

## 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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