

All My Days

Edwyn Collins

Left my home for yesteryear
Took a trip to shed my fear
All my life, all my days
Turn to dust, turned away

And I'm trying to comprehend
The force, the fear
I'm willing to accept the good that's near

Through the years there's a choice
To get away, I will someday
All my life, all my days
Turn to dusk, turned away

And I'm trying to comprehend
The force, the fear
I'm willing to accept the good that's near

And I'm trying to comprehend
The force, the fear
I'm willing to accept the course I'll steer
The course I'll steer
The course last year