Die Easy

Rag'n'Bone Man

When it comes to bury me, Put a feather(?) arm in my hand.
Might as well come and take my soul, I won't make it to the promised land.
In my time of dying, I don't want nobody to mourn.
All I want for my friends to do, is do fold up my dying arms.

Well well well, so I can die easy.
Well well well, so I can die easy.
Well.... so I can DIE easy.

The devil is gonna make up my dying bed.

Lyrics Submitted by Leonie

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