

O.D.

Waylon Wyatt

I don't drink
Never been drunk at all
But your love runs through me like alcohol
I don't smoke
I ain't ever been stoned neither
But you get me higher than a daggum fever

Soothe my soul in all the wrong ways you can
Falling out since you called me your man
I'm hooked on you and I don't know how
Don't sit there and act so innocent now

If your love was a drug
I wouldn't get enough
I'd be cracked-out, bad-mouthed, lacking teeth
A crashed out, blacked out, lacking sleep
A hard sight to see
Living out on these streets
Being a wreck a wretch begging for cash
So I could buy some more of that
Good stuff your love
Gets me weak, with just your touch
I wouldn't get clean, better yet
I don't think I'd even try one taste of those lips
And I'm done for life
If your love was a drug, I'd be guaranteed to OD

See my eyes
Made 'em blush blood shot red
Cause I ain't got no sleep laying in my bed
And I might, might be a fiend of all these feelings
You've given to me
I'm the madest, addict ever know
You can never trust me alone
Without a smoke or swig of you
Make it through, lord only knows what I'd do

If your love was a drug
I wouldn't get enough
I'd be cracked-out, bad-mouthed, lacking teeth
A crashed out, blacked out, lacking sleep
A hard sight to see
Living out on these streets
Being a wreck a wretch begging for cash
So I could buy some more of that
Good stuff your love
Gets me weak, with just your touch
I wouldn't get clean, better yet
I don't think I'd even try one taste of those lips
And I'm done for life
If your love was a drug, I'd be guaranteed to OD