## 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