

Dead on My Feet

Rebekka Karijord

Heading for the gutter of my mind

Our history is on rewind

People passing by me

gloomy shadows down the street

Feels as though I am dead on my feetHow do you grieve for someone still alive?

Someone coping, on the other side

Someone whos voice you know even better than your own

Someone who thinks you are made of stoneI once wrote a song about our love

promised I would stay forever more

Now my words of joy and hope are ringing in my head

consistency is a virtue of the deadSo if I am dead on my feet

I can not provide you with what you need

But I hope you understand I hope you see

that you can never be replaced in me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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