

# You Need the Drugs

WestBam

Some Sunday morning see you  
Picking up the fine  
Ticking down the last time  
Before the credits run  
A traffic is a moving or it's moving awful slow  
To the sound of you complaining  
We got nowhere left to go

You need the drugs to make the stars come down  
You need the drugs to make you shine  
You need the pills to take you home again  
Don't be so ladida, so ladida  
You need the drugs  
You need the drugs to make the stars come down  
You need the drugs to make you shine  
You need the pills to take you home again

Don't be so ladida, so ladida  
You need the drugs

All of your tomorrows are a dream I never had  
Everything is broken, everything unsaid  
But I see all your shadows running  
Circles at my feet  
And you're making all the promises that  
No one never keeps

You need the drugs to make the stars come down  
You need the drugs to make you shine  
You need the pills to take you home again  
Don't be so ladida, so ladida  
You need the drugs