Dead on Arrival

GBH

Tracks in his arm made him a man,
No-one could understand.
Each night he'd go out shooting skag,
Met a pusher who sold him a bag.That's why he was
Dead on arrivalRan out of money so he stole a car,
Tried to run but didn't get far.
Sent to prison, no turning back,
Saw his arm, weaned him off smack.Out on parole tried to keep calm,
Finally died with a needle in his arm.
Yes out on parole, tried to keep calm,
Finally died with a needle in his arm.

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