# Thirty Five Hundred Days

## John Galm

Call it a cross
Been counting the days since youâ€™ve been lost
If thereâ€™s a God, damn, heâ€™d better run
Your body in black
I shook all the hands as they came past
Thanking me for all the things youâ€™ve done
And youâ€™ve been gone for thirty five hundred days
And Iâ€™ll keep on, though I wonâ€™t see you anyway
The last time I saw you, your eyes with sewn shut with the blood stripped from your veins
And you were so far away
Some have said
That there is a peace found in our dead
But there was a sadness in your face
You loved your God
and now I hate mine just â€˜cause
Watching you fall was my fall from grace
And youâ€™ve been gone for thirty five hundred days
And Iâ€™ll keep on, though I know itâ€™s not the same
The last time I saw you, my mother held tight to her children's hands and prayed
And you were so far away
And youâ€™ve been gone for thirty five hundred days
And Iâ€™ll keep on, though I know itâ€™s not the same
The last time I saw you, your hands were set tight to your chest so sound and safe
And you were so far away

Lyrics Submitted by Dennis Freitas

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