

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)