



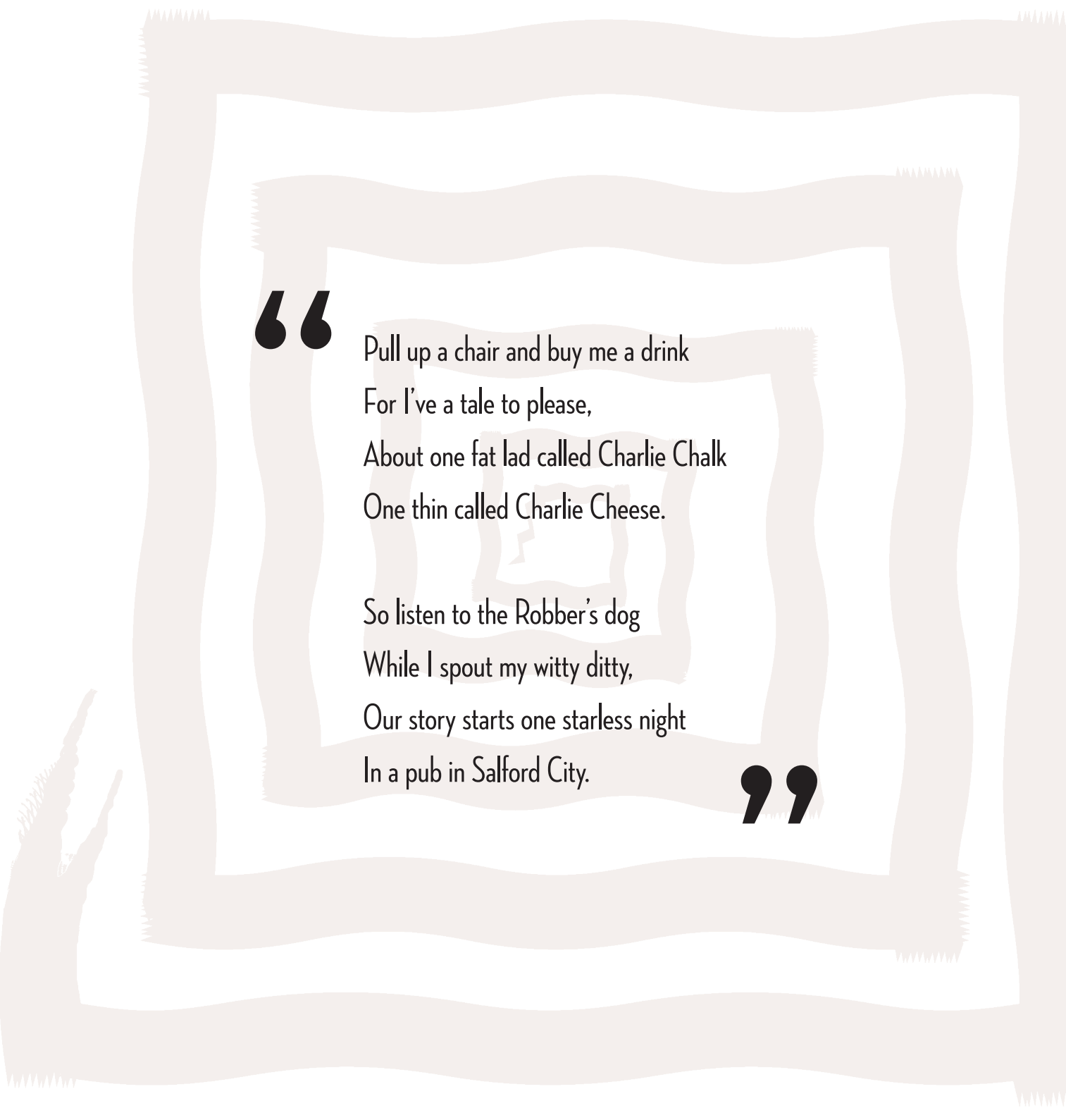
Tales from the Robber's Dog Present

The ballad of

the Two Charlies





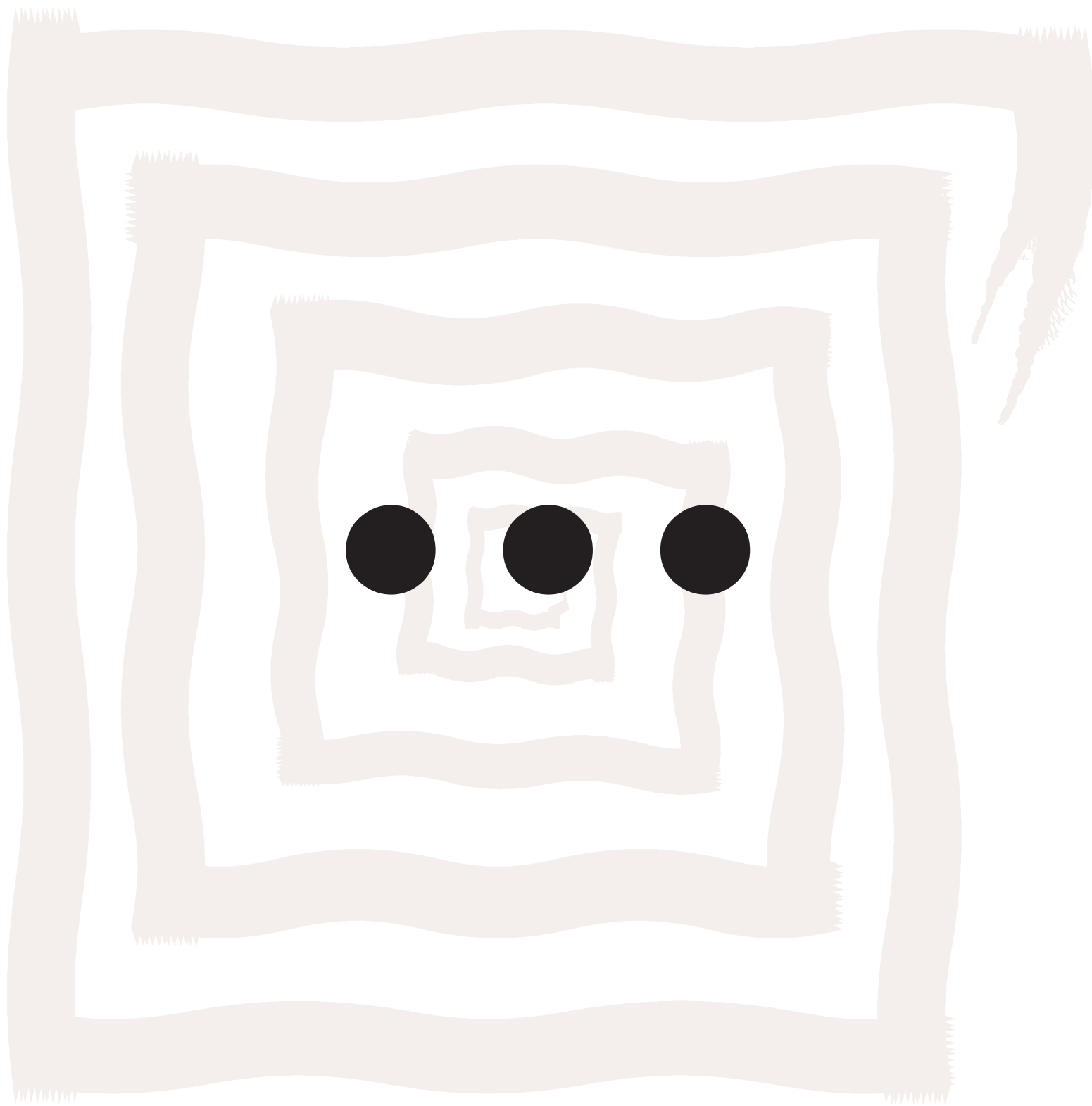


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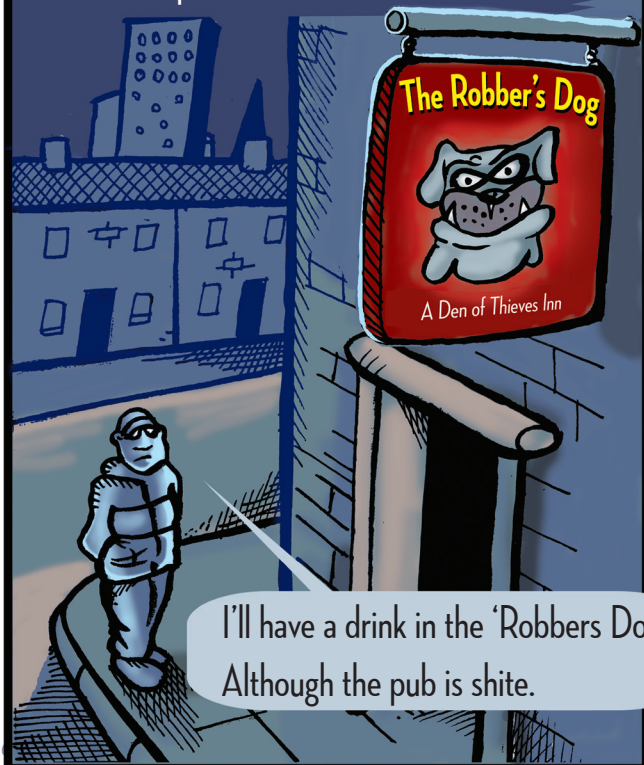
Pull up a chair and buy me a drink
For I've a tale to please,
About one fat lad called Charlie Chalk
One thin called Charlie Cheese.

