

# City Headache (John Leckie Session)

[Scott Matthews](#)

City headache subside your deary talk  
Send a doctor to my house  
Got me a fever coming 'round the bend  
And a bus load of dangerStraight talking, you're sending me to bed  
'Cause I ain't walking in my state  
A temperature that will not go away  
So let it willow in my head, my headPrescribed pills, just soil 'em down the sink  
'Cause in the hills is my cure  
No city headache to knock on my front door  
No [Incomprehensible] faces burn meYour output love resign it to my ears  
The blinking signals from your mouth  
Some cleansing water to wash away the grind  
The city laughter on my face, my faceIt's not for me, a speed in which you walk  
Would burn the soul and my feet  
And just in and choking from the fall  
Until you're smoking freak showsThat's how it goes so you just find the road  
And pack your bags, no

Songwriters

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