

For The Dead

Gene

With every wind I hear you sing
"You will be fine"
With every note stuck in your throat
"This is your time", but
Everyone is just walking away from me
Am I really that nasty
All the dust and dirt affects my skin
Everyone is just turning away from me
Am I really that filthy
it's cold and dark, let me in
I'm in love with this land of plenty
Full of folks that still are friendly
I've lost my will, still I see some hope
Give me a rope, I'll take it gladly
Find me a tree, make it sturdy
Bye ma!
It's my time to go
Yes this one's for the dead