

Meds (Featuring Lee Ann Womack)

Buddy Miller

I've been in this room before
I can remember the funny shaped crack
Up on the ceiling just north
Of the light bulb usurped on my head
Time to go back on the meds Let's all go out for a walk
It would be nice to get off of all the ground
But then I might see an icicle melting Last summer it all looked so beautiful
Even a talking cure seemed possible
But now they all seem to feel
It's fuzzy illogical Thanks for the chocolates, mom
You can keep your illusions, I'll keep mine
But there's no point left in pondering
The when or the why, or the how

Songwriters

Marc Ribot Published by

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