

Herman Brood, Dope Sucks

Don't wanna push no narcotic revolution
don't wanna push you down Dead End Street
don't like to see you run around in circles
don't wanna turn you into a piece of concrete

get down to the real thing
get down to what you honestly feel
you better do it from the heart
don't you do it from the head
you better do it from the heart

Hate to see you fade away
in some heartbreak-hotel room
hate to see you run & hide
like a disease in the gloom

get down y'r instinct
get down to what you honestly feel

you better do it from the heart
don't you do it from the head
you better do it from the heart

I don't need y'r friendly talk
& y'r words as sweet as honey
I don't want y'r so called smile
while y'r mind is on my money

hate to see you starin' at the points of y'r shoes
just wanna crack you up, just wanna turn you loose
hey child get down & nasty
get down to what you honestly feel

Dope sucks
it's comin' out of my nose