

Acid Drinkers, Slow And Stoned (Method Of Yonash)

You're calling me late at night
Spasmodically breathing
You wisper to my tired ear unintelligible message
Sloooooow!!!
Stone it, f**k it!
Don't creep like a pig
You read me your last will while you're sleeping
Your gabble maybe is charming me
But can't you see - you're drowning
I tell you, you must go to bed
I don't know, what I know
And I don't call a medicine man
I should know that you drown