

Dying Day

Gin Wigmore

Lay down your broken head
I can see you cry away your life
Fall like you fell from grace
Soft, but sweetly say
This is my dying day

And if you don't mind
I would like to
Fly, fly far away
That's all I wanna do is
Fly, fly far my way
That's all I'm gonna do
On my dying day

Live, like you never have
Take in all you can
Before the wind decides
To lead like a Mother pleas
Don't let go of my hand
On my dying day

And if you don't mind I would like to
Fly, fly far away
That's all I wanna do is
Fly on, fly in my own way
Where nobody can touch me
Nobody can I'm flying
Flying my own way I
hat's all I want to do
On my dying day

I'm shaken by the cold of the roses that we grow
To give our heads a happy state of mind
And all I need to know
Is where I can go I
f you lock me out and leave me here to die

I will fly, fly far away
That's all I wanna do is
Fly on, fly in my own way
Where nobody can touch me
Nobody can I'm flying
So far away
That's all I want to do
On my dying day
On my dying day
On my dying day