

# This Pain

Adam Cohen

I drank the poison,  
You took the pills,  
It didnt get us anywhere.  
We called the help line to confess our crimes,  
There wasnt anybody there. Like a self-portrat of Vincent Van Gough,  
Like a traveler in the rain,  
Like a mother finally letting go,  
We all learn to live with pain. I know why you hurt me,  
I know why I let you,  
The more you hurt me,  
The more I can feel you.  
It's strange, so strange, this pain,  
This pain that I love. The fortune tellers they forge the future,  
They never give you the bad news,  
So I went undercover,  
I saw your lover,  
But Im still here with you. Like a self-portrat of Vincent Van Gough,  
Like a traveler in the rain,  
Like a mother finally letting go,  
We all learn to live with pain. I know why you hurt me,  
I know why I let you,  
The more you hurt me,  
The more I can feel you.  
It's strange, so strange, this pain,  
This pain that I love, that I love. I know why I let you,  
The more you hurt me,  
The more I can feel you.  
It's strange, so strange, this pain,  
This pain that I love, that I love.

Songwriters

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