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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