

Paul Colman

"Old Man"

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Goodbye old man won't see you again
I'm free to fly my wrists and ankles you tied
You lied that voice of reason became my pride
Now I see you behind bars your prison is no longer
mine
So goodbye old man take a last look at my back
Goodbye disease
You're not on my body where people can see
I sinned against you my friend
Tried to lead you to somewhere that I've never been
I am what you say anger found it's home in this house
of pain
It's time to swim salvation's waters 'cause you're still
not wet

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