So listen to the Robber's dog
While I spout my witty ditty,
Our story starts one starless night
In a pub in Salford City.

”



Charlie Chalk came walking down the road
His face all pale and white.



I'll have a drink in the 'Robbers Dog'
Although the pub is shite.

Lounging by the bar was Charlie Cheese
Just supping from his ale.



My old grafting buddy, Charlie Chalk!
You just got out of jail?

Have a pint with me my friend
Unless you've got to dash.
We'll party till we're shit-faced
With all your discharge cash.



In the corner sat Julie Brown
They'd both known the lass since class.
Charlie Chalk couldn't help but stare
At the knickers up her ass.



I've been in jail for eighteen months
My sacks are fit to bust.
You think of girls in prison cells,
For pussy I do lust.



Now eighteen months is a very long time
Just spanking on your monkey,
With a bit of luck, you'll get a fuck
But Julie's now a junkie.

Keep your pork pole in your pants
And out of Julie B's.
Dirty needles in her arms,
She's riddled with disease.



They'd mug a nun and steal from your kids
For the sweeties in their pockets,
For a bag of brown, they'd rob your gran
For the eyeballs in her sockets.



Now a junkie's life is all about
A monkey on your back.
They're sick in the head the living dead
There's no respect in smack.



"And I should know my short fat friend
That smack is a jealous lover,
You know that I was born and raised
With a junkie for a mother."



How about the two of us
Going grafting just the same?
Charlie's Midnight Removals
Back in business once again.





That prison food has made you fat,
You've eaten all the pies.



You clumsy fuck, you'll break my nose
You're stepping on my eyes.



We'll fence this swag and get some dough
All from the General Store.



An Aladdin's cave waits inside,
HEY GENERAL, OPEN THE DOOR.



It's been a while since I have seen
You two Charlies round this way.
You still rob shit - if this is it,
Fifty quid is all I'll pay.



"Is that all?" said Charlie Cheese
"But there is another thing,
I don't want cash, I want drugs
So pay us both in 'BING'!"

Bing, what's that?" said Charlie Chalk
I've never heard of that thing.

It's just a name for Charlie,
Bing's Charlie and Charlie's Bing.



I've got no Bing
To sell to you.
I've got some stone,
If that will do.



Stone, what's that?" said Charlie Chalk
"I've never heard of that thing."

It's just the same as Charlie,
Stone's Charlie and Charlie's Bing.



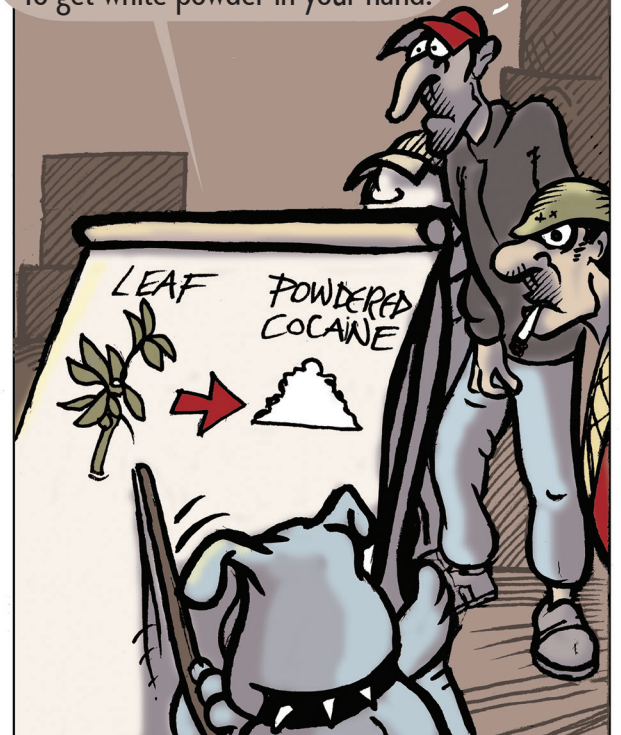
For fuck's sake I've had enough.
Shut your mouth and let the dog explain
Some facts to you two Charlies
About different types of cocaine.



The coca leaf grows in the earth
Way down south of the Rio Grande.



Mix up the leaf with chemicals
To get white powder in your hand.



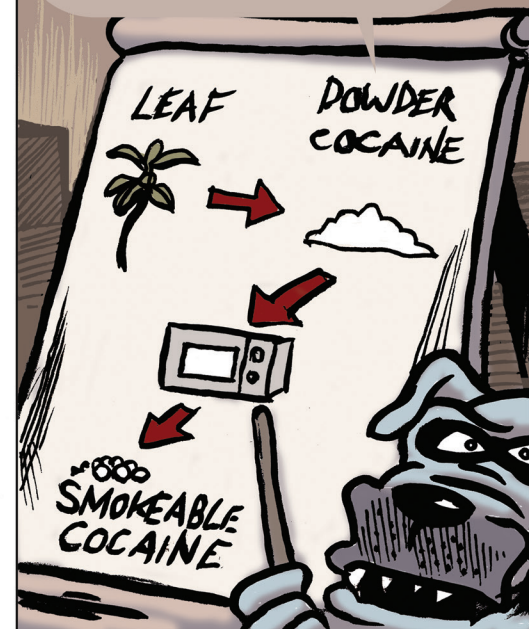
Cocaine hydrochloride
A drug that can't be beat.
Bing, Ching, Charlie or coke
It's known as on the street.



Chop the powder nice and fine,
Sniff it up and learn.
Smoking it's a waste of time,
All it does is burn.



If smoking cocaine is your wish
A challenge you must face.
To turn the powder into stone
Remove the acid base.



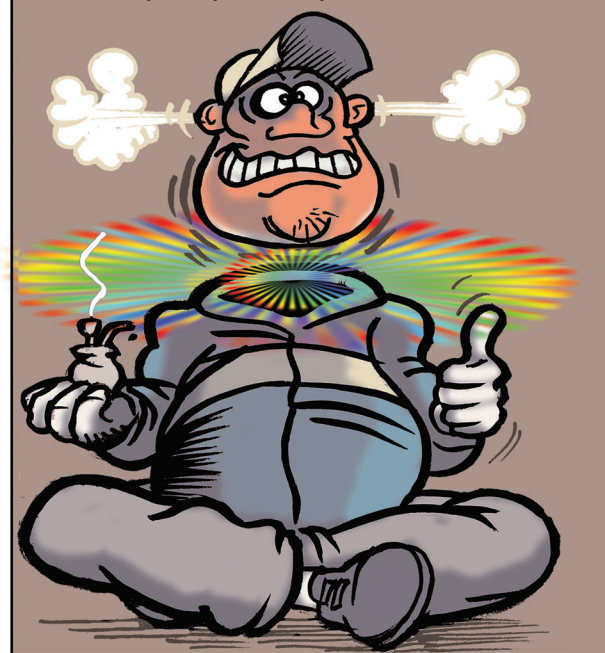
Baking soda and powdered coke
In the microwave you do cook.
You will not find this recipe
In Delia's cookery book.



Freebase or crack, rock or stone
Are slang for this type of coke.
Put it in your water pipe
Spark it up and take a smoke.



Some like powder and some like stone
Just choose which one is slicker,
But all agree that smoking stone
Can fuck you up much quicker.



