Cindy's on Methadone

Screeching Weasel

Cindy's on methadone she's through with the syringe Cindy's on methadone she's off on heroin Cindy's on methadone we're glad to have her home She slept in vomit no she sleep on methadone but she stopped ripping off her neighbors stopped taking change from strangers stopped shooting needles full of dreams into her arms Cindy's on methadone we see it in her eyes Sounds so much better but it's just another high she stopped calling at three thirty stopped looking thin and dirty stopped screaming bloody murder when she got cut off Why don't you stop with your fake solutions stop covering up the truth and stop trying to make things smooth and stop acting like she's stupid

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