

Down © 2013 Kevin Antrobus

What do these highly influential bands have in common: Hole, Mother Love Bone, Grateful Dead, Def Leppard, New York Dolls, Skinny Puppy, The Smashing Pumpkins, Alice in Chains, Mad Season, Ramones, Ratt, Quiet Riot, The Who, The Pretenders, Thin Lizzy, and Red Hot Chili Peppers?

DBOD (Death by Overdose), that's what. It makes me sick to even think about it. I'm no angel, as many of you know, so I'm not going to get preachy here. The thing that really set me off was thinking about all of the great guys and girls from back in the day in Seattle who got into H. But once you're "in", most can't climb back out.



Eventually the only thing that matters is getting high. It becomes the one thing they live for. It's an abusive love affair. Calling in sick to stay home with the one they love – the needle. Push it down so it can please them. Everything else crumbles – including the music. And these musical geniuses fell - one at a time - like Dominoes. Andrew Wood, Kristen Pfaff, John Baker Saunders, Layne Staley, Mike Starr... Kurt Cobain shot himself, but it was H that took him to the edge.

There's no moral, no lesson. It's just a pathetic look behind the junkie curtain, and here it is. It's true love. H <3



WOOD



PPFAFF



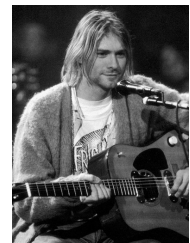
BAKER



STALEY



STARR



COBAIN

Lyrics

I'm going to call in sick and spend the day with you
Keeping all our little secrets locked up in my room
I'd love to buy you flowers but next to you they'd never bloom
Anticipating your rush, I push.

I push you down. So you can please me
Down baby down. Till you release me
I love you, you feed me. We mix it up when you bleed me
Down baby down

Chasing the dragon failed me. Highway to heartache nailed me.
You've got expensive taste. But I can't think of a better waste of it.
I take you out on the city. Junk sick and it ain't pretty.
I don't talk to no one about you. Why talk when I can

Push you down. So you can please me.
Down baby down. Till you release me.
I hate you, you own me. If you leave me I'll get Jonesy.
Down baby down

I know you, you want me
I fold because you haunt me

I push you down. So you can please me.
Down baby down. Till you release me.
I love you, you feed me. We mix it up when you bleed me.
I beat you. You defeat me.
I cheat 'cause you complete me.
Down baby down

Down baby down baby down baby down