# The Drugs Not Working

## Ryan Adams

I was shooting in the back of the car
When the windows smashed on the police cars
I was swimming through the streets of New York
With my cocaine dagger and throats to cutAnd it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
But it was making me highShe was an hooker at the age of sixteen
All she wanted was the money, she didn't need an I.D.
She was a junkie, and I know it's cliche
But then so was her life, I mean, she lived in L.A.And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
But it was making her highAnd it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
But it was making her highAnd it was making her cry
And it was making her cryRiot in my skull
The demons are coming
Los Angeles is dead
These drugs ain't workingPainted it all black
The chains are jerking
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't workingRiot in my skull
The demons are coming
Los Angeles is dead
These drugs ain't workingLos Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't workingThe drugs ain't working
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working
Working, working, workingRiot in my skull
Demons are coming
L.A. is dead
Drugs ain't workingPainted it all black
Chains are jerking
L.A. is dead
Drugs ain't workingL.A. is dead
Drugs ain't working

L.A. is dead
Drugs ain't workingDrugs ain't working
Drugs ain't working
Drugs ain't working

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