

dope fiend blues

Social Distortion

In a police car I feel so very small
I see my lover's face and I watch her teardrops fall
and I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the tracks
well I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back and in the end, you know a dope fiend ain't got no friends
and a junkie is a junkie to the bitter end
hope to die, cause you know I'm better off dead
hey brother, won't you lend me a helpin' hand? I tie myself off, shoot it in my veins
I feel like Marlon Brando and I've hid another day's pain
I'm going back where it's safe, going back to the womb
I find my mother's comfort, here in a needle and spoon and Christmas for a dope fiend ain't no fun
waiting for good times that seem to never come
going out, gonna get myself a gun
please stop me, don't you know I'm on a run? aren't you tired of the detox and the places in the mind?
are you tired of the misery, aren't you tired of doin' time?
and I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the tracks
well I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back I'm a dope fiend, I'm a liar, a cheat and a thief
at my funeral, won't you bring me a red rose wreath?
dress in black now, show everyone your grief
well, I'm gone now, you can all feel relief

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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