

# Dust in a Baggie

G C G  
I ain't slept in seven days Haven't ate in three  
G D  
Methamphetamine has got a damn good hold of me  
G C G  
My tweaker friends have got me to the point of no return  
G D G  
I just took my lighter to the bulb and watched it burn

C G  
*This life of sin, it's got me in*  
G D  
*Lord it's got me back in prison once again*  
G C  
*I used my only phone call to contact my daddy*  
G D G  
*I got twenty long years for some dust in a baggie*

Well, if I would have listened to what Mom and Papa said  
I wouldn't be locked up in prison troubled in the head  
Lord I took that little pop and suck until my mind was spun  
I got twenty years to sit and think of what I've done

## ***Chorus***

Sometimes I sit and wonder Where my little life went wrong  
These old jailhouse blues have got me singing this old song  
Well my life is a disaster and I feel so ashamed  
In here where they call me by a number not a name

## ***Chorus***