

William Elliott Whitmore

"Sometimes Our Dreams Float Like Anchors"

Visit "[Sometimes Our Dreams Float Like Anchors](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And the hammer swings high and comes down hard
Drive another nail into my coffin lid
And as the days go by if I can play my part
Well I'll feel no remorse for what I did

Your mother would cry if she only could
But those days are gone, those days are gone
And she always tried to see the good in everything that
you done

And sometimes our dreams they float like anchors in
hopeless waters oh way down here
Sometimes it seems that all that matters most are all
the things that you can't keep

Oh, the skin, Oh, the skin
That this old world has placed me in
I can't wait to shed, I can't wait to shed
Lord I'll be free when I'm dead
/]

Visit [William Elliott Whitmore](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.