

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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