

Mercedes Rose

"04/06/62"

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Let this be our final fair well
with swollen lungs and blood shot eyes
the music fades and you slowly die
your bodies failings, my heart is so numb
you didn't have to go this way,
I refuse to watch you die this way

spending your last moments gazing upon
the lights of this town
reminiscing of time's once past
your memory will forever last
and I, can't help but think I never tried
can I try

this will be our final fair well
I will wage my war against
an ocean of a contagious bronze
a battle with the bottle,
a battle I cannot hope to win
this is our final fair well

your heart decays with every beat
the music is dead, my heart is at my feet
this hole in my chest is filling with defeat
but I will suppress, I will remain strong
cause it's the thought of you that keeps me holding on

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