

Life of Doubt

Withered Hand

Caught between life is a losing game
And this one's for the dead
I'm not the one to sift for gold among the dirt of what was said
I'm sitting in a chair with a cold sweat in my hair
As a needle breaks the skin
I don't want to see you hold a mirror up to me
I know that state that I am in
And I keep pushing you away
And all I really long to do
Is hold you close
I want to give up the ghost but the ghost won't give up me
So easily
[?] the neon light that showed up
All the dead bugs on the windscreen
As I turn to you the sky from black to blue
The only extras at the end of the scene
The traffic moving slow down in the valley below
Up to the seagull on the wing
When it's how we are, mixed up two part starlight
One part loneliness
And I keep pushing you away
And all I really long to do
Is hold you close
I want to give up the ghost but the ghost won't give up me
So easily
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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