

## Placebo "Kings of Medicine"

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They're pickin' up pieces of me,  
While they're pickin' up pieces of you.  
In a bag you will be, before the day is over.  
Were you looking for somewhere to be.  
Or looking for someone to do.  
Stupid me, to believe that I could trust in stupid you.  
And on the back of my hand,  
Were, directions I could understand.  
Now that old buzzard Johnny Walker,  
Has gone and ruined all our plans.  
Our best-made plans.

Don't leave me here, to cast through time,  
Without a map, or road sign.  
Don't leave me here, my guiding light,  
'Cause I, I, wouldn't know where to begin.  
I asked the Kings of Medicine.

They're pickin' up pieces of me,  
While they're pickin' up pieces of you.  
Lying on ice you will be before the day is over.  
It's a case in point baby,  
That you never thought it through.  
Stupid me, to believe I could depend on stupid you.  
And on the tip of my tongue,  
Were, words that always came out all wrong.  
'Cause they were drowned in Southern Comfort,  
Left to dry-out in the Sun,  
The noon-day Sun.

Don't leave me here, to cast through time,  
Without a map, or road sign.  
Don't leave me here, my guiding light,  
'Cause I, I, wouldn't know where to begin.  
I asked the Kings of Medicine,  
But it seems that they've lost their powers.  
Now all I'm left with is the hour.

Don't leave me here, to cast through time,  
Without a map, or road sign.  
Don't leave me here, my guiding light,  
'Cause I, I, wouldn't know where to begin.

I asked the Kings of Medicine,  
But it seems that they have lost their powers.  
Now all I'm left with is the hour.

Don't leave me here,  
Don't leave me here, oh no-oh,  
I wouldn't know where to begin.

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