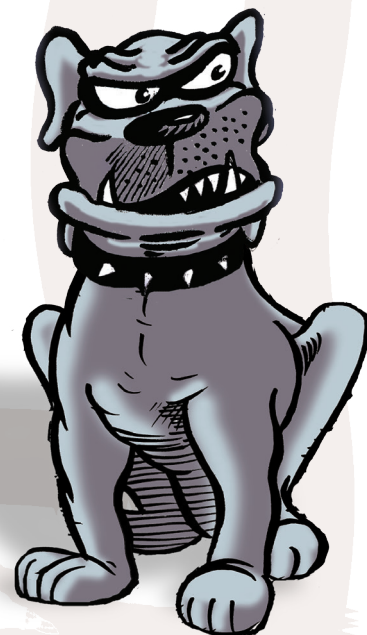
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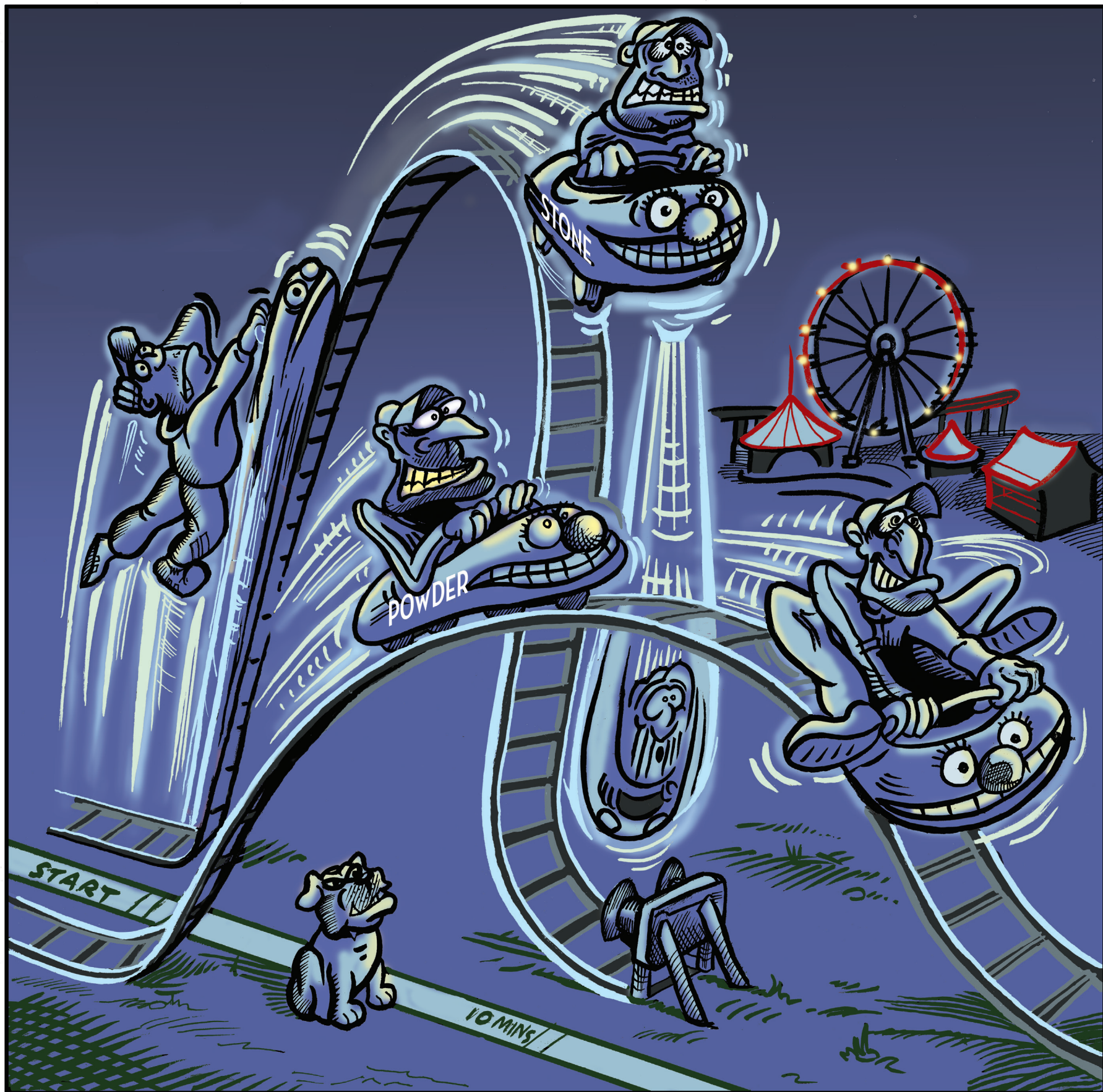
This fairground ride will illustrate
The effects of getting mashed.
How high the drug will make you feel
And how long before you've crashed.

Smoking stone is more intense
Smoking gets you higher.
Ten short minutes it will last
Then more you will desire.

Powdered cocaine lasts twice as long
It's much smoother on the whole.
To sum it up in one short line
Stone's much harder to control.

”





Pretty soon our short fat friend
Got a taste for smoking stone.
Once he used with Charlie Cheese
But he mostly smoked alone.



The stone it gave him confidence
To speak with charm and wit.
At least that's what the Charlies thought
In truth they're talking shit.



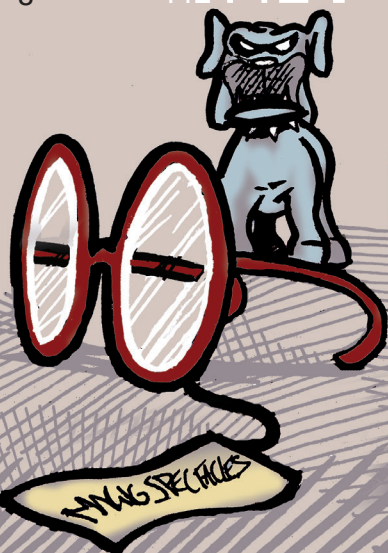
Put on these magic spectacles

The truth they help you see.

Everything they talk about

Begins with ... ME

ME ME ME



Now some can't get a woody
Cocaine makes willies flop.
Those that use it all the time
Lose interest in their cock.



At first it can make you horny
It made Charlie strut and swagger.
He had his eye on Sweet Marie
And decided he would shag her.



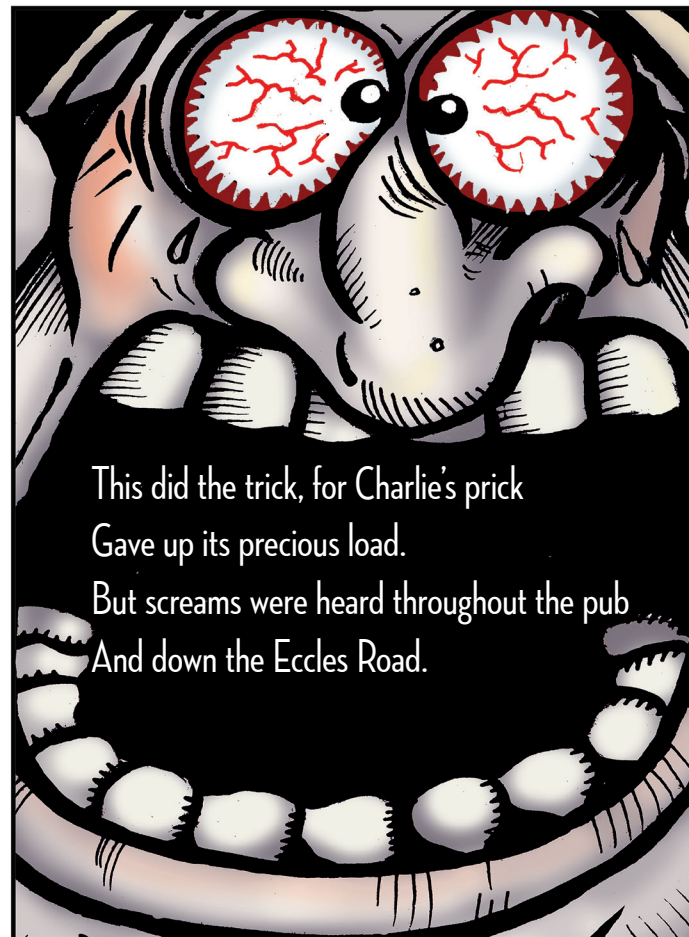
Now Sweet Marie didn't charge a fee
As she went with Charlie to the bog.
No virgin was she, most would agree
She'd had more meat than a butcher's dog.



For half an hour they humped away
But poor old Charlie couldn't cum,
Till Sweet Marie had a bright idea
And stuck a finger up his bum!



