

# Drugs don't work – The Verve

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 by your 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, oh  
If heaven falls, 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, oh  
If heaven falls, I'm coming too  
Just like you said  
You leave my life, I'm better off dead  
But 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  
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 now,  
I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
I'm never coming down now,  
I'm never coming down  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych