

# The People's Drug

John Wesley Harding

Got a stupid job, but it's fair money  
Got a brand new car but I can't drive  
I've got a sweetheart, I call her honey  
And I've also got a wife  
People say that they're depressed  
But they go out, they're so well dressed  
What is it that makes them feel that way?  
Can't get it in no drug store  
No man's an island, that's for sure  
And it looks like the world just ran out of things to say

So, give me some of the people's drug  
Give me some of the people's drug  
Whatever makes you feel that good  
I'll take it like I know I should  
So, give me some of the people, people's drug  
Give me some of the people's drug

Pick me up and take me to a movie  
Give me an ending that I can understand  
Sell me a rocking soundtrack, make it groovy  
Give me backstage passes to the band  
People always whine whine whine  
Shut up and pay the fine fine fine  
What's the difference anyway  
Between being safe and being rad  
When the big joke is we've all been had  
You won't get to read the news in usa today

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God, it's a whacky race we're running  
And I must atone for all my sins  
God grant me some of what you're giving  
Heard you don't need needles, don't need pins  
I'll pay prescription where's the bill  
I thought it was a bitter pill  
But what's it matter what I feel  
Take the dog and take the wife  
Shoe me how to life the life  
The price you people pay well it's gotta be a steal

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