

Thanks To You

Copeland

Thanks to you, I'm moving on
Chasing out my skeletons and the troubles they have caused
And all thanks to you
I'm turning over the pages in this book of revelations about self-medication
But there's this ringing in my head (who said it was gonna be easy?)
As the ghost of you hangs over my bed
Thanks to you, I'm not myself
I'm all strung out, that much is clear
And I'll spend my whole life-time with your life-line wrapped around my throat
Thanks to you
All thanks to you
Thanks to you, I've lost my touch
I struggle to find the sense in making sense
And giving a semblance of a fuck
And thanks to you, for all the nightmares
There's not a night that I sleep quiet and complacent without my medication

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