

# Ben Harper, The Drug's Don't Work

BEN HARPER

Miscellaneous

The Drug's Don't Work

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 old 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