

Liz Green

"Bad Medicine"

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Well the words of an old blues man, they're always in
time with his soul.

Though his face be cracked and worn like age-old
summer soil.

You know he gave you his hand so you would lift him
off that ground,

And no one wants a hand that's rough to touch from
The sh*t that it's been carrying around.

And every man wants more than he, ever did before.
He's still got no way out, we've got no way out,
No way out, we've got no way out of this.

Well he walks through town like a bible prophet,
Knows he owns it all, but sometimes he doesn't bother
No sometimes he doesn't bother
Lord well he knows the dark hearts of men
And he's been there before, yeah he won't go there
again,
No yeah, he won't go there again.

For every man wants more than he, ever did before.
He's still got no way out, we've got no way out
No way out, we've got no way out of this.

So if my eyes turn black and my teeth fall out
And my hair's caught up in rags,
Don't give me none of that medicine 'cause I'll spit it
right back out.

He tried so hard to fit in but he never really got a
chance.
Before he spoke they burnt him, cut him, roped him
And finally put him in the ground.
He said "I've been though war, and I've been though
law
And I've climbed that hill so cold
Yeah, I've been though more than you'll ever know
Still they never let me go"

And every man wants more than he, ever did before

He's still got no way out, we've got no way out
No way out, we've got no way out of this

So if my eyes turn black and my teeth fall out
And my hair's caught up in rags,
Don't give me none of that medicine 'cause I'll spit it
right back out.
Oh yeah, I will spit it right,
I will spit it right,
I will spit it right back out.
I will spit it right,
I will spit it right,
I will spit it right back out.

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