

# The Verve, The Drugs 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 coming 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  
As I pass 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 Lord  
Like a cat in a bag, waiting to drown  
This time I'm coming 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, oh Lord  
Yeah, I know I'll see your face again, oh Lord

I'm never coming down, I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never coming down, I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never coming down, I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never coming down, I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never coming down, I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more