

## Medicine

### Broken Bells

This ordinary room is turning  
Into something of a prison hole  
And the only thing we know for certain is that  
Don't nobody know

You think none of this is real that's  
Why you never try  
So tear it down or build it up it's the same

And on another lonely evening  
When you're staying up counting omens  
In the morning is it so disturbing that you  
Just won't let it go

You think hurting gives you license  
To do anything at all  
But you gotta take your medicine  
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall

It's a wonder anyone can breathe here  
With a smoke too thick to cough  
So we're falling as we run for cover from the  
Bombs we're setting off

You think hurting gives you license  
To do anything at all  
But you gotta take your medicine  
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall  
Allow your hands to lose their grip and let it fall

So we watch another good day fading  
How we gonna leave the hang man hanging  
Girl one day you know it all melts into air