

# Wildhearts, Sick Of Drugs

Waking up with an 8.2 when it seemed like the easiest thing to do  
When someone said "Here's one for you"  
Mouth's so dry and I just spit ash  
In a hole in my pocket full of wasted cash  
But that's alright it was just bad stash  
Jump, inside, he said, I tried  
"I never met a junkie that I didn't like"  
Said he  
And who am I to disagree?

How can you stay when you're 16 million miles away  
How can you fly when you're home free  
And how can you feel when your mind's made up like a will of steel?  
How can you deal in your tree  
Sick of ecstasy

Kicked in bad and you got too low  
To be down in a company you don't know  
Said "Come on in we've got a right good blow"  
Talking talking the whole world's clear  
Until the guy with the goatee got a touch of fear  
Which went round the room like diarrhoea

I'm bored with this  
I'm bored with that  
I'm stuck in bed alone with a you know what  
No rest  
With your heart beating out of your chest

How can you stay when you're 16 million miles away  
How can you fly when you're home free  
How can you feel when your mind's made up like a will of steel  
How can you deal in your tree  
Sick of LSD

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Sick of drugs are we