

# Alanis Morissette, Rest

All these relief-givers  
The needle sure revs in the red  
Chemicals like hugs from inside  
they feel like my best friend

You think me a coward but I'm a warrior  
With many voices in my head  
When I looked around and I reached out  
I saw no alternative

God rest, God rest our souls  
And this substance is the only comfort I know

He's been pushing for a while

Can we cut this man some slack  
Let him lie down, lie down

We're a country desperate for the embryonic  
I am cold and i am hungry and  
I yearn for a hand on my forehead