Save Me, Clara

The Dimes

lyin on the cold hard ground
with the echoes of a canon round
my lungs are full of smoke and fear,
and the rain is mixin with my tearsoh save me clara, i fear i'm fadin
hold me clara, don't keep me waitin
i don't have longmy hands are lyin on the ground,
i can't feel what they're sayin
haunted by the terrible sound
of the priest above me prayinoh save me clara, i fear i'm fadin
hold me clara, don't keep me waitin
i don't have long

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