

Sundays "Medicine"

Visit "[Medicine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Sundays](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.