

Apothecary Love

The Low Anthem

I met her down at the apothecary
Her sad sad eyes, the burden she carried
Oh darling, try this one if you need a friend
I've got the cure for the shape that you're in

When you met me you were numb from the voice in your head
Conspiracy delusions that your boyfriend kept fed
I sewar I want nothing, just give me your hand
I've got the cure for the shape that you're in

With her saccharine luster, she's a hard little pill
But she eased me and taught my hands to be still
Just once in the morning, and evening again
She had the cure for the shape I was in

All delusions of grandeur, they've long left my head
As I gave up the notion that I've been well bred
First she shot me with whisky, then chased me with gin
But swore I was the cure for the shape she was in

Then she left me here reeling with that time-release feeling
Like a long wisp of hunger, I swung from the ceiling
So if you see me down at the apothecary again
I can't find a cure for the shape that I'm in