

The Medicine

The Jazz June

Speaking the worlds worth of insignificance
Guess I should have left left-alone unsaid
 'Cause it's been cold
 Cold as forever
 On this forever afternoon
 When a pink drop is already too loud
 Charcoal has erased the ceiling
I guess the burn has settled somewhere past the city
Lights they burn in fever yellows
Guess I should have left the questions left unsaid
 The medicines a simple answer to rely on
 So I fucked up but I'm getting on with my life
 It feels like there's a point to everything
The summer holds the nails to kill the questions
 when I'm beating paper with ink

Songwriters

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