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