

Hal Sparks Band, The "S.O.S"

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I feel the world is winding down
The smell of you here, I can't hear the sound
It's here on my hands
The broken words, stolen demands
Oh
The time is now my enemy
It's growing colder with every moment that I never see
So much pain, so much anger in vain

Chorus
And now there's nothing left to save
And the same old saviors feel so far away
And I can't believe the things I've done
And the same old saviors forgive, but the tears still
come

Oh

[guitar break]

Oh

I'm pickin' my hands up off the ground
Coz I feel, feel the world is winding down
The only thing I know is true is I'm hurting you

Chorus (2x)

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