

Nina Simone, Pusher

(1970) Hoyt Axton

You know I smoked a lot of grass, Oh Lord
And I popped a lot of pills
But I never did touch nothing
That my spirit couldn't kill
You know I see a lot of people walkin' round
Here with tombstones in their eyes
'Cause the pusher don't care
Child if you live or if you die
God damn on the pusher, yea yea
I said God damn him
God damn him, pusher man
You know the dealer
I said the dealer is a man
With lots of love racks in his hand
But the pusher is a monster
Good God, oh Lord he's my natural man
You know the dealer
The dealer takes a nickel lord
And sells you lots of sweet dreams
And lord knows we need lots a sweet dreams
But here comes the pusher
Takes your body and leaves your mind a screen
God damn on the pusher
I said God damn the pusher
He's not a natural man
You know the dealer takes a nickel
And he sells a box of sweet dreams
But he pusher takes your body
He takes your body
He takes your body
And he leaves your mind a screen
God damn him
God damn him, God damn him
God damn him, God damn the pusher
If I were the president, hear me, of this land
I'd declare totale war on the pusher man
Gimme now, now
I'd shoot him if he stands
I'd cut him if he runs yea
I'd kill him with my Bible
My razor and my gun
God damn him, God damn him
Oh, the pusher
God damn the pusher man