

Days Without Paracetamol

Snow Patrol

When summer falls asleep
And winter plucks your strings
The colder that you get
Makes you feel at home
Build it up, tear it up, throw it out
If I come round there now
Would you be pleased to see me
I wouldn't make much noise
Just whimper to myself
Build it up, tear it up, throw it out
My head hurts more each time
The drinking strangles me
Believ in God, like hell
Believe in hell, by God