

The Drugs Don't Work (live)

[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

ASHCROFT, RICHARD Published by

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