

Social Distortion, Dope Fiend Blues

In a police car I feel so very small
I see my lover's face and I watch her teardrops fall
and I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the tracks
well I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back

and in the end, you know a dope fiend ain't got no friends
and a junkie is a junkie to the bitter end
hope to die, cause you know I'm better off dead
hey brother, won't you lend me a helpin' hand?

I tie myself off, shoot it in my veins
I feel like Marlon Brando and I've hid another day's pain
I'm going back where it's safe, going back to the womb
I find my mother's comfort, here in a needle and spoon

and Christmas for a dope fiend ain't no fun
waiting for good times that seem to never come
going out, gonna get myself a gun
please stop me, don't you know I'm on a run?

aren't you tired of the detox and the places in the mind?
are you tired of the misery, aren't you tired of doin' time?
and I try to figure out where I'd fallen off the tracks
well I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back

I'm a dope fiend, I'm a liar, a cheat and a thief
at my funeral, won't you bring me a red rose wreath?
dress in black now, show everyone your grief
well, I'm gone now, you can all feel relief