

Sing Along Song

Kamchatka

I simply ask you:

Is this all you can do for me?

Well, it ain't enough.

No, no, no

And if my only other possibility is to

replace it all with numbness

it still seems to be the path less tough.

Is it not so? Now I hear the pills sing:

"You don't need the real thing.

Let us all in

and we'll keep you from sinking." And after this jar,

will I ever find my way back

to how things used to be?

No, no, no

You tell me I'm not there by far.

"Here's a prescription for another pack.

These things take time, you see."

Is that so? Now I hear the pills sing:

"You don't need the real thing.

Let us all in

and we'll keep you from sinking."

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