The Drugs Don't Work

Ben Harper

All this talk of getting old it's getting me down my love
Like a cat in a bag waiting to drown
This time I'm comin' down and I know you're thinking of me
As you lay down on your sideNow the drugs don't work they just make you worse
But I know I'll see your face again
Now the drugs don't work they just make you worse
But I know I'll see your face againBut I know I'm on a losing streak
'Cause I passed down by old street
And if you wanna show, just let me know
And I'll sing in your ear againNow the drugs don't work they just make you worse
But I know I'll see your face againSo baby, woh, if Heaven calls, I'm coming too
Just like you said you leave my life, I'm better off dead
All this talk of getting old it's getting me down my love
Like a cat in a bag, waiting to drown this time I'm comin' downThe drugs don't work they just make you worse
But I know I'll see your face againSo baby, woh, if Heaven calls, I'm coming too
And like you said, you leave my life, I'm better off dead
But if you wanna show, just let me know
And now I'll sing in your ear againNow the drugs don't work they just make you worse
But now I know I'll see your face again
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again
Oh, nowYeah, I know I'll see your face again
Never coming down, never coming down
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more
Never coming down, never coming down
No more, no more, no more, no more, no moreOh, now
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again

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