

'Dope Fiend Blues'

(Lyrics by Mike Ness – from the album: **Cheating At Solitaire**)

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Verse #1:

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 track
I sold my soul to the Devil and then I stole it back

Chorus:

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 now, 'cuz you know I'm better off dead
Hey brother, won't you lend me a helpin' hand

Verse #2:

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

Chorus:

And Christmas for a dope fiend ain't no fun
Waitin' for good times that never seem to come
Goin' out now, gonna get myself a gun
Please stop me, don't you know I'm on the run

Verse #3:

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

Chorus:

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!