

The Little Girls Are Selling Dope Again

By Tonn Pastore

The little girls are selling dope again
they're out there in the street
Standing on corners and parking lots too
telling me what's good to eat!

"Hey Mister, Wanna buy some cookies?
They're a really special treat.
We've got extra special prices that
you'll never be able to beat!"

I'm a junky and they know it
they can see it in my eyes.
All they have to do is get in front of me
the outcome is no surprise.

I don't want the 'Aloha Chips';
'Thin mints' or 'Ole' Ole's.'
'The Samoans' are the fix I need
and I need it right away.

I buy their boxes one at a time
but they know I will be back
Like goin' around to the "hill" downtown
to buy a piece of crack!

Just one bite and the obsession begins
I go 'till the money runs out
I've got to have another box
more is what it's all about!

They tease me with their third grade smiles
but I know what's in their hearts.
They want my money then my soul:
then they will depart.

Off they go for another year
and leave me to have to de-tox
Or settle for a lesser fix
and dream of that purple box!
(and dream of that purple box!)

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