

Things we said, things we've done
Now you're dead, now you're gone
And I believed in you

Why can't I complain on you, Lord?
Why can't I complain on you, Lord?
Why can't I complain on you no more?

Now you're free from your sore
More to me than before
And I believed in you 'til the end

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Now you're dead, now you're gone
And I believed in you 'til the end

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