

The Medicine

The Jazz June

Speaking the worlds worth of insignificance
Guess I should have left left-alone unsaid
Cause it's been cold
Cold as forever
On this forever afternoon
When a pink drop is already too loud
Charcoal has erased the ceiling
I guess the burn has settled somewhere past the city
Lights they burn in fever yellows
Guess I should have left the questions left unsaid
The medicines a simple answer to rely on
So I fucked up but I'm getting on with my life
It feels like there's a point to everything
The summer holds the nails to kill the questions
when i'm beating paper with ink

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>