

Painkiller

Turin Brakes

Batter up the hatches Here comes a cold
I can feel it creeping its making me old,
You give me so much love it blows my brain cells
You need something better than the Pick and the mix,
The creaking in the walls and the banging in the bed,
You give me so much that it blows my brain cells.

Summer rain, drifting down your face again,
Summer rain praying someone feels the same,
Take the painkiller, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind

My love giving me head,
feeling very guilty breaking the bread
losing my attention I'm taking the world on,
Batter up the hatches Here comes a cold
I can feel it creeping its making me old,
You give me so much love it blows my brain cells.

Summer rain, drifting down your face again,
Summer rain praying someone feels the same,
Take the painkiller, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind

My love,
My love,
My love,
My love,

Summer rain, drifting down your face again,
Summer rain praying someone feels the same,
Take the painkiller, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind
Summer rain, drifting down your face again,
Summer rain praying someone feels the same,
Take the painkiller, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind,
Leave all this misery behind,
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leave all this misery behind.

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