

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!