

# 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 time When 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 time You'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 time Stay 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 time An' 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 time An' 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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