

## Sunday's Best

### "Medicine"

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Dig down to the earth here outside  
Lose my mind here any day now  
Don't be sad  
We're only half way there  
O no  
That's what I call home  
You remember the hills we slithered down  
"I'm not going anywhere"  
You lied  
Hell on my own  
Hell here on my own  
& don't go imagining that time is medicine  
Mark those days & swallow your pills  
Proud of my  
Wise head on young shoulders  
Too bad  
There was nothing there at all  
Hell on my own  
Hell here on my own  
& it was such a really cold hand  
I held as the wind sighed  
"I'm not going & how could I lie?"  
Just be glad  
There's no way back there  
I need another look at before  
Though heaven knows how I'd ever make  
My way back there  
& I need another look at before  
Although heaven knows how I'd ever make  
My way back there  
Now I know it's hopeless  
& I realise it's nowhere  
Hell here on my own

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