Let Up

Abbey Lincoln

I'm sick of living in this movie Everybody looking through me No one here to hold I just wake up and leave. A chill is in my bones More than this sunless early winter morning Waiting for a ride Out in the freezing rain

> And it goes by Without stopping

Her stuff is on the counter What if I had never met her? All I know is just a feeling From inside my veins I am broken-hearted It is awful worse than I had ever guessed I wouldn't wish it on an enemy

> And I can't hear What my friends say

> > It won't let up Just enough To come down Just one day. I have given up All but one Thing I Can do or say

Blood is rushing, pumping through My heart to push the oxygen and Opiates through arteries up to my brain The beat is systematic Not the reason for my habit I just need a bigger picture To fill in the space My head is getting lighter I can almost hear my sister calling Begging for my reason to go on this way

> I'm sick of living in this movie Everybody looking through me No one here to hold me As I fade away But I won't die In no pain I won't die, won't die Won't die, won't die Won't die, won't die

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