

# Losing Jim

## Holland

And I cry until I bleed  
And red is all I see  
Holding on, dead and goneNo miracle rehearsed  
Could take away this curse  
Swollen eyes, hung to dryLose your last hope, beginning to choke  
All I can take is thrown in my face  
I know you mean well, but I'm not wellAnd these bones are caving it  
No spirit left within  
Fading fast, never lastAnd the stench is strong  
Of memories gone  
Wearing thin and losing JimLose your last hope, beginning to choke  
All I can take is thrown in my face  
I know you mean well, but I'm not wellAnd the stench is strong  
Of memories gone  
Wearing thin and losing Jim

Songwriters

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