

Before My Time

The Whiskey Saints

I may have lost but you act like I've won
Buried me in dirt when I was young
My heart is yearning
My heart is yearning
Gave me an 8th to be your gun for hire
You threw me out to set your streets afire
My heart is yearning
My heart is yearning
You should cry, and cry, and cry for all your crimes
'Cause I died, I died, I died before my time
After doing what you told me to do
You took my life and my lover's, too
My body's burning
My body's burning
You raised me up past high society
But now I've fallen so low that God can't even help me
My blood is burning
My blood is burning
You should cry, and cry, and cry for all your crimes
'Cause I died, I died, I died before my time
I mark the walls for every day I missed
Now that I accept there's no cure for this
My heart is yearning
My heart is yearning

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