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