

## **Ben Harper**

# **"The Drugs Don't Work"**

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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 know 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 by your street  
And 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

So baby, Woh- 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

The drugs don't work  
They just make you worse  
But I know I'll see your face again

So baby, Woh- if heaven calls, I'm coming too  
And like you said, you leave my life, I'm better off dead

But if you wanna show, just let me know  
And now I'll sing in your ear again

Now the drugs don't work  
They just make you worse  
But now 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  
Oh- now  
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again  
Never coming down, Never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no  
more  
Never coming down, never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
Oh- now  
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again

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