

## The Sundays "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  
Oh 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

And don't go imagining that time is medicine  
Mark those days and 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

And it was such a really cold hand  
I held as the wind sighed  
And I'm not going and 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

And I need another look at before  
Although Heaven knows how I'd ever  
Make my way back there

Now I know it's hopeless  
And i realise it's nowhere  
Hell here on my own

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