

Alice Ripley, The Break

They told me that the wiring was somehow all misfiring
And screwing up the signals in my brain
And then they told me chemistry, the juice and not the circuitry
Was mixing up and making me insane
What happens when the burn has healed, when the skin has not regrown?
What happens when the cast at last comes off
And then you find the break was always in another bone?
They tried a million meds and they strapped me to their beds
And they shrugged and told me that's the way it goes
But finally you hit it, I asked you just what did it
You shrugged and said that no one really knows
What happens if the medicine wasn't really in control?
What happens if the cut, the burn, the break
Was never in my brain or in my blood but in my soul?
What happens if the cut, the burn, the break
Was never in my brain or in my blood but in my soul?