

The People's Blues Of Richmond

"Leaves Die"

Visit "[Leaves Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, I wish I'd died that night out on Marshall Street
When you dragged me face down
By my barefeet
All dead weight, bourbon, and morphine.

You left me lyin' by the stairs
With my lungs void of air
But I'm cursed to survive
Until next year, aw, next year when the leaves die,
So will I.

I wish I'd just been institutionalized
I wish the police had torn me to pieces for my crimes
And my wicked heart torn open wide

But there's no end in sight
Only more lonely nights
That I'm cursed to occupy
Until next year when the leaves die
So will I.

Oh just one more handful of your olive breast
Just one more taste of your cigarette breath
Just one more heartbreaking carress

Well it's too late for love
I'm so fucked up
So I'll keep on getting drunk and high
Until next years, when the leaves die
So will I.

I'm scattered like the trash in the valley
I'm shattered like the glass in the alley
Where the tattered rags tried to hold on me

I'll never love again
My soul is ruined
But I'm cursed to survive
Until next year, when the leaves die
So will I.

Visit [The People's Blues Of Richmond](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.