"Medicine"

The Sundays

Dig down to the earth here outside
Lose my mind here any day now
Don't be sad, we're only half way there
O no, that's what I call home
You remember the hills we slithered down
"I'm not going anywhere"
You liedHell on my own
Hell here on my own
And don't go imagining that time is medicine
Mark those days & swallow your pills
Proud of my wise head on young shoulders
Too bad there was nothing there at allHell on my own
Hell here on my ownAnd it was such a really cold hand
I held as the wind sighed
"I'm not going & how could I lie?"
Just be glad there's no way back there
I need another look at before
Though heaven knows how I'd ever
Make my way back thereAnd I need another look at before
Although heaven knows how I'd ever
Make my way back thereNow I know it's hopeless
And I realize it's nowhere
Hell here on my own

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