

# Addicted

Hawksley Workman

Ah, people get addicted, it's a problem around here  
And I'm afflicted and the reports all say  
Something, I guessed I'd have chosen not to listen  
Just a busy by the bush, just a puking and a pissing

Got the whiskey in my blood and, hell, dammit, I'm in love  
And I'm addicted, c'mon everybody, get addicted

And I'm guilty, baby, I'm so guilty  
Just for being born, being white, wrong or right, back and forth  
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For the poor, for a ball, for the deep or for our soul  
I'm addicted, and I'm ready to kill for it 'cause I'm addicted

And I'm the sadist  
Like the mayor of the badlands  
And you're tired, you're, oh, so fuckin' tired  
And your homes let it slide, let the bad guys in behind

Now they're making with your honey  
With your freedom and your money  
And you're fucked, oughta say it, save it for a rainy day it

'Cause, baby, you're addicted  
You're addicted  
Fuck you, fuck you, you're, fucking addicted

And I'm a nice guy, it's always been my problem  
Don't know whether I should fuck it, or destroy it  
Or should I fire it or employ it or hate it  
Or enjoy it, cause I'm addicted

Like a cancer, eating at the answer  
I've got the beauty by the throat, so it couldn't sing a note  
And it's begging just for seeing for the truth in all its being

For needing, bleeding, feeding, weeding, treating  
Bleeding, cheating, gums receding

C'mon people, get addicted, get ad, dic, dic, dicted  
Let's everybody get addicted  
People get addicted, people get addicted  
C'mon people, get addicted