

## **Rebekka Karijord**

# **"Dead On My Feet"**

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Heading for the gutter of my mind  
Our history is on rewind  
People passing by me  
gloomy shadows down the street  
Feels as though I am dead on my feet

How do you grieve for someone still alive?  
Someone coping, on the other side  
Someone whos voice you know even better than your  
own  
Someone who thinks you are made of stone

I once wrote a song about our love  
promised I would stay forever more  
Now my words of joy and hope are ringing in my head  
consistency is a virtue of the dead

So if I am dead on my feet  
I can not provide you with what you need  
But I hope you understand I hope you see  
that you can never be replaced in me

You have never felt as close as you do now  
Maybe it is our loss gathering us somehow?

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