

# Rusty, Ds 27

I saw you yesterday on the corner of Davie  
You were looking pretty white of skin  
Too jacked up on that Shanghai shit  
To enquire about the shape i'm in  
I was out smokin on a nickel bag  
You were head bangin on a dime  
You say being addicted to heroin  
Was everything but a crime  
I want you back  
I want you back  
I'm going to El Paso  
I guess your staying here by the sea  
Hangin out with your so called friends  
They don't seem so good to me  
Ain't nothin like a phone call  
Three thousand miles apart  
Bad news travels fast  
Just like bad junk travels to your heart  
I want you back  
I want you back  
I want you back  
I want you back