

# Done

## Low

Left my lair  
To the wind and the sand  
With blood on my lips  
And silver in hand And I'm weary and stumbling  
In the desert heat  
Where raindrops, they burn up  
Before they reach your cheek  
Your cheek, your cheek And if you see my love  
And if you see my love  
And if you see my love  
Tell her I'm done

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