

## A Passing Tale

Bobby Long

'Cause my mouth is dry and I cannot speak I've lost all faith in you I admit I've lost a few Slur my word against the wind

'Cause my day is death My night is dark My love won't answer the call With the rain like steel upon my face My heart is certain to fall

'Cause I'm tired of sins corrupting me And the fever turning me in I don't know where I am headed to But at least I know where I've been

'Cause my mouth is dry and I cannot speak I've lost all faith in you I admit I've lost a few Slur my word against the wind

And I've been down for twelve half days And I've kinda hit the floor I'm reaching for something more Slur my word against the wind

I'm heading down to that long lost space Where the light won't bounce off the floor As the eye turns to stare at me (instead of me??) My footsteps head straight to the door

'Cause I'm alone again in this lonely place With no shadow at my side And my head is littered with your lust And it's cold and rancid outside

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