The Verve, The Drugs Dont 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, no more I'm never coming down, I'm never coming down No more, no mo