

Far From Here

Logan Halstead

When my lips turn cold and purple
And I take my last breath
Were the pills I took really worth it
To fight the demons in my head

Well I know I ain't bound for glory
So I'm off to hell it seems
I can hear that train a-coming
I can hear the engine scream

Tell my momma that I'm sorry
For I'm riding that long black train
I don't wanna leave here
But I can't seem to numb the pain

And when my soul does wander
To a place far from here
Don't you mourn for me my darling
Don't you cry for me my dear

Well I miss just being happy
With nothing to hold me down
Now I can lay my thoughts to rest
When they lay me in the ground
I can say I miss your memory
And the way you held me so
Now you'll hear that lonesome fiddle
As they lay me low

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