

# Dead And Gone

Molly Hatchet

Hey good lookin' what you, got cookin,  
Put the needle in the spoon,  
Hey sweet baby don't you say maybe,  
I know you'll need a fix real soon,  
Your eyes are lookin' glassy,  
You think you're real sassy,  
But you know your headed for your doom,  
You look a little older but you sure ain't no wiser,  
You're running for a stone-cold tomb.

You've got to find out for yourself,  
You've got to learn it all on your own,  
All this messing around,  
Gonna put you in the ground,  
The needle leave you dead and gone,  
The needle leave you dead and gone.

Start to feel the power,  
Hundred miles per hour,  
You're on the wrong side of the road,  
Your eyes are getting lighter,  
Your face is getting whiter,  
You're going to start feeling the load,  
Your hands a-start a-shaking,  
You'll feel your mind a-breaking,  
You'll wonder why it's getting so cold,  
Your body's feeling icy,  
That box will hold you nicely,  
You'd better say goodbye to your soul.

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