

Killing Me

Fred Eaglesmith

Up on the high ground
Down on my knees
This old world is killing me
Gotta have rain
If you want to plant seed
This old world is killing me
This old world is killing me

I was down on the ninth of July
This old world is killing me
They put me to work
In a field of rye
This old world is killing me
This old world is killing me

I can't get out and I don't fit in

This old world is killing me
If I die I'll just come back again
This old world is killing me
This old world is killing me

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