

# 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