

Placebo, King Of Medicine

They're picking up pieces of me
While they're picking up pieces of you
In a bag you will be before the day is over
While you're looking for somewhere to be
Or looking for someone to do
Stupid me to believe that I could trust in stupid you
And on the back of my hand
Were directions I could understand
Now that old buzzer Johnny Walker
Has gone and ruined all our plans
Our best mate plans
Don't leave me here to pass through time
Without a map or road sign
Don't leave me here, my guiding light
'Cause I, I wouldn't know where to begin
I ask the kings of medicine
They're picking up pieces of me
While they're picking up pieces of you
Lying on ice you will be before the day is over
So case in point, baby
That you never thought it through
Stupid me to believe I could depend on stupid you
And on the tip of my tongue
Were words that always came out wrong
'Cause they were drowned in southern comfort
Left to dry out in the sun, the noon day sun
Don't leave me here to pass through time
Without a map or road sign
Don't leave me here, my guiding light
'Cause I, I wouldn't know where to begin
I ask the kings of medicine
But it seems they've lost their power
Now all I'm left with is the hour
Don't leave me here to pass through time
Without a map or road sign
Don't leave me here, my guiding light
'Cause I, I wouldn't know where to begin
I ask the kings of medicine
But it seems they've lost their power
Now all I'm left with is the hour
Don't leave me here
Don't leave me here, oh no
I wouldn't know where to begin