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"IÂ'm Guessing ThereÂ's A Pill For That"

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Sing songs wonÂ't you sing along into the back room
A thought alone in this world is just like me to disagree
Ever wonder why the animals so narrowly escape
manic depression
Put it on my tab

If I paint the sky at the right time
And set it for your eyes to gaze upon
Honey will you see the lights
Will you hold my hand tonight

Last call for alcohol in the loneliest of avenues with no
one I know
ThereÂ's a medicine for that
ThereÂ's a medicine for that

Down to earth on a mattress at a cheap motel
Counting dollar bills and pretending I know her well
ThereÂ's a medicine for that
ThereÂ's a medicine for that

Sing back the tunes we play
Transistor radios and old board games
I look at the computer and might cry
The fire spreads through the dry grass nearby

We bust grooves like the crippled mausoleum keepers
Wheelchair running from the grim reaper
Printing centerfolds from the school computer
From the school computer

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