

Frame The City

"Sickbeds"

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Lying in the sickbed waiting to go
Fill me with morphine and Demerol
Swa__ of the cast off, just lye in the shade
Closer to Christ now, kneeling down on the blade
But don't leave me drowning
The river surrounds me and into my soul
Don't leave me lying, so closer to dying

So I need ____, stay to ____ on my way to go
The air of ____ floats through the h____
Woke me up crying next to you by the wall
Don't leave me scathing, the ashes are breaking
Me to my bones
Don't leave me lying, so ____ ____ dying
Down, down, down, down

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