

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 cut And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
But it was making me high She 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 cliché
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 high And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry
But it was making her high And it was making her cry
And it was making her cry Riot in my skull
The demons are coming
Los Angeles is dead
These drugs ain't working Painted it all black
The chains are jerking
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working Riot in my skull
The demons are coming
Los Angeles is dead
These drugs ain't working Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working The drugs ain't working
Los Angeles is dead
The drugs ain't working
Working, working, working Riot in my skull
Demons are coming
L.A. is dead
Drugs ain't working Painted it all black
Chains are jerking
L.A. is dead
Drugs ain't working L.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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