

## Gin Wigmore "Dying Day"

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Lay down your broken head  
□I can see you cry away your life□  
Fall like you fell from grace□  
Soft, but sweetly say  
□This is my dying day□□

And if you don't mind  
□I would like to  
□Fly, fly far away□  
That's all I wanna do is□  
Fly□, fly far my way□  
That's all I'm gonna do□  
On my dying day□□

Live, like you never have  
□Take in all you can□  
Before the wind decides□  
To lead like a Mother pleas□  
Don't let go of my hand□  
On my dying day□□

And if you don't mind□I would like to  
□Fly□, fly far away□  
That's all I wanna do is□  
Fly on, fly in my own way□

Where nobody can touch me□  
Nobody can □I'm flying  
□Flying my own way□T  
hat's all I want to do□  
On my dying day□□

I'm shaken by the cold of the roses that we grow□  
To give our heads a happy state of mind□  
And all I need to know  
□Is where I can go□I  
f you lock me out and leave me here to die

□□I will fly□, fly far away  
□That's all I wanna do is  
□Fly on, fly in my own way□  
Where nobody can touch me□

Nobody can □I'm flying□  
So far away□  
That's all I want to do  
□On my dying day  
□On my dying day□  
On my dying day

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