

# 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 hope you're thinking of me  
As you lay down on your side  
Now 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 again But I know I'm on a losing streak  
'Cause I passed down my old street  
And if you wanna show, then just let me know  
And I'll sing in your ear again Now the drugs don't work  
They just make you worse  
But I know I'll see your face again 'Cause baby, ooh, 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' down Now the drugs don't work  
They just make you worse  
But I know I'll see your face again 'Cause baby, ooh, if heaven calls, I'm coming, too  
Just like you said, you leave my life, I'm better off dead But if you wanna show, just let me know  
And I'll sing in your ear again Now the drugs don't work  
They just make you worse  
But 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  
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again  
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again I'm never going down, I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never coming down, I'm never going down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never going down, I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never coming down, I'm never going down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more

Songwriters

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