Goodbye Winston Churchill

The Weeks

It's an old south it's a new union it's an eye for an eye and I'm still shooting.
I seen cold roads some paid with glory but I'm too old for your bed time stories.
I spent hot nights breath stained with whiskey.
Lost somewhere out in mississippi.
I won't rest until my breathes are hollow and my spirit is sure to follow.
Don't fight em off if they're coming they're about to break the walls and sneak in someday.
I could be weak lord scared and running but I'll plant my feet right here I'll stay.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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