Too Much Junkie Business (Studio 77)

Johnny Thunders

Well, you run down to the corner, baby, see what you can cop
You buy some for your sister and you take yours off the top
Run into the bathroom, fixing up a shot
Tie it up, shoot it up, bang your head and throw it upToo much junkie business
Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
I dont wanna fuck around with youYour life becomes as sickening as that mess you call your face
The pig you call your girlfriend is dead from shooting mace
Climbing up the walls, shot some on my balls
Wrap it up, call it art, now your record makes the chartToo much junkie business
Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
I dont wanna fuck around with youToo much junk, too much junk
Too much junk, too much junk
Too much junk, too much junk
I dont wanna see her hanging out with youWell, youre the coolest thing in town
With your face right on the ground
Friends went through your pockets as the coffin went down
You overdosed at last, spike stuck in your head
Now youre dead, dead, dead, deadToo much junkie business
Too much junkie business
Too much junkie business
I dont wanna fuck around with youToo much junk, too much junk
Too much junk in your head

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