

New Model Army, Heroin

He said - come on now little darling, if you love me like you say
You can just lie there and sniff the smoke, you don't have to use your vein
And you knew all the stories, but this sweet boy would never do you harm
You remember very clearly the blood with which you signed
Because the night gave you virginity was the night it took your mind
They said that you were pretty then,
In the mirror now you see this worn and greasy slut

Ch: We only get one crack at this, we only get the once
Just four score years and ten, old friend,
And yours are bleeding away with the puss that fills your veins

So now here come your customers knocking on your door
With the faces of stupid children who think they are something more
You believed the lies that brought you here
So now you pass the same lies like disease
And where are all your family to lock that waiting door?
And where are all your good friends to slap your stupid face
Instead you've got your little club who'll protect you, sure . . .
Like they'll slit your throat for a couple of quid

Ch: We only get one crack at this . . .
No matter how you kid yourself, well, you still know the truth
Just one sweet life that's it, old friend,
And yours is bleeding away with the puss that fills your veins

And your little son just two years old, comes crawling across the floor
Past the red eviction notice that lies unopened by the door
But they all live so far away and here . . . it's all OK . . .
Stinking . . . pathetic . . . filthy . . .