

# Fixin' to Die

G. Love

Feelin' funny in my mind, Lord  
I believe I'm fixin' to die  
Feelin' funny in my mind, Lord  
I believe I'm fixin' to die  
Well, I don't mind dyin'  
But I hate to leave my children cryin' I'm walkin' kind of funny, Lord  
I believe I'm fixin' to die  
Well, I'm walkin' kind of funny, Lord  
I believe I'm fixin' to die  
I don't mind dyin'  
But I hate to leave my children cryin' Well, look over yonder wall  
Yeah, to that buryin' ground  
Look over yonder wall  
Yeah, to that buryin' ground  
Sure seems lonesome, lonely  
Yeah, when that sun is sinkin' down Well, there's a black smoke risin' on us  
Rising up above my, up above my head  
Well, there's a black smoke risin' on us  
It's rising up above my, up above my head  
Can't tell Jesus, make my dyin' bed Feelin' funny in my eyes, Lord  
I believe I'm fixin' to die  
Feelin' funny in my eyes, Lord  
I believe I'm fixin' to die  
Well, I don't mind dyin'  
But I hate to leave my children cryin'

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