Fixin' To Die

Colin James

Feeling funny in my mind, Lord,
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die
Feeling funny in my mind, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die
Well, I don't mind dying
But I hate to leave my children crying
Well, I look over yonder to that burying ground
Look over yonder to that burying ground
Sure seems lonesome, Lord, when the sun goes downFeeling funny in my eyes, Lord,
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die
Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die
Well, I don't mind dying but
I hate to leave my children crying
There's a black smoke rising, Lord
It's rising up above my head, up above my head
It's rising up above my head, up above my head
And tell Jesus make up my dying bed.I'm walking kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die
Yes I'm walking kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die
Fixing to die, fixing to die
Well, I don't mind dying
But I hate to leave my children crying.

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