

Del Amitri, Medicine

You can find another country if you want
Somewhere you can hide yourself away
Find yourself another set of holes to haunt
Get yourself another debt that you can't pay
Yeah, you can try to run for cover everywhere
Add another letter to your name
Burn everything you ever used to wear
Get yourself another lover that looks the same
But sometimes it's the medicine itself that makes the pain
Well, you can always make another move again
Another set of keys, a different town
And you can try to lose yourself in them
'Till the truth it catches up and cuts you down
'Cos sometimes it's the medicine itself that makes the pain
And you can always hide the wreckage that you come from
But every new disguise is just another lie to run from.
You can only try to fool yourself so long
With any kind of measure you can find
'Cos every phony pleasure you've been on
Has lifted off and left the pain behind.
'Cos sometimes it's the medicine itself that makes the pain