Sheryl Crow, Make It Go Away (Radiation Song)

I stare into Some great abyss And calculate The things Id miss If I could only Make some sense of this

And Madam Butterfly Resounds Over the mothership Her lights flashing around I float above her and I wonder how To make it go away Make it go away

I crawl into my circumstance Lay on the table Begging for another chance But I was a good girl I cant understand how to Make it go away Make it go away

Sometimes I wonder Which hurts the worse The thought of dying Or reliving every hurt Was love the illness And disease the cure Make it go away