

Medicine

Broken Bells

This ordinary room is turning
Into something of a prison hole
And the only thing we know for certain is that
Don't nobody know

You think none of this is real that's
Why you never try
So tear it down or build it up it's the same

And on another lonely evening
When you're staying up counting omens
In the morning is it so disturbing that you
Just won't let it go

You think hurting gives you license
To do anything at all
But you gotta take your medicine
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall

It's a wonder anyone can breathe here
With a smoke too thick to cough
So we're falling as we run for cover from the
Bombs we're setting off

You think hurting gives you license
To do anything at all
But you gotta take your medicine
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall

So we watch another good day fading
How we gonna leave the hang man hanging
Girl one day you know it all melts into air