

A Druggie's Life - by Paul

Late at night in your cell, do you even think back to the times that were well? When you start off young, smoking draw, totally untouchable to the law, skippin school 'n sniffin glue with not a care in what you do. Then as a dare or maybe a bet, you tell your pal "pass me that phet". Off you go ravin your life rearranging, the buzz soon goes, it's not the same, need more narcotics for the brain. "Try this bro' - it's an ecstasy pill, soon be back with a different frill, oh my God!

What a feeling, bouncing hard on the fucking ceiling. This life ain't no joke, what's that bro, is it coke? That's it then you're at the top, you don't want this feeling to ever stop. Then it happens, you feel a clown, you turn all paranoid on your come down. Heads all tangles, what shall I do? I know, I'll see Bazza, he used to do this too! So off I go, knock on his door, with really no clue of what is in store. "Ere you go kidda, grab that foil, it won't be long before ya feelin royal. It's so true in what he said, this is great, I'm off my fucking head. Then as the days start to trickle by, you notice the sneezes 'n the tears in ya eyes. The crime gets bigger, got more daring, shopliftings gone, you've got into burgling. Then you do the worst, you've committed the sin, you've only got ya self hooked on the pin.

That's it then, totally off the wall, no job too big, no job too small. The dealer chucks you a bit of crack, that's it then - no looking back. Burglaries here, robberies there, DNA splashed around everywhere. Then you do the dealer with a bat "Fuck him anyway, he's only a twat". But the snake tells the cops that's it. Now ya well on top, totally under this drug-ridden spell. Two weeks after, ya up in the cell, so that's got ya thinking of where ya been and what ya done. But lookin back - what great fun!