

Turin Brakes, Pain Killer

Batten up the hatches, here comes the cold
I can feel it creeping, it's making me old
You give me so much love that it blows my brains out

You need something better than the bacon and eggs
The creaking in the walls and the banging in the bed
You give me so much love that it blows my brains out

Summer rain,dripping down your face again
Summer rain,praying someone feels the same
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind

My love giving me head, feeling very guilty,breaking the bread
Losing my attention, taking the world on
So batten up the hatches, here comes the cold
I can feel it creeping, it's making me old
You give me so much love that it blows my brains out

Summer rain,dripping down your face again
Summer rain,praying someone feels the same
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind

My love, my love, my love, my love oh my love

Summer rain,dripping down your face again
Summer rain,praying someone feels the same
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind

Summer rain,dripping down your face again
Summer rain,praying someone feels the same
Take the pain killer, cycle on your bicycle
Leave all this misery behind
Leave all this misery behind
Leave all this misery behind
Leave all this misery behind