

All the Drugs

Rilo Kiley

All the drugs make you stupid
Paranoid and ruthless
But now you're finally clean
You've been strip-searched and rung up
Like lights that were strung up
The drugs who've got nothing on me

And you say, stupid I was
And stupid I'll be
Waiting for my beating to come

It's going to be a scorcher
About a hundred degrees
It's burning up your luck it seems
You take creamer in your coffee
At the end of the counter
The free refills keep coming
And the parody of prophets lie
Not to save you
You struck out so you strike them down

And you say, stupid I was
And stupid I'll be
Waiting for my beating to come

And you say la, la, la la, la, la la, la, la
But the drugs have got nothing on me

Hiding out in dens
Smoking cigarettes
Playing with the wedding band
You're still losing your mind
It's not something that you'll find
In your pocket or on the courthouse steps

And you say, stupid I was
And stupid I'll be
Waiting for my beating to come
And you say, stupid I was
And stupid I'll be
But the drugs have got nothing on me

La la la la, la la la la
But the drugs have got nothing on me
But the drugs have got nothing on me