

# 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 full  
When 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 be  
When all good things come attached by strings  
Don't bat an eye. Just fly.

Songwriters

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