

# The Buzzcocks, Pusher Man

I met a good man  
He had some good stuff  
He showed me a bag  
And he pulled out the snuff  
I had just one try  
And that was enough  
Water poured from my eye  
God stuff this rough snuff

I was wiping my eye  
On the edge of my sleeve  
When who did I spy?  
God damn the police!  
I said "Hey look man the fuzz!"  
He turned ghostly white  
He gave me the bag  
And ran outasight!

I leapt on my hog  
And I burned up the street  
All the traffic had to stop  
Cos I couldn't be beat

All the people were scared  
As they leapt from my wheels  
But I didn't care  
I couldn't hear their squeals

I went to my pad  
And I crashed on my bed  
I kept taking that snuff  
Until it blew my head  
It was really gunpowder  
I a flash in the pan  
I a charcoaled cinder  
God damn the pusher man

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