

# Medicine

## Broken Bells

This ordinary room is turning  
Into something of a prison hole  
And the only thing we know for certain is that  
Don't nobody know You think none of this is real  
That's why you never try  
So tear it down or build it up, it's the same And on another lonely evening  
When you're staying up counting omens  
In the morning is it so disturbing that you  
Just won't let it go You think hurting gives you license  
To do anything at all  
But you gotta take your medicine  
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall It's a wonder anyone can breathe here  
With a smoke too thick to cough  
So we're falling as we run from cover from the  
Bombs we're setting off  
You think hurting gives you license  
To do anything at all  
But you gotta take your medicine  
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall  
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall So we watch another good day fading  
How we gonna leave the hang man hanging  
Girl one day, you know it all melts into air

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