Destroyed

He's got plenty of drugs But he can't find his guitar Winds up drowning in puke Or with a needle hanging out of his arm

This is plea for drugs This is a plea for booze This is a plea for junk Anything I can use

I'll shoot junk in my eye I can't die Whoops- I'm already dead! Maggots are writhing inside my head

This is plea for drugs This is a plea for booze This is a plea for junk Anything I can use

Desperate for anything Anything I can use A plea for drugs An appeal from me to you There is nothing you can do I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die...

See me failing, see me sprawling, see me...go through your purse See me crying, see me dying, see me....ride off in a hearse

This is a plea for drugs This is an appeal from me to you There is nothing you can do I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die...

I'm pathetic! Yet magnetic! That is until the drugs are gone Then I am a total dick until I get a good load on Don't want to fucking shoot myself, that would be a mess I really should O.D. on junk, I think that would be best!

This is plea for drugs This is a plea for booze This is a plea anything Anything I can use

A plea for drugs An appeal from me to you There is nothing you can do I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die...