

## Medicine

The Sundays

Dig down to the earth here outside  
Lose my mind here any day now  
Don't be sad, we're only half way there  
O no, that's what I call home  
You remember the hills we slithered down  
"I'm not going anywhere"  
You lied

Hell on my own  
Hell here on my own

And don't go imagining that time is medicine  
Mark those days and swallow your pills  
Proud of my wise head on young shoulders  
Too bad there was nothing there at all

Hell on my own  
Hell here on my own

And it was such a really cold hand  
I held as the wind sighed  
"I'm not going & how could I lie?"  
Just be glad there's no way back there

I need another look at before  
Though heaven knows how I'd ever  
Make my way back there  
And I need another look at before  
Although heaven knows how I'd ever  
Make my way back there

Though I know it's hopeless  
And I realise it's nowhere

Hell here on my own