

Medic

The Strand

Just one way to bleed. God's son bled too. Isn't that so simple? I know. Bones can't determine what's causing these pains. He scanned everything from my feet to my brain. Doctors, surgeons, can't seem to see what microbe or toxin is causing grief.

Uh uh huh. I can't imagine what it must be like to live without. Uh uh huh. Oh.

Just one way to bleed. God's son bled too. Isn't that so simple? I know. Silence! Bones can't determine what's causing these pains. Scanned everything from my feet to my brain. Doctors, surgeons, can't seem to see what microbe or toxin is causing grief. I won't complain. It won't go away. I can't retreat. Medic!

Uh uh huh. I can't imagine what it must be like to live without. Uh uh huh. Oh. Headache! Uh uh huh. I can't imagine what it must be like to live without. Uh uh huh. Oh. Headache!

So I painted the garden up with seeds and a spider's crawlin up one sleeve. And every time I think hard, pop pop! I can't explain the reason. Just abandon the thought. It's all right. It's okay. I find time to sit and click away.

Uh uh huh. I can't imagine what it must be like to live without. Uh uh huh. Oh. Headache! Uh uh huh. I can't imagine what it must be like to live without. Uh uh huh. Oh. Headache! Headache!

Additional Notes:

Written by Dave Strand and Ryan Hutman

Vocals by Dave Strand and Kimberly Brown

Recorded and engineered by Dave Strand and Ryan Hutman

This song from The Strand: Destroyers Of That Which Is Destroyed And Rulers Of That Which Is Not Destroyed

Music and Lyrics © 2008 The Strand

Recorded at Strandland in Chandler, Arizona

Song writing, production and engineering by Dave Strand (unless otherwise noted)

Mastering by Steve Laskarides of NR Mastering

Lyrics submitted by Dave Strand.

Lyrics provided by

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