Remedy

Jennifer Knapp

in my blood the sun of a Kansas sky
turn the Flint Hills gold
and burn them dry
o, the roads i had to take
to make good my escapeTornado Alley, don't i know
you well i shoulda known better
than to build my house in hell
o, the bones i had to break
to make my home in such a placei think i need a doctor
with a shot to cure me
whisky or a bullet,please
a shot to be my remedyyou've be around my
neck so burdensome
you say i've changed
you rue what i've become
o, the bones i had to break
to fit into your perfect spacei think i need a doctor
with a shot to cure me
whiskey or a bullet, please
a shot to be my remedyvanity: you've been hard to track
i waste my youth on you and i want
it back
o, the bones i've yet to break
i'm growing old
i need a home
i need a cure to stop this painI think i need a doctor
with a shot to cure me
whiskey or a bullet please
a shot to be my remedy

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