

Poison Pen

The Vaselines

Sprawled face down on this swiss stained iron bed
In a dismal cheap hotel
With my one arm injured
And the sweat stained billowous murk
From my last cold turkey attack I tremble and shiver at the sound outside my door
Instrument of release by my side
The spike, the hose, the blackened spoon
The can or sterno red
I wait, and I wait, spread eagled half dead Waiting for my man
(Waiting for my man)
Waiting for my man
(Waiting for my man)
Waiting for my man
(Waiting for my man)
Waiting for my man Ye I wait for my fit, the footsteps fall
For the black man's staccatto knock I wait he doesn't show
I wait he doesn't show
I wait he doesn't show Get this monkey off my back
Get this monkey off my back
Get this monkey off my back
Get this monkey off my back
Off my back
Off my back
Off my back
Off my back

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