

All My Letters

James

James in the Green Room with Will Smith and Jay-Z
Now who, who do we pretend we used to be
Summer's up in the shape of a daisy
Fool
We did all this work
So where's our bling?

I'll draw a line in the sand to pass through
I'll leave a mark
In free hand
I'll draw a line in the sand to rescue
I'll draw a line

I sing of love and the healing within
But where
Where is the song to end my suffering?
You call me king
But I feel like a failure
You, what colour you choose to paint your skin

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I'll leave a mark
In free hand
I'll draw a line in the sand to rescue
I'll draw a line
In free hand

All my letters
Are on fire
From the air
My text is clear
Please forgive me
Please receive me
Rescue me
From all my fears

All my letters
Are on fire
Hell and peace seen from the air
Out of matches
Out of prayers

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