

MISS HEROIN

So, now Little Man, you've grown tired of grass,  
L.S.D., goof balls, cocaine, and hash;  
And someone, pretending to be a true friend,  
Said, "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin."  
Well, honey, before you start fooling with me,  
Just let me inform you of how it will be.  
For I will seduce you and make you my slave.  
I've sent men much stronger than you to their graves  
You think you could never become a disgrace  
and end up addicted to poppy seed waste.  
So, you'll start inhaling me one afternoon;  
You'll take me into your arms very soon.  
And once I have entered deep down in your veins,  
The craving will nearly drive you insane.  
You'll need lots of money (as you have been told);  
For, darling, I'm much more expensive than gold.  
You'll swindle your mother; and, just for a buck,  
You'll turn into something vile and corrupt.  
You'll mug and you'll steal for my narcotic charm.  
And feel contentment when I'm in your arms.  
The day you realize the monster you've grown,  
You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone.  
If you think that you've got the mystical knack,  
Then sweetie, just try getting me off your back.  
The vomit, the cramps, your gut tied in a knot,  
The jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot-  
The cold chills and hot sweat, the withdrawal pains,  
Can only be saved by my little white grains.  
There's no other way, and there's no need to look;  
For deep down inside, you will know you are hooked.  
You'll desperately run to the pusher, and then  
You'll welcome me back to your arms once again.  
And when you return (just as I foretold!)  
I know that you'll give me your body and soul.  
You'll give up your morals, your conscience, your heart,  
And you will be mine until Death Do Us Part.