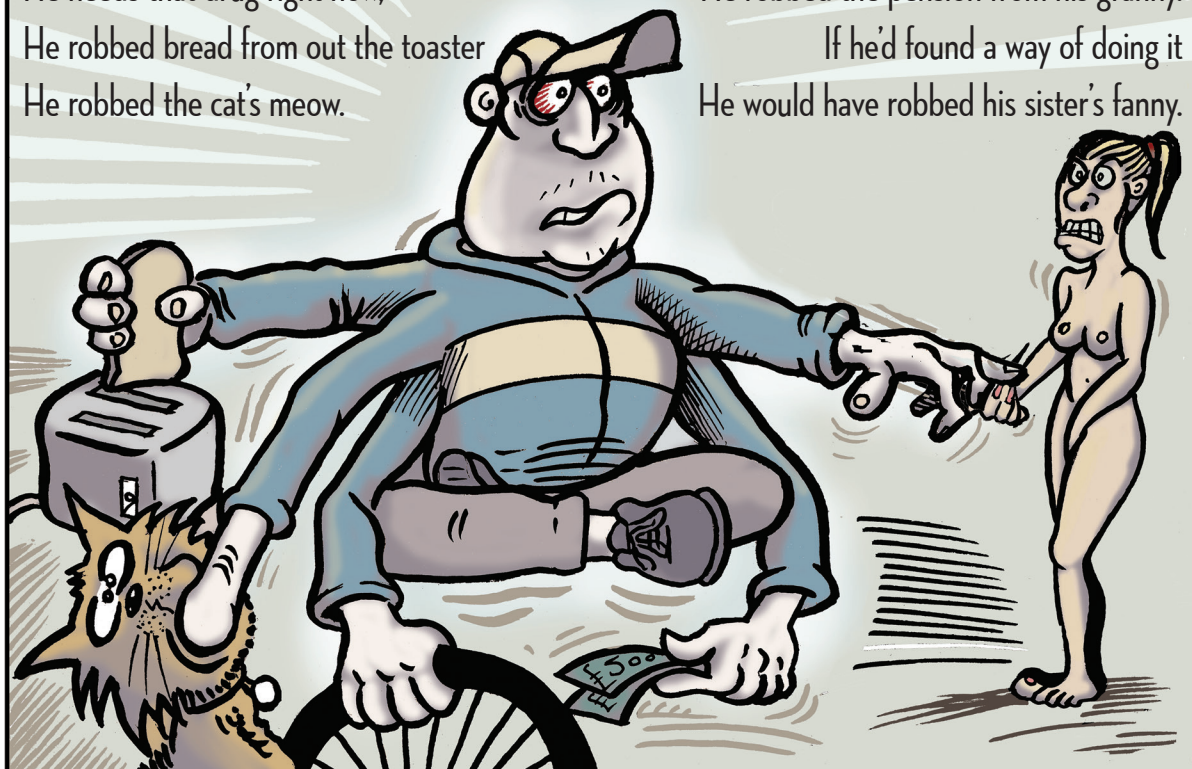
This did the trick, for Charlie's prick
Gave up its precious load.
But screams were heard throughout the pub
And down the Eccles Road.



Now when the stone had all been smoked
Our Charlie wanted more.
"I'll have to rob a house tonight
If I'm going to score".

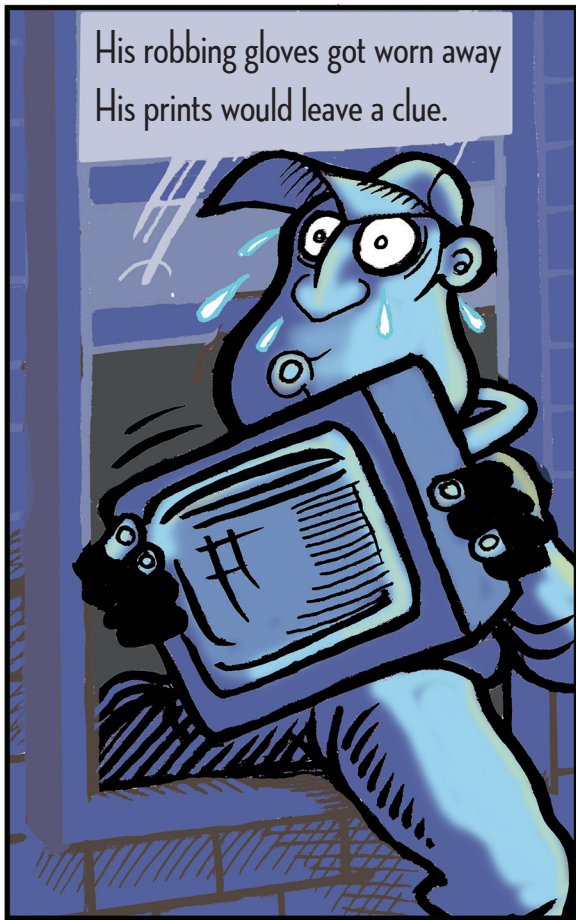


But Charlie could not wait that long
He needs that drug right now,
He robbed bread from out the toaster
He robbed the cat's meow.

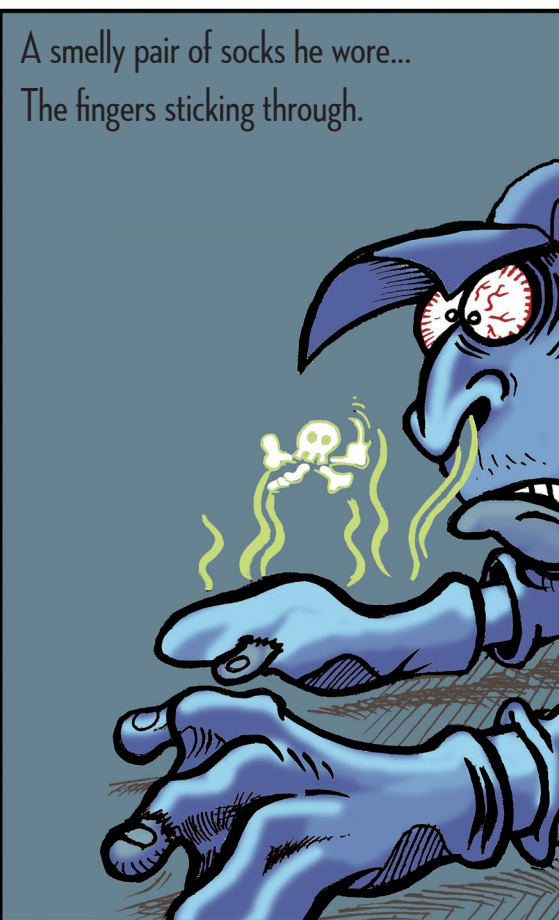


He robbed cycle wheels from garden sheds
He robbed the pension from his granny.
If he'd found a way of doing it
He would have robbed his sister's fanny.

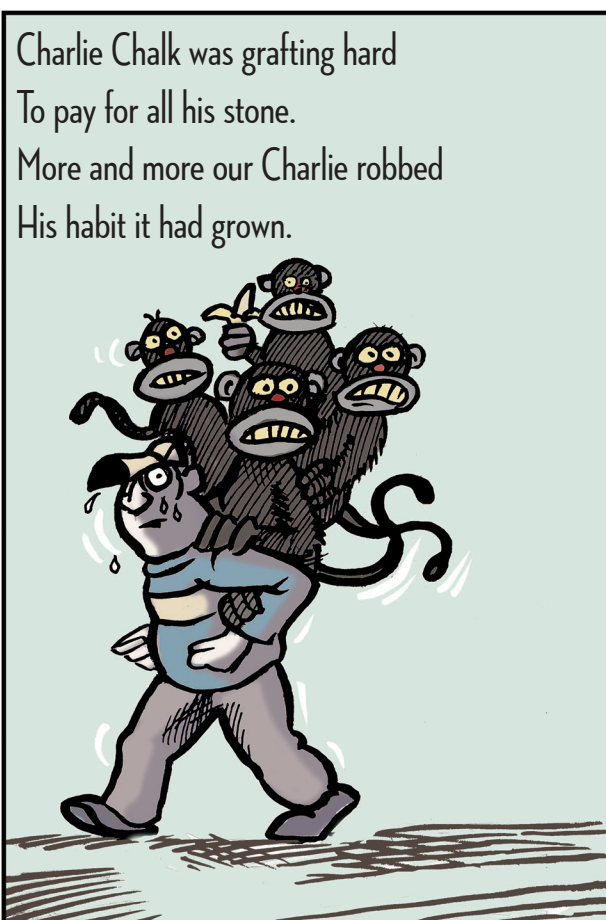
His robbing gloves got worn away
His prints would leave a clue.



