

# Junkie's Dream

## Blackfoot

Here comes a joe with a bag full of snow  
Hell make you scream inside  
With his wide brim hat and his Cadillac  
Hell take you for a riii-ide, oh baby Long ago youd have sold your mothers soul  
To the man on the street  
But now you sell a night of love, pretty baby  
To the people you meet Your old man cant supply the both of you  
You should know damn well  
So the next time that your junk, baby, it runs out  
You broke the night in hell,  
Oh you broke the night in helllll Your good nightmare is a junkies dream  
Your good nightmare is a junkies (Ooooooooooooo) dreammmm  
Oh Ho no (Ooooooooooooo)  
And dont you worry little baby (Ooooooooooooo)  
Some day youll see it snow (Ooooooooooooo) Ohhh Your good nightmare is a junkies dream  
Your good nightmare Oh  
is a standin outside in the rain  
Suitcase in her hand  
Wheels gettin cold and a shes getting old  
And oh God dont you understand A junkie has no promise that a hell get by  
Without pumpin his veins  
So go sell your soul for a bag full of snow  
And if your lucky youll die in vain  
And if your lucky youll die in vain, Lord, Lord Ooooooh yeahhh oh  
Yeahhhh ohhhhh lorrred

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