

XTC, Youre My Drug

You take me to heaven from deeper than hell ever dug
And you fly me higher than a trip on a magical rug
Confessions unravel
You bang with your gavel
And here I stand guilty
In a court where you are the judge
You're the drug
You've got to come on round and pick me up
You've my drug
And I don't ever know if I can give you up
Well you bring me colour where once I had just black and white
Now I have rainbows appearing round here in the night
Our true loving is growing
And passion is flowing
Well I don't need any cigarettes or beer from a jug
You're my drug
You've got to come on round and pick me up
You're my drug
Well you can slow me down or quick me up
You're my drug
Well you can spill me down and lick me up
You're my drug
And I don't ever know if I can give you up