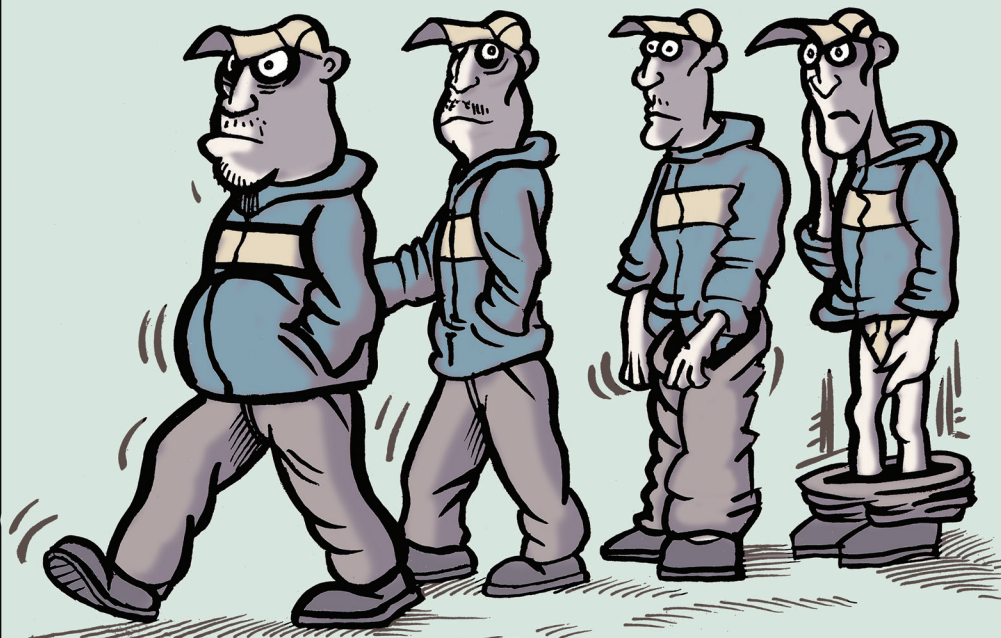
A smelly pair of socks he wore...
The fingers sticking through.



Charlie Chalk was grafting hard
To pay for all his stone.
More and more our Charlie robbed
His habit it had grown.



Coke stopped him feeling hungry
It made Charlie miss his dinner,



Because of all the coke he used
Charlie Chalk was getting thinner.

Losing weight is flattering
I'm gorgeous like Brad Pitt.

Who you kidding Charlie Chalk,
You skinny sack of shit.



No more sleep for Charlie Chalk
At night he lay awake
Dreaming of the jobs he'd do
And all the stone he'd take.



But the thing he hated most of all
Was feeling wired all the time.
It's hard to tell you what this is like
Using nowt but mucky rhymes.

You're jumpy and unsettled
As if you've been plugged in.
Ants are crawling in your pants
And bugs beneath your skin.



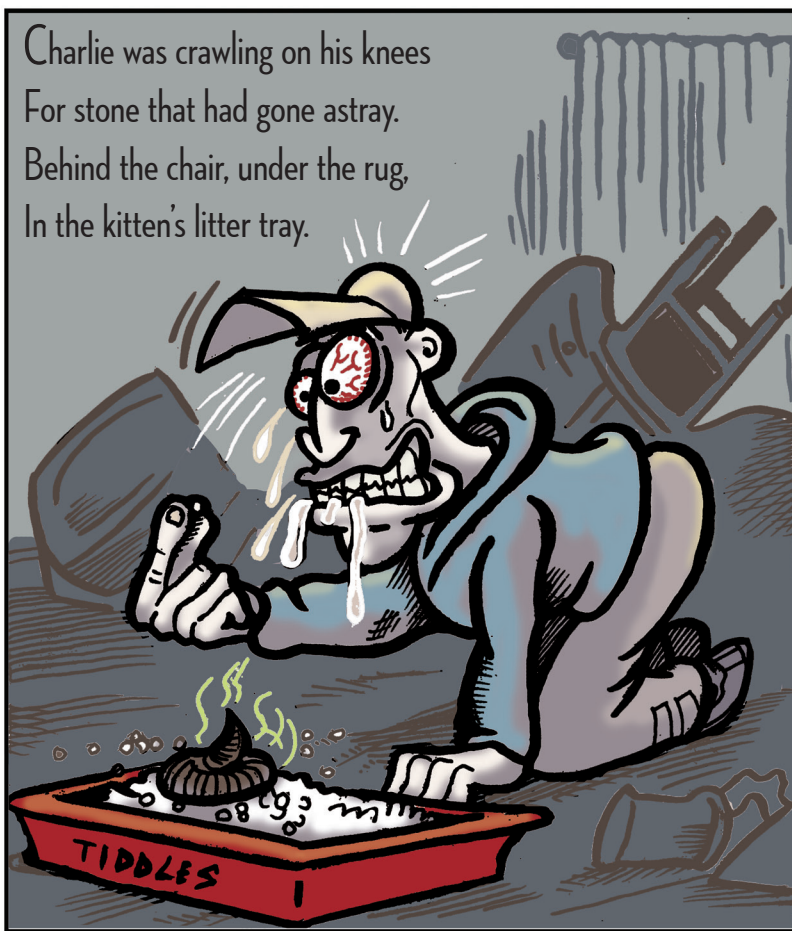
Now everyone was after him
Which made him quite annoyed.
Dealers, cops and little green men
He's turning paranoid.



They watch him through his letterbox
They were watching through his telly.
They bugged his phone and read his mail
They made all his socks turn smelly.



Charlie was crawling on his knees
For stone that had gone astray.
Behind the chair, under the rug,
In the kitten's litter tray.



Charlie Cheese he came to call
That very afternoon,



Ten locks and a safety chain
Just to get into the room.



You've lost weight and look like shit
You stuck in all alone?

Get the fuck out my house
You've come to steal my stone.



That stone it's changed the way you are
The way you think and talk.
Look at what it's doing to you
My old friend Charlie Chalk.



Your nose is like a vulture's beak
Your face makes my arse feel sick.
Your mother was a filthy dog
For a pint she'd suck your dick.



For that you'll get a pasting
Despite the fact it's true.

I'll rip your fucking head off
And down your neck I'll poo.



Charlie Chalk and Charlie Cheese
The both of them got battered.

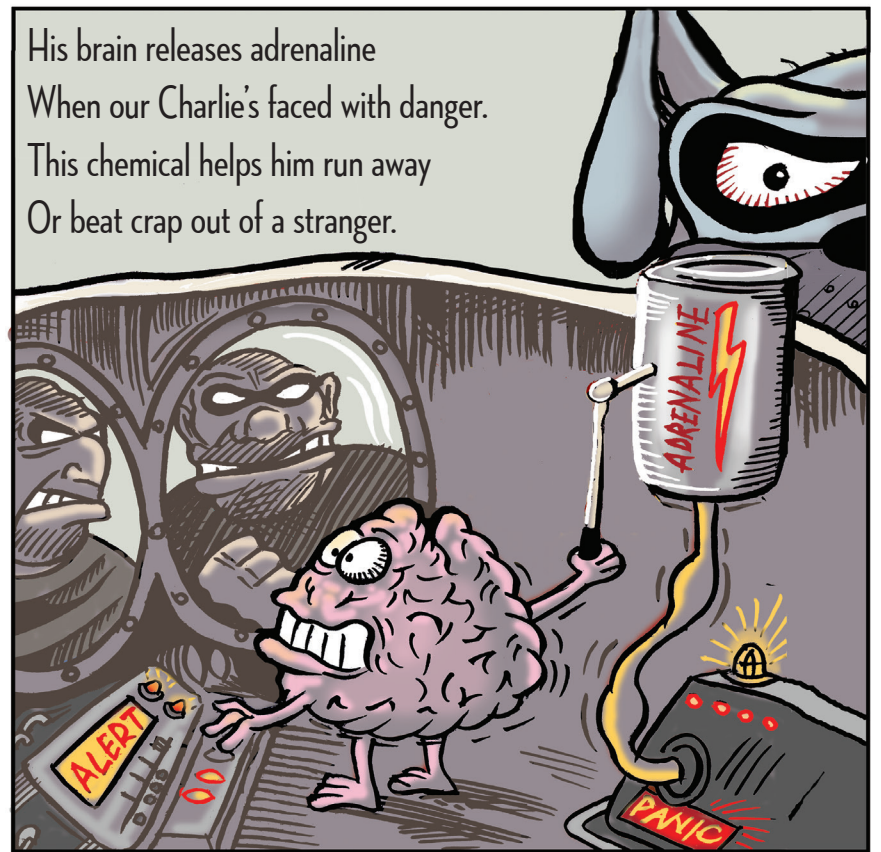


No more buddies, pals or mates
Their friendship it was shattered.

