

Artist: gbh

Title: Dead On Arrival

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Tracks in his arm made him a man,
No-one could understand.
Each night he'd go out shooting skag,
Met a pusher who sold him a bag.

That's why he was ..
Dead on arrival

Ran out of money so he stole a car,
tried to run but didn't get far.
Sent to prison, no turning back,
saw his arm, weaned him off smack.

Out on parole tried to keep calm,
finally died with a needle in his arm.
Yes out on parole, tried to keep calm,
finally died with a needle in his arm.