Dying Man

PFR

This was not my idea
No I would not have though of this
Though I admit there was evidence
Surely not enough to convince
That a man was not his own
And there was more that day to day
How there can be a promise of hope
And healing that the soul might live again[Chorus]
Never would've bought it
Never would've thought it could be
Never would've held it
Until it took hold of me, hold of me
Now I've found freedom
Now mercy hold my hand
It took the race of one living
To save this dying manNow as I look at these pages
I see a story told in whole
Not just segments or phrases
But a story of the soul
And now a man was not his own
And there was more that day to day
How there can be a promise of hope
And healing that the soul might live again[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters
HANSON, JOELPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/