

Marcus Mumford, Better Off High

Bless that medicine
For bringing round
That click in your head
Better off high than dead
When you are stripped bare
When you have settled your affairs
Dressed in white, like a bride
Or a new believer
Holding a handful of dimes
What else can we try?
What else can we try?
It's all that's left for us
When you are back on the line
The lost stillness in your mind
Almost deceives me
And all of this tedious talk
It's cheap
It's easy
Holding a handful of dimes
What else can we try?
It's all that's left for us
Anyway
Anyway
Get some pills, put a piece on me
And it still feels like there are hooks in me
When the silence turns up to cursing me
Bless that medicine
For bringing round
That click in your head
Better off high than dead