

Opiated

The Tragically Hip

He bought two fifths of lead-free gasoline
Said, the bottle is dusty, but my engine is clean
He bought a nice blue suit with the money he could find
If his bride didn't like it, St. Peter wouldn't mind

Chorus

Now I lie here so out-of-breath
And over-opiated
Maybe I couldn't catch up, no but
Maybe he could of waited

Well the medicine man started seeing red
You think the snake just dreams up the poison in his head
Addicted to approval, addicted to the air
It was see if you like it or see you up there
Now I lie here so out-of-breath

Chorus x3

Lyrics submitted by Chantelle.

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