

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