

Adam Cohen, This Pain

I drank the poison,
You took the pills,
It didnt get us anywhere.
We called the help line to confess our crimes,
There wasnt anybody there.

Like a self-portrat of Vincent Van Gough,
Like a traveler in the rain,
Like a mother finally letting go,
We all learn to live with pain.

I know why you hurt me,
I know why I let you,
The more you hurt me,
The more I can feel you.
It's strange, so strange, this pain,
This pain that I love.

The fortune tellers they forge the future,
They never give you the bad news,
So I went undercover,
I saw your lover,
But Im still here with you.

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