

# 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