I've had strychnine, I thought I was dead I snorted my father and I'm still alive I did it because that's how it is done I'm the same as everyone, just kinda lucky

Body and soul, cocaine and ashes We'll get to that place in time Just tears and blow on my mind

It's no to way of life but I've tried everything once I have no pretensions of immortality
But I've been told I had 6 months to live
But I've outlasted them all

Body and soul, cocaine and ashes We'll get to that place in time Just tears and blow on my mind

Senses and spirit, mourning and misery
Addiction is something I should know something about
Whatever gets done I know that I'll be blamed
But they say the king is the man who can

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