# All Good Things

## Medicine

When lines are crossed and in your heart
You can't see where you are
Hold out your hand move through the sand
And there I'll be waiting
When it's seeming dark and all the fruit
Has melted through the bowl
Hold out your hand move through the sand
And know your plate is quite fullWhen all good things come attached by strings
Don't bat an eye. Just fly.When it's feeling hard look to your heart
And you'll know where I am
If you play the game you can be as strange
As you think you should beWhen all good things come attached by strings
Don't bat an eye. Just fly.

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