## Medicine

```
Sometimes it rains inside my head
All the words run dry
Walls are breathing hands are reaching up
To touch my thigh
No, they don't have to take you away
Sometimes it's bright inside my head
Just like the spark in my eyes
And hands are breathing ones are reaching up
'Cause that's the time we rise
No, they don't have to take you away
```

No, they don't have to take you away