

The Buzz

The Pretenders

It's a drug like any other
Opiated, sugar coated
You've either got the sack
Or about to be promoted
At the mercy of your man
And he's making you wait

For the buzz, I can't get no relief
You've reduced me to a liar, a liar and a thief
Love, oh love, I can only prove you're real
By the scratching and the fever
Proof for a believer
Is how a shot of love makes you feel

And you think that you don't care
And you think that it's your choice
But you're hypnotized and follow
The puppet master's voice
And you know you can't forget
And you know you gotta get

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Makes you feel
Makes you feel
Makes you feel
Makes you feel