

## **Cohen Adam**

### **"THIS PAIN"**

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I drank the poison  
You took the pills  
It didn't get us anywhere  
We called the help line  
To confess our crimes  
There wasn't anybody there  
Like the self-portrait of Vincent Van Gogh  
Like a traveler in the rain  
Like a mother finally letting go  
We learn to live with pain  
I know why you hurt me  
I know why I let you  
The more you hurt me  
The more I can feel you  
It's strange, so strange  
This pain, this pain that I love  
The fortune tellers  
They forge the future  
They never give you the bad news  
So I went under cover  
I saw your lover

But I'm still here with you  
Like the self-portrait of Vincent Van Gogh  
Like a traveler in the rain  
Like a mother finally letting go  
We learn to live with pain  
I know why you hurt me  
I know why I let you  
The more you hurt me  
The more I can feel you  
It's strange, so strange  
This pain, this pain that I love  
That I love  
I know why you hurt me  
I know why I let you  
The more you hurt me  
The closer I get to you  
It's strange, so strange  
This pain, this pain that I love  
That I love

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