

Pick Me Up

Clean Cut Kid

Under the white noise
I hear a clear voice calling me
you've got a way of
spelling it out so perfectly
I fear a nightmare
you've been putting off telling me
then out of nowhere
you find the words to make me see
when I lose sight, blinded by life
lose my grip on the truth
I hear your voice cuts like a knife
hits me like a ball from the blue
Pick me up
your voice can come along and
Pick me up
your voice can come along and
Pick me up
your voice can come along and
Pick me up
your voice can just come along and just pick me up over the crowd noise
I hear a loud voice singing
I think it's your voice
to every word I'm clinging
always remember I'm right here just looking out for you to forever
so I can always count on you
when I lose sight blinded by life
lose my grip on the truth
I hear your voice cuts like a knife
hits me like a ball from the blue
Pick me up
your voice can come along and
Pick me up
your voice can come along and
Pick me up
your voice can come along and
Pick me up
your voice can just come along and
just pick me up
when sky was grey and I lost my way

and you picked me up
when I was weak and I couldn't even eat
and you picked me up
when my hands were shaking the spirit was wakenyou picked me up
when I was alone and you gave me home
and you picked me upyour voice can just come along and just
pick me up
your voice can just come along and just
pick me up
your voice can just come along and just
pick me up
your voice can just come along and just pick me up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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