

Cowboy Junkies

"Encore: Dark Hole Again"

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Michael Timmins
Stuck in that dark hole again.
Someone throw me a ladder
on which I can depend.
Someone give me a handhold
to help me ascend.
Someone give me a reason
to start up these walls once again.

Lost in those gray clouds again.
Trying to punch my way through them
as fear settles in.
Earth growing larger as I fall into a spin.
Someone give me a reason
to take on those gray clouds again.

Caught in this rip tide again.
My mouth wide open,
the sea pouring in.
Perhaps I'll just float here
and see where this journey ends.
Until someone gives me a reason
to stay clear of those rip tides again.

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