

# Oxy Music

Alex Cameron

It's no way to find your soul  
Fingers down your pie hole  
Let's just say I'm looking for clues

I found a way to get my thrill  
It's aftermarket fentanyl  
Don't care how many rednecks it's killed

'Cause I'm so happy when I've got my blues  
I'm in the kitchen on a cruise  
I'm cooking up a codeine ragù

And I'm alive  
I can put it down anytime

Okay, I admit it  
I couldn't quit it  
I'm a high white man, run a mile in a minute  
How could I kick it  
When I'm so in it?  
I got the whole world screaming out for more when I hit it

I need a mirror and some lingerie  
And get the fuck out of my way  
I'm olive oil raging in the kitchen's glare

Time drips like the sweat on me  
With crusted lips and misery  
And the curtains keep the smoke in my hair

Sliding into G-strings, lines of lumpy white things  
I'm a cheap date, I'm a mess in purple stockings  
I think that perhaps I'm not feeling alright

But I'm alive  
I can put it down anytime

Okay, I admit it  
I couldn't quit it  
I'm a high white man, run a mile in a minute  
How could I kick it  
When I'm so in it?  
I got the whole world screaming out for more when I hit it

I'm talking ooh, ooh  
Talking ooh, ooh  
Talking ooh, ooh  
I'm talking ooh, ooh

Yeah  
Delve into the darker grounds  
Is it pain? A pain that leaves this shattered mound?  
I don't know, I don't know  
Yeah  
Over flumes of hate and panic rooms  
That hang onto your heart and bleed through you  
I don't know, I don't know

Yeah

If you want some fun  
My son  
You only need one bullet in the gun  
You only ever need one bullet, my son

But let me tell you 'bout some fun  
My son  
No one ever gets that one and done  
Habit's gonna weigh a tonne

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