

Apollo 440, Krupa

I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle
I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle
Maybe I'm a loveboy, hooked on an aphrodisiac
Maybe I'm a strange one, maybe I'm a twisted maniac
Hey, you never can tell
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell
Who's to say that heaven is in hell
Escaping reality's touch
Just in time - just in time before the bite gets too much
Who's to say that heaven is in hell - can this be hell?
Maybe I'm a loveboy, hooked on an aphrodisiac
Or maybe I'm a strange one, maybe I'm a twisted maniac
Hey, you never can tell
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell
Who's to say that heaven is in hell
Can this be hell, oh well, oh well, oh well
Escaping reality's touch, yeah
Now just in time before the bite gets too much
Hey, hey, hey, you never can tell
I said, said, hey, you never can tell
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell
I said maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell
Who's to say that heaven is in hell
Can this be hell, oh well, oh well, oh well
Escaping reality's touch
Just in time before the bite gets too much
I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle
I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle
Sharper than a needle
I'm sharper than a needle
Sharper than a needle, needle, needle, needle, no
Yeah, sharper than a needle
Yeah, sharper than a needle
Hey, hey, hey, hey, you never can tell
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell
Who's to say that heaven is in hell
Can this be hell - oh well, oh well, oh well
Escaping reality's touch
Yeah, just in time - just in time before the bite gets too much