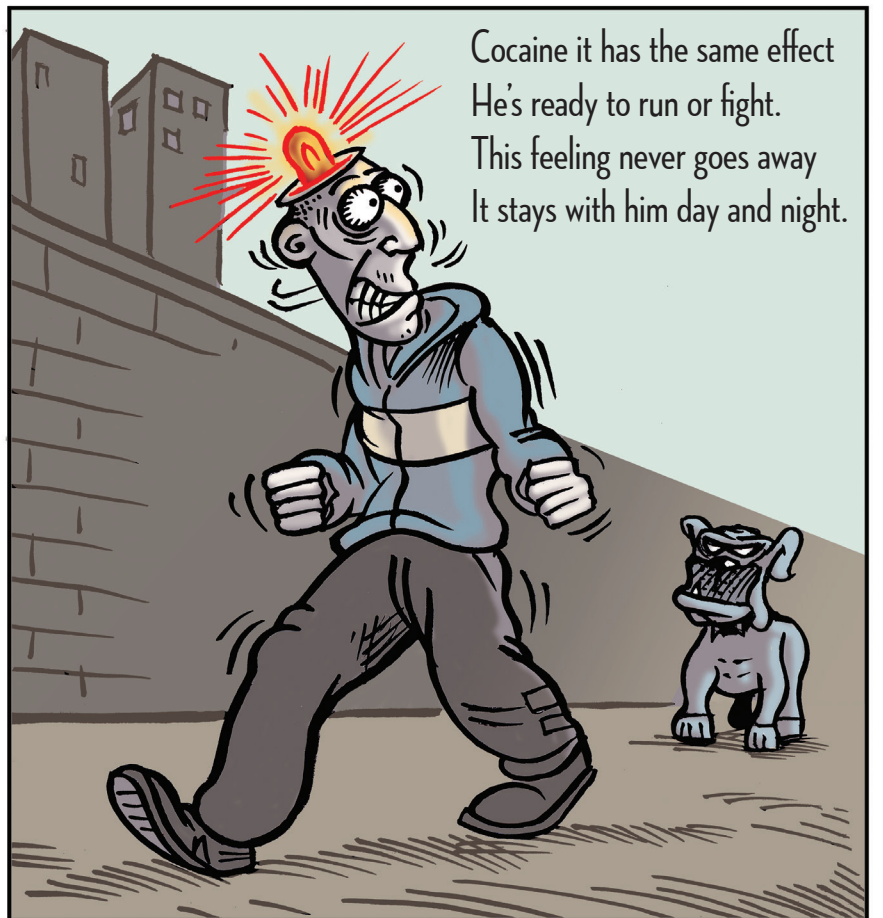
Let me explain what's going on
When Charlie Chalk is on cocaine.
Let's take a look inside his head
At the chemicals in his brain.



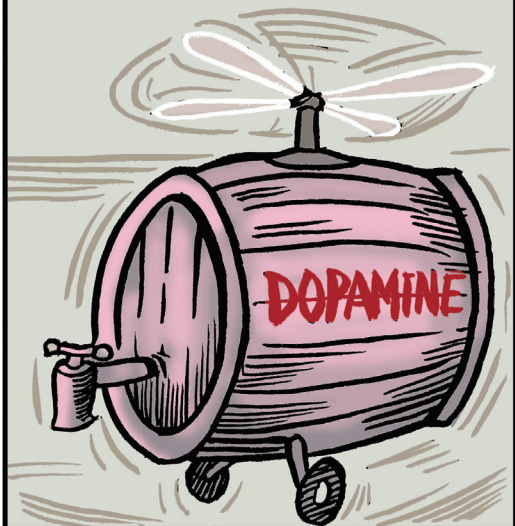
His brain releases adrenaline
When our Charlie's faced with danger.
This chemical helps him run away
Or beat crap out of a stranger.



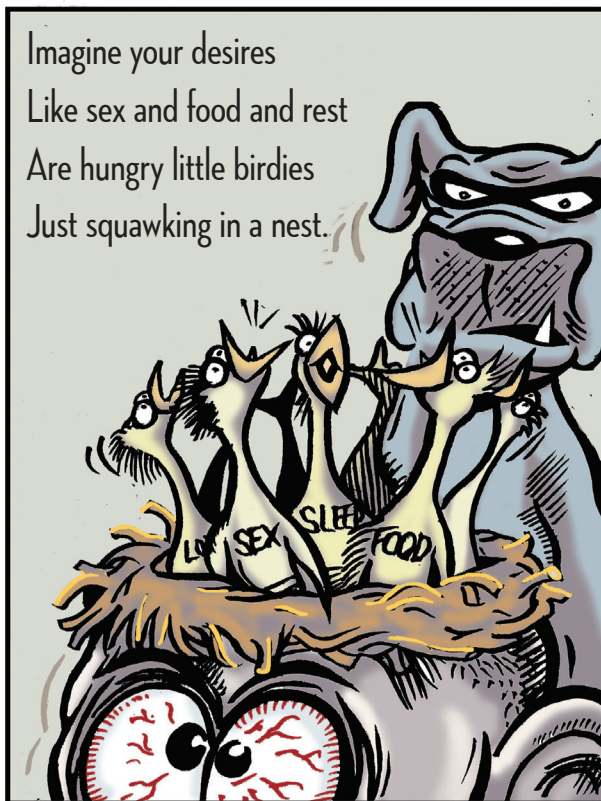
Cocaine it has the same effect
He's ready to run or fight.
This feeling never goes away
It stays with him day and night.



Next let's look at dopamine
This chemical gives us pleasure.
When we do the things we like
We're rewarded with a measure.



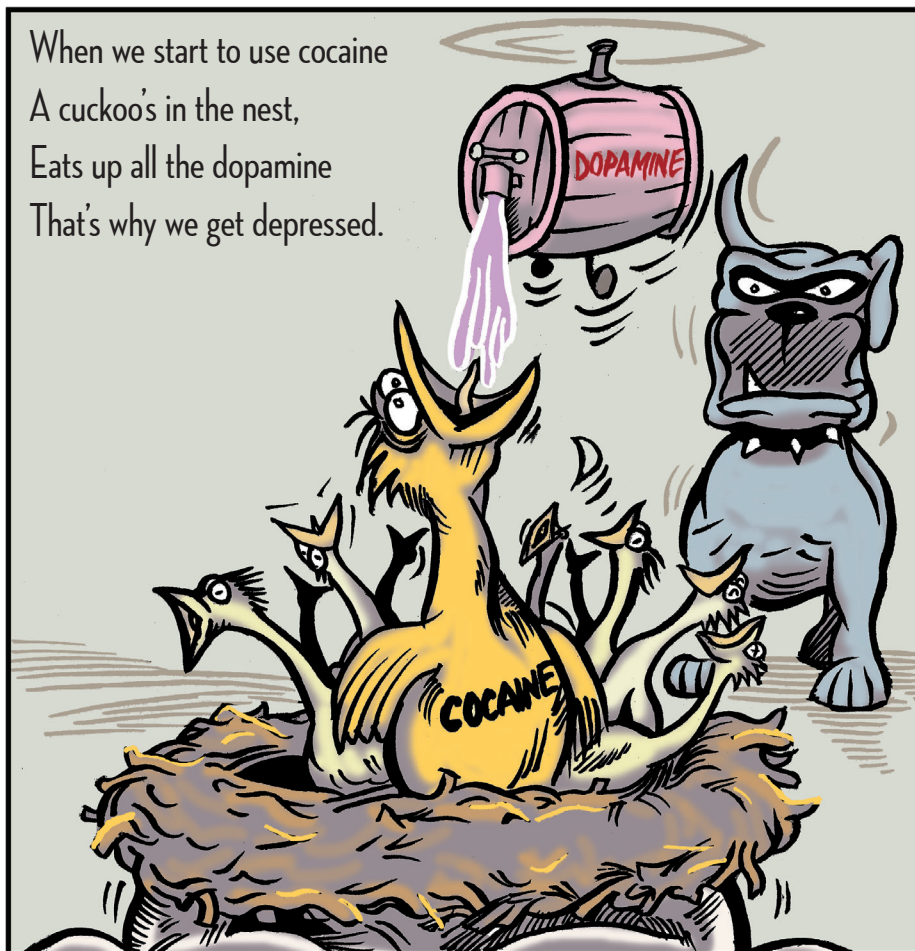
Imagine your desires
Like sex and food and rest
Are hungry little birdies
Just squawking in a nest.



The birds get fed with dopamine
When we get our kicks.
It just makes us feel fantastic
Feeding baby chicks.



When we start to use cocaine
A cuckoo's in the nest,
Eats up all the dopamine
That's why we get depressed.



More and more the cuckoo wants
The other birdies gripe,
Can't get kicks from anything
But licking on the pipe.





