

# The Ballad of Richie Lee

Spiritualized

My soul is weak  
my eyes are blind  
the fire that drove me on  
is nothing more than dust and ash  
the day my friend was gone...

Now we got his name on a rock again  
this time it's the last

Party is over fire

So put your hand in my hand  
and maybe we'll forget  
that life had even started  
before the day we met

My rotten bones full of holes  
skin just holds 'em in  
might look like I'm damaged  
but the damage is deep within...

So put your hand in my hand  
and maybe we'll forget  
that life had even started  
before the day we met