

# Dead On Arrival

## GBH

Tracks in his arm made him a man,  
No-one could understand.  
Each night he'd go out shooting skag,  
Met a pusher who sold him a bag. That's why he was ..  
Dead on arrival .. ..Ran out of money so he stole a car,  
tried to run but didn't get far.  
Sent to prison, no turning back,  
saw his arm, weaned him off smack. Out on parole tried to keep calm,  
finally died with a needle in his arm.  
Yes out on parole, tried to keep calm,  
finally died with a needle in his arm.

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