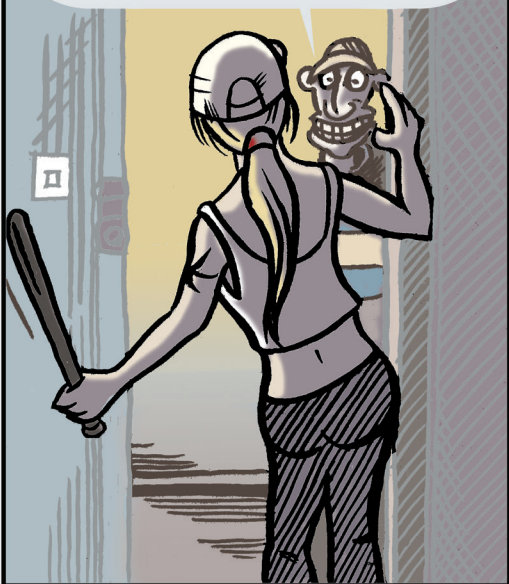
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Charlie Chalk tried hard to score
But he owed all over town.
The only one left to try
Was the bag head Julie Brown!

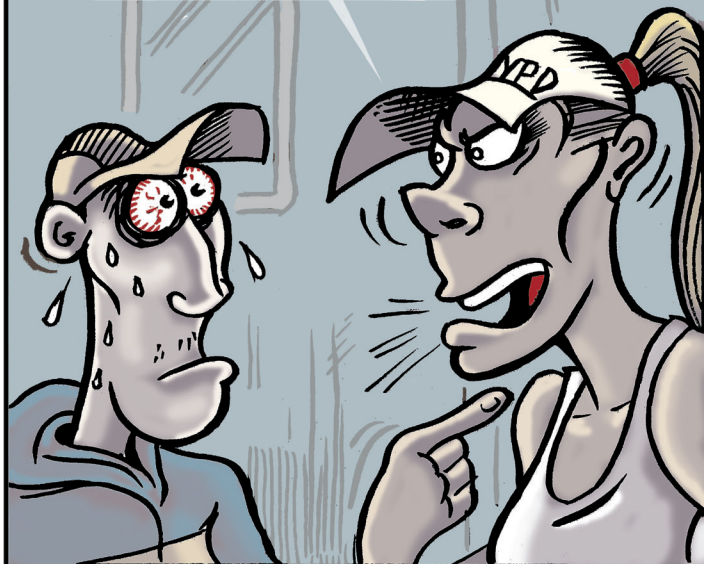
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Alright Julie, how you doing?
You stuck in all alone?
I don't suppose that you could spare
A little bit of stone?



Call me dirty junkie scum
You look down your nose at me,
Then come knocking on my door
When you want some drugs for free!



But I can see you're in a state
And I've been in your shoes.
I've got something to sort you out
And take away your blues.



Let me tell you Charlie Chalk
That I was just like you.
I started out by using coke
A single line or two.



Then I started smoking stone
But I hated coming down,
Someone said he'd sort me out
And I'd started smoking brown.



And now I use both brown and white
Oh, Charlie can't you see?



I started out the same as you
Now you're the same as me.



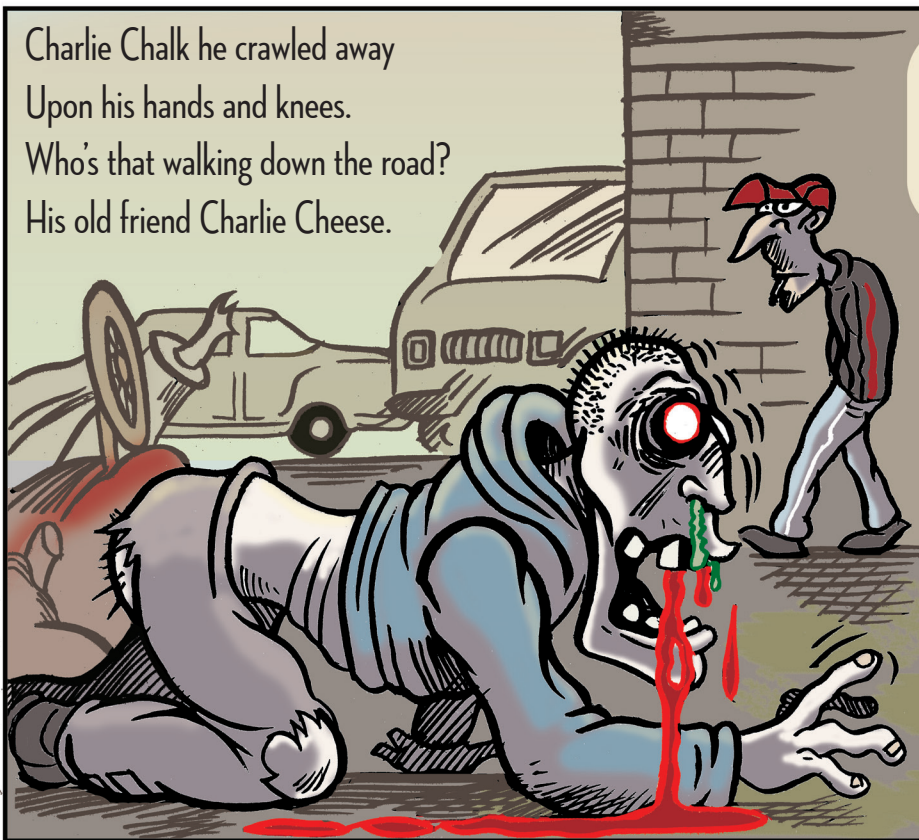
"Me like you." said Charlie Chalk
"You must be fucking joking.
You're a thieving junkie tart
It's only stone I'm smoking."



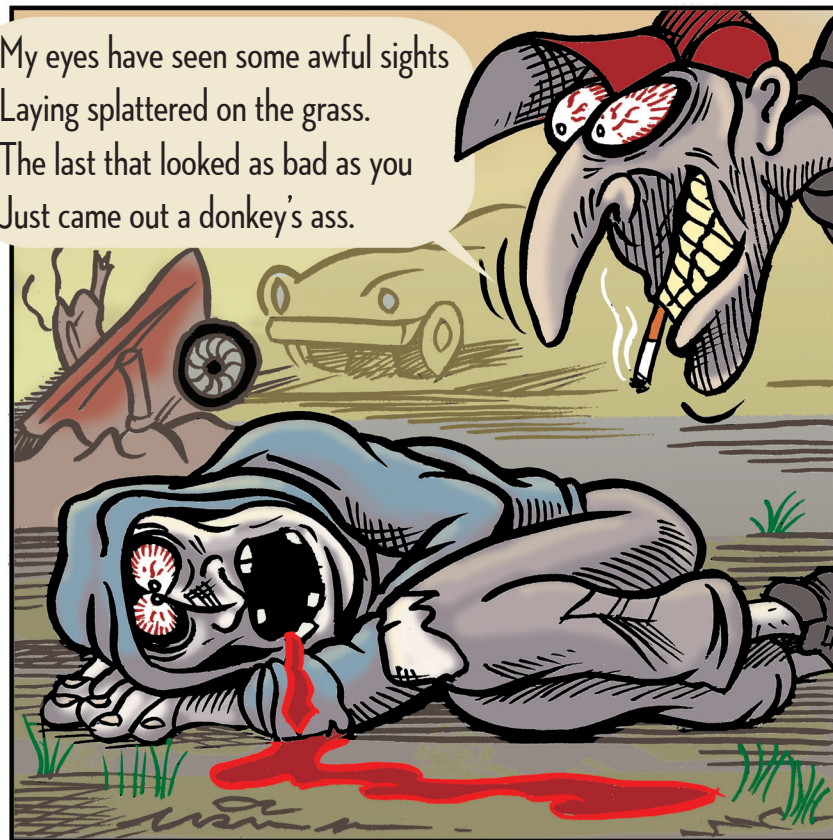
Still don't get it Charlie Chalk?
It's pot calling kettle black.
Let me spell it out for you
You will end up using...



Charlie Chalk he crawled away
Upon his hands and knees.
Who's that walking down the road?
His old friend Charlie Cheese.



My eyes have seen some awful sights
Laying splattered on the grass.
The last that looked as bad as you
Just came out a donkey's ass.



I just don't get what's going on
Just explain it to me pal.
What the fuck has been happening
Since they let me out of jail?



"Don't ask me" said Charlie Cheese
"You know I am thick as shite."



