

Good Religion

"Favorite Son"

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Why did you need to take that pill?
Never has and never will
Make you better make you well
You're shackled in your self-inflicted cell
Sunlight you'll never see
You're a prisoner of pharmacology
And you're telling me you feel fine
Never better
That's what you said in your last letter
That was read aloud at your memorial last week
Where are you now?
Up above?
I hope you find some kind of love
That isn't bottled or tamper-resistant
But unconditional and consistent
The peace you've spent you lifetime searching for
If this is what it takes
Maybe others can learn form your mistakes
And turn off that blacklight before it gets too late

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