

# Pain Killer

Turin Brakes

Batten up the hatches, here comes the cold  
I can feel it creeping, it's making me old  
You give me so much love that it blows my brains out

You need something better than the bacon and eggs  
The creaking in the walls and the banging in the bed  
You give me so much love that it blows my brains out

Summer rain, dripping down your face again  
Summer rain, praying someone feels the same  
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle  
Leave all this misery behind

My love giving me head  
Feeling very guilty, breaking the bread  
Losing my attention, I'm taking the world on

So batten up the hatches, here comes the cold  
I can feel it creeping, it's making me old  
You give me so much love that it blows my brains out

Summer rain, dripping down your face again  
Summer rain, praying someone feels the same  
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle  
Leave all this misery behind

My love, my love  
My love, oh, my love

Summer rain, dripping down your face again  
Summer rain, praying someone feels the same  
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle  
Leave all this misery behind

Summer rain, dripping down your face again  
Summer rain, praying someone feels the same  
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle  
Leave all this misery behind

Leave all this misery behind  
(Summer rain)  
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