

Strata, Cocaine (We're All Going To Hell)

She draws the costume correct in thick, black and red eyeliner.
She's too young for the club but the guys at the door don't mind her.
The boys are all lining up for their chance to wine and dine her.
She thinks she's working the scene,
but she's caught up in a web full of spiders (and all the drinks they buy her)
She don't like cocaine, baby just likes how it smells says maybe you can drive me home if you want.

Then you wake up beside her saying "baby I think you should leave..."
- She had a really rough night, she got too high, now she can't breathe
and if the ambulance comes you know they're gonna bring the police,
so you wrap her up tight, put her to sleep beneath a willow tree
and your hands are clean...

She don't like cocaine, baby just likes how it smells says maybe you can drive me home if you want.

So go out and have your fun tonight,
you might as well go out and raise your glass to life.
Go out and have your fun tonight,
you might as well go out and raise your drinks to life,
'cause we're all going to Hell...

And so now we can see how easily we become hopelessly tangled up
in the very webs we've spun.

So give me one last line and I promise you I'm done -
This is the story of how one night can weigh a ton.