Codine

Quicksilver Messenger Service

An' my belly is cravin', I got a shakin' in my head
I feel like I'm dyin' an' I wish I were dead
If I lived till tomorrow it's gonna be a long time
For I'll reel and I'll fall and rise on codine
An' it's real, an' it's real, one more timeWhen I was a young man I learned not to care
Wild whiskey in front an' I often did swear
My mother and father said, "Whiskey is a curse
But the fate of their baby, is a many times worse"
An' it's real, an' it's real, one more timeYou'll forget your woman, you'll forget about the man
Try it just once, an' you'll try it again
It's sometimes you wonder and it's sometimes you think
That I'm a-livin' my life with abandon to drink
An' it's real, an' it's real, one more timeStay away from the cities, stay away from the towns
Stay away from the men pushin' the codine around
Stay away from the stores where the remedy is found
I will live a few days as a slave to codine
An' it's real, an' it's real, one more timeAn' my belly is cravin', I've got a shakin' in my head
An' I've started heatin' oh, whether my body has said
Stab yourself with the grains of cocaine
An' you'll end up dead or you'll end up insane
An' it's real, an' it's real, one more timeAn' my belly is cravin', I've got a shakin' in my head
I feel like I'm dyin' an' I wish I were dead
If I lived till tomorrow it's gonna be a long time
For I'll reel and I'll fall and rise up on codine
An' it's real, an' it's real, one more time
An' it's real, an' it's real, one more time

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