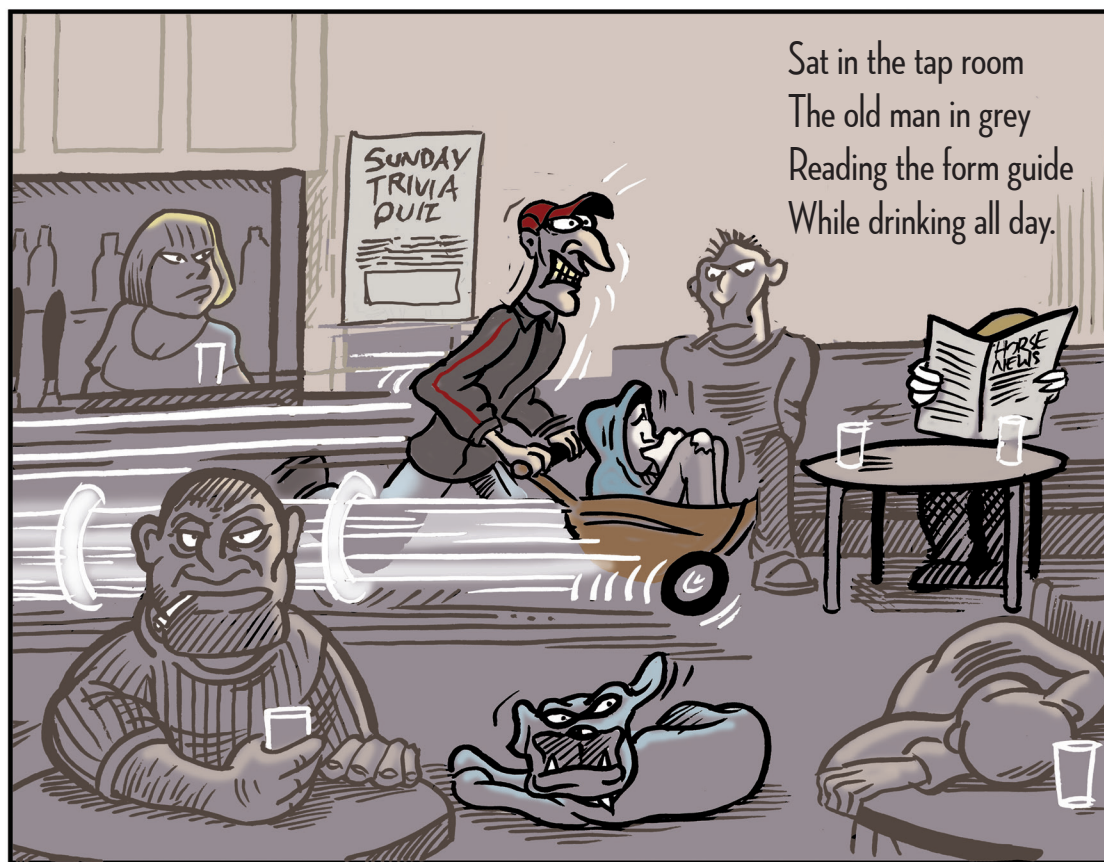
I can't answer your question
But I know a man who might.



Just jump inside this chariot
We must go now without delay
To find out all of the answers
From a bloke called 'Randolph the Grey'.

To a pub called the Habit
Old Randolph's a proper whiz.
He is the ten times winner
Of the pub's trivia quiz.





Sat in the tap room
The old man in grey
Reading the form guide
While drinking all day.



People come up to Randolph
When they need some good advice.
I'll answer all your questions
But a pint of best's my price.



They told him what had happened
Since they'd smoked the stone that night.
By the time the tale was over
Grey Randolph had turned quite white.

Answers to your question
I'll tell you both of course.
Just come out back with me
That's where I keep my horse.



Loads of people sniff cocaine
Without getting into strife.
Others find that sniffing coke
Takes control of all their life.

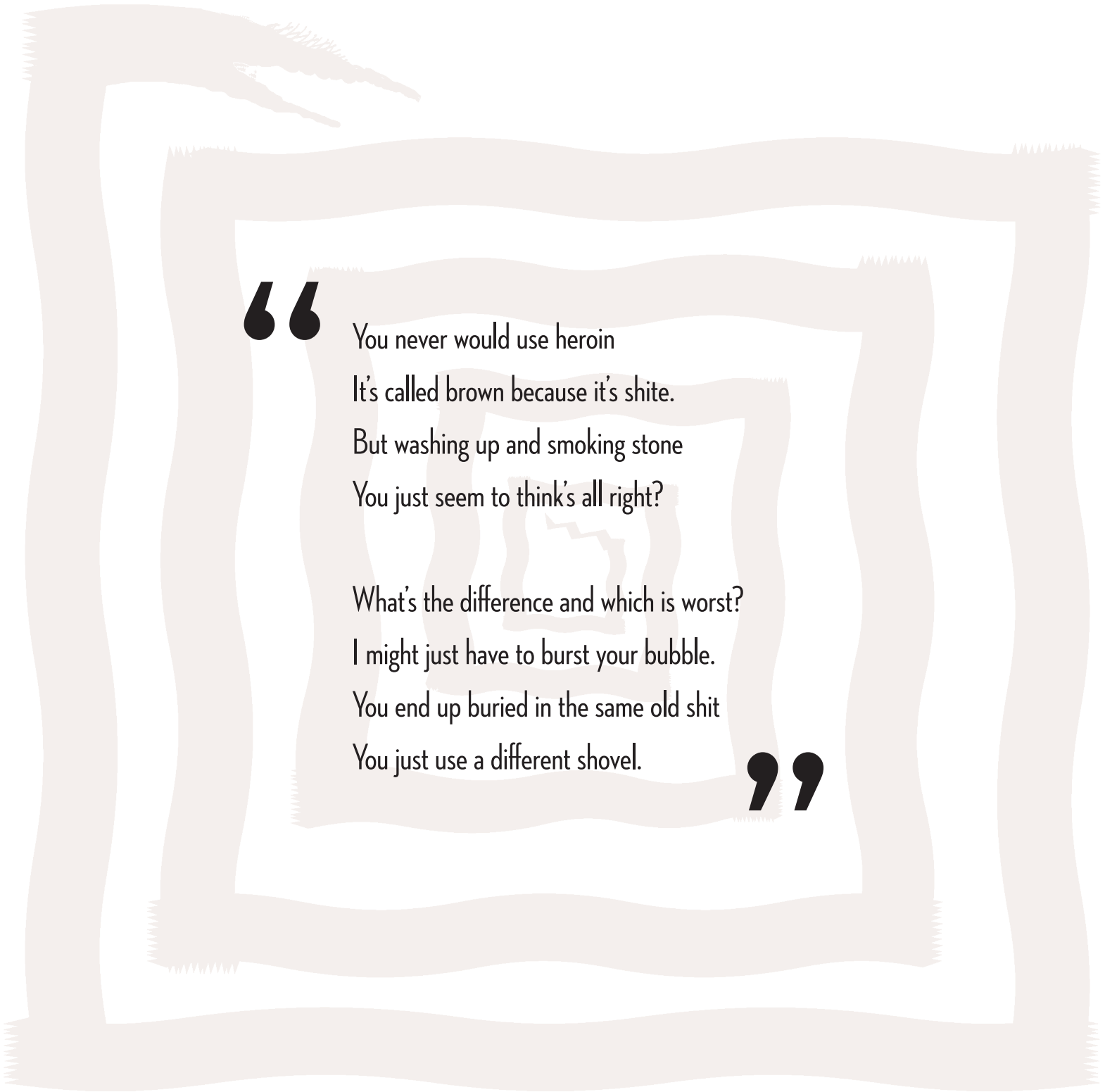


But when it comes to rock cocaine
You're in the danger zone.



People will start injecting smack
Just to cope with smoking stone.





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You never would use heroin

It's called brown because it's shite.

But washing up and smoking stone

You just seem to think's all right?

What's the difference and which is worst?

I might just have to burst your bubble.

You end up buried in the same old shit

You just use a different shovel.

”





“

So what did become of our two Charlies?
Gone straight or straight to jail?
The truth involved a chicken with a beard
But that's another tale!

And so we come at last my friends
To the end of my tale of woe.
It's goodbye from the Robber's dog
Just fill my bowl before you go.

”



The Ballad of the Two Charlies

With Thanks To:

Bean'ed

Moz

Mike Gunn

Salford Drug Action Team

And all the drug users and professionals from Salford
who helped with the research and development of this project

Credits:

Research - Michael Linnell and Zoe Smith

Story and Illustrations - Michael Linnell

Design and Typography - Louise Thompson

Inking - Astrom Chang

Graphic Assistance - Kerry Hilton

[A33] lifeline | publication guidelines

[>] **aims**
This publication aims to raise the issue of cocaine and cocaine smoking among young offenders. It is designed to give a detailed explanation of how cocaine problems can develop and compares the problems and stigma of using heroin, with those of smoking cocaine. The publication has been designed as a storybook, to be read aloud by peers or professionals, for those with reading difficulties.

[>] **audience**
The primary audience is regular or occasional cocaine users aged 16+ who are in touch with the Criminal Justice System.

[v] **content**
Explicit language throughout, graphic sexual acts and violence.

[£] **funding**
The development and pilot of this project was funded by Salford Drug Action Team.

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