

## 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