

Dope Fiend Blues

Mike Ness

In a police car I feel so very small
I see my lover's face and I watch her teardrops fall
And I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the track
Well, I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back And in the end, you know a dope fiend ain't got no
friends
And a junkie is a junkie to the bitter end
Hope to die now, 'cause you know I'm better off dead
Hey brother, won't you lend me a helpin' hand? I tie myself off, shoot it in my veins
I feel like Marlon Brando and I've hid another day's pain
I'm goin' back where it's safe, goin' back to the womb
I find my mother's comfort, here in a needle and spoon And Christmas for a dope fiend ain't no fun
Waiting for good times that seem to never come
Goin' out now, gonna get myself a gun
Please stop me, don't you know I'm on the run? Aren't you tired of the detox and the places in the mind?
Aren't you tired of the misery, aren't you tired of doin' time?
And I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the track
You know I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back I'm a dope fiend, I'm a liar, a cheat and a thief
At my funeral, won't you bring me a red rose wreath?
Dress in black now, show everyone your grief
Well, I'm gone now, you can all feel relief!

Songwriters

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