Drug Problem

Bellamy Brothers

I hear people talkin' about going "cold turkey"
Dryin' out, checkin' into Betty Ford
But I just can't relate to all those strange addictions
'Cause my drug problem never went ignored.Chorus:
You see I was drug to Church on Sunday morning
I was drug to family reunions
I was drug to Grandpa's farm to work every summer
And I was drugged to weddings and to funerals
I was drug out the door to go to school (everyday)
I was drug by my ears when I was bad
When I disobeyed my parents or my teacher
I was drug to the wood she'd by my Dad
And those drugs are still running through my veins
Still affecting everything I do and say
And if kids today had those kind of drug problems
I believe the world would be a better place.--- Instrumental ---I won't claim I grew up to be perfect (far from it)
But every time I start to make a slip
I can see Daddy reaching for the good book
And hear those prayers roll from Mama's lips.That's why I count my blessings every evening
And pray to the good Lord up above
And thank him for giving me a drug problem
And a home and a family filled with love.Chorus:
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I was drug to family reunions
I was drug to Grandpa's farm to work every summer
And I was drugged to weddings and to funerals
I was drug out the door to go to school (everyday)
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