

Don't Die On the Vine

[Sheila Nicholls](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Don't die on the vine, baby
Though the weather here is fine, maybe
There's a storm rolling over those hills
Don't let it soak you, don't let it choke you 'Cause you're the only ancient king that I've ever known
And my weekly injection on your passion throne
And you reveal what's concealed in this smiling town
Re-sensitize me and you're condemned to be free And I saw you in the garden
In the middle of the storm
And both are questioning our sanity
Both are pleading to be born So I asked you for the direction
To the place that's calm and clear
And as I looked at your reflection
I saw my face in the mirror Don't die on the vine, baby
'Cause your survival is mine, maybe
The wayside's filled with the blind and the numb
You make me see, you make me feel
Inviting hope for a moment that's real

Lyrics provided by

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