

Prescription

Scott Matthew

I walked a country mile
Now I am alone
Seeds of love have turned
Into weeds overgrown
And this parachute that held
Heart strings taught and strong
Have torn beyond repair
The surgeon's been and gone
Like you he's been and gone

And I must admit this tragic ending
Sounds kind of appealing
Even though I'm alone
And I must admit this prescriptions working
The sweet thought of sleeping
Even though its alone
Even though its alone