

## Drug Problem

Bellamy Brothers

I hear people talkin' about going "cold turkey"  
Dryin' out, checkin' into Betty Ford  
But I just can't relate to all those strange addictions  
Cuz my drug problem never went ignored

You see I was drug to Church on Sunday Morning  
I was drug to family reunions  
I was drug to Grandpa's farm to work every summer  
And I was drugged to weddings and to funerals  
I was drug out the door to go to school (everyday)  
I was drug by my ears when I was bad  
When I disobeyed my parents or my teacher  
I was drug to the wood shed by my Dad  
And those drugs are still running through my veins  
Still affecting everything I do and say  
And if kids today had those kind of drug problems  
I believe the world would be a better place

I won't claim I grew up to be perfect (far from it)  
But every time I start to make a slip  
I can see Daddy reaching for the good book  
And hear those prayers roll from Mama's lips  
That's why I count my blessings every evening  
And pray to the good Lord up above  
And thank him for giving me a drug problem  
And a home and a family filled with love

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