

War On Drugs
Barenaked Ladies

WAR ON DRUGS - Barenaked Ladies
Album: Everything to Everyone
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A fabulous song that has quickly become one of my all-time favorites.
The viaduct referred to in the song is the Bloor Street Viaduct in Toronto.

I like to play this with a capo on the 3rd fret. All chords are relative to that.

INTRO

G **C** x3
G **C** **D**

G **C**
She likes to sleep with the radio on
D **G**
So she can dream of her favorite song
Em **C** **D**
The one that no one has ever sung since she was small

She ll never know that she made it up
She had a soul and we ate it up
Thrown away like a paper cup
The music falls

The only flaw in her detailed plan
Is where she wins back the love of her man
Everyone knows that he s never coming back

He took her heart and she took his name
He couldn t stand taking all the blame
He left her only with guilt and shame and then she cracked

CHORUS

Em **C** **D**
Won t it be dull when we rid ourselves
G **Em**
Of all these demons haunting us
C **D**
To keep us company?

In the dream I refuse to have
She falls asleep in a lukewarm bath

We re left to deal with the aftermath again

On behalf of humanity
I will fight for your sanity
How profound such profanity can be

Em **C** **D**
Won t it be dull when we rid ourselves
G **Em**
Of all these demons haunting us
C **D**
To keep us company?
Em **C** **D**
Won t it be odd to be happy like we
G **Em**
Always thought we re supposed to feel
C **D**
But never seem to be?

(For the third verse, you can either play as the first two verses or do the following)

G
Near where I live there s a viaduct
F/G
Where people jump when they re out of luck
Em **D**
Raining down on the cars and trucks below

They ve put a net there to catch their fall
Like it ll stop anyone at all
What they don t know is when nature calls, you go

They say that Jesus and mental health
Are just for those who can help themselves
But what good is that when you live in hell on earth?

From the very fear that makes you want to die
Is just the same as what keeps you alive
It s way more trouble than some suicide is worth

Won t it be dull when we rid ourselves
Of all these demons haunting us
To keep us company

Won t it be odd to be happy like we
Always thought we re supposed to feel
But never seem to be

Hard to admit I fought the war on drugs
My hands were tied and the phone was bugged
Another died and the world just shrugged it off

- Thanks very much, feel free to send along any comments, corrections!