Days Without Paracetamol

Snow Patrol

When summer falls asleep And winter plucks your strings The colder that you get Makes you feel at home Build it up, tear it up, throw it out If I come round there now Would you be pleased to see me I wouldn't make much noise Just whimper to myself Build it up, tear it up, throw it out My head hurts more each time The drinking strangles me Believ in God, like hell Believe in hell, by God