him if he'd run
And I'd kill him with my bible and my razor and my gun
God damn, the pusher, god damn, the pusher
I said, "God damn, God damn the pusherman"

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