

# Junkhead

## Cold

A good night, the best in a long time  
A new friend turned me on to an old favorite  
Nothin' better than a dealer who's high  
Be high, convince them to buy, hey, oh yeah  
What's my drug of choice?  
Well, what have you got?  
I don't go broke  
And I do it a lot  
Seems so sick to the hypocrite norm  
Runnin' their boring drills  
But we are an elite race of our own  
The stoners, the junkies, the freaks  
Are you happy? I am, man  
Content and fully aware  
Money, status, nothin' to me  
'Cause your life's empty and bare, yeah

What's my drug of choice?  
Well, what have you got?  
You see now, I don't go broke  
But I do it a lot, I do it a lot  
You can't understand a user's mind  
But try with your books and degrees  
If you let yourself go and open your mind  
I'll bet you'd be using like me and it ain't so bad  
What's my drug of choice?  
Well, what have you got?  
I don't go broke  
And I do it a lot, I do it a lot  
Say, I do it a lot!  
I do it a lot!  
I do it a lot!  
Say, I do it a lot!

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