

# Summer of Drugs

Soul Asylum

Sister got bit by a copperhead snake  
In the woods behind the house  
And nobody was home so I grabbed her foot  
And I sucked that poison out

Sister got better in a month or two  
When the swelling, it went down  
But I'd started off my teenage years  
With a poison in my mouth

And we were too young to be hippies  
Missed out on the love  
Turned to a teen in the late seventies  
In the summer of the drugs

Mama and daddy could never understand  
Their life was never dull  
Their idea of a rollicking time  
Was a kitchen tap appall

Acid, grass, downs, and speed  
Junk those days were made of  
How could they suspect those kids  
Where the monsters meet their makers

And they were too young to be hippies  
Missed out on the love  
They learned from the teens in the late seventies  
In the summer of the drugs

Boys and girls in every town  
Sandman spread his sand around  
Now we are just waking up  
From a summer of drugs

Hey-hey-hey  
Woah-woah-woah  
A-ha-ha  
Yeah-yeah-yeah  
Uh-huh

Mommies and daddies were too shy to talk  
About those birds and bees  
Integrated schools had stopped  
The facts of life were these

Girls and boys went away and came back  
Empty after the weekend  
The talk on the phone consisted of  
Hushed voices speaking

And they were too young to be hippies  
Missed out on the love  
Learned from the teens of the late seventies  
In the summer of the drugs

They were too young

And they were too fast

Oh, the summer of drugs

Hey-hey-hey

Woah-woah-woah

A-ha-ha

Yeah-yeah-yeah

Uh-huh (×2)