

Codine

Gram Parsons

Well my belly's a cravin
I got a shakin' in my head
I feel like I'm dyin'
And I wish I was dead
If I live till tomorrow
That'll be a long time
And I'll reel and fall
And come down from codine

And it's real
It's real
One more time

Well when I was a little boy
I learned not to care
For whiskey confronted
I often did swear
Well my parents they told me
"That whiskey's a curse"
But the fate of their baby
Was a million times worse

And it's real
It's real
One more time

You'll forget about women
You'll forget about men
Try it just once
And you'll try it again
You'll forget about livin'
You'll forget about time
And spend the rest of your days
As a slave to codine

Stay away from your cities

Stay away from your town
Stay away from the man
Pushin codine around
Stay away from your stores
Where the remedy's fine
Stay away from the man
Who's got dope on his mind

And it's real
It's real
One more time

Stick a fire down low
You know is one thing I've done
I heeded the warning
That I got when I was young
And my one satisfaction
Only comes when I think
That I'll wait out my days
Not forbidden to drink

And my belly's a cravin'
I got a shakin' in my head
I feel like I'm dyin'
And I wish I was dead
If I live till tomorrow
That'll be a long time
And I'll reel and I'll fall
And I'll die on codine

And it's real
It's real
One more time

And it's real
Oh, it's real
No more time