

# Ben Harper, 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 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