No Medication

Cousteau

Patience, hasty
You'll race off the taste
Of these precious times
A scattered thing
Won't pay you no mindTell me, slowly
They were the reasons
That was the war
The kind of hurt
Don't hurt you no more'Cause it's easy
You're leaving no feeling
Just remnants of revealing
And fragments of the truthAnd it's alright
If it's all run by crazies
There's small consolation
There's no medication
For all of your bluesHungry, thirstin'
At a table that's bursting
A privileged haul
Impressive things
Don't take you no moreLoaded, shipwrecked
A cigarette, delicate
Like a lighted fuse
A sullen thing
A furious ruse'Cause it's easy
You're leaving no feeling
Just remnants of redeeming
And fragments of the truthAnd it's alright
If it's all run by crazies
There's small consolation
There's no medication
For all of your blues

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