

The Cult, Bad Medicine Waltz

It's funny how people stare
When your back's against the wall
It's funny how people stare
When your back's against the wall

I reach my hand
I reach my hand
For that bad medicine

The crowds are full of heroes
Propping up the mark with their empty goals
It's starting and it's raining
And the porno burns my eyes
Wipe away the tear
With the skin from my hide

Don't you give into that bad medicine
Keep on smiling

It's funny how people stare
When your back's against the wall
Oh, it's funny how people stare
When your back's against the wall

I've heard about this new world you're building
But will there be room for me?
It's starting and it's raining
And the porno burns my eyes
Wipe away the tear
With the skin from my hide

Reach out for that bad medicine
Ooh, feel your skin burn
Feel your soul turn

Don't you give into
Don't you give into that bad medicine
Bad medicine

Smile, it may take a while
But it's better than being nailed to the floor
Spit in their face if they stare while you're down
Don't reach out for that bad medicine
Don't reach out for that bad medicine

Try smiling or smile or smile
Bad medicine get hold of
Bad medicine get hold of you
Wipe away the tears
With the skin from my hide
Wipe away the tears
With the skin from my hide

It's funny how people stare
When your back's against the wall
It's funny how people stare
When your back's against the wall

I reach out my hand
I reach out my hand for that bad medicine
Don't you give into
Don't you give into that bad medicine
That bad medicine
Mmmm, bad medicine

Mmmm, bad medicine