

Rancid, Dope Sick Girl

Dope sick girl hit and run she took my money
87 dollars gone now shes running
How was i i to know
That girl could take my heart everywhere she go
Dope sick girl a rig and a rid she got no freedom
Little deamon gonna hide inside shes gotta feed them
How was i i to know
That girl could take my heart everywhere she go
Everywhere, everywhere she go
Dope sick girl there she was at the methadone clinic
She drank a coup called it a base coat
She swore not to get back in it
How was i i to know
That girl could take my heart everywhere she go
Dope sick girl gotta rig and a ride to new york city
Gonna run away gonna watch it burn in the heart of new york city
How was i i to know
That girl could take my heart everywhere she go