

# Ben Harper & The Innocent Criminals, The Drugs

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 come 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  
As I passed down by your 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, ooh, if heaven calls  
I'm coming, too just like you said  
If 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  
Drugs don't work they just make you worse  
But I know I'll see your face again  
So baby, ooh, if heaven calls  
I'm coming, too and like you said  
If 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  
Oh Lord, 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  
Never coming down, never coming down, now  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
Oh Lord, yeah I know I'll see your face again