

Screeching Weasel, Cindy's On Methadone

Cindy's on methadone, she's through with the syringe

Cindy's on methadone, she's off on heroin

"1-2-3-4"

Cindy is doing well, we're glad to have her home
She slept in vomit now, 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
But she stopped calling at three thirty
Stopped looking thin and dirty
Stopped screaming bloody murder when she got cut off

So 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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