Darkest Days (Acoustic)

Passenger

See the lights of your town,
Slowly sink and drown,
Like a ship in the storm,
See the birds against the sun,
Feel the weight of things to come,
And everything thatâ€™s been before,

See the woods with no pathways,
See your grandfathers last days,
See the darkest days my dear,

Whisper words soft and low,
To the songs that you know,
And take them on your way,
See the fallen snow,
Neath the street light glow,
By the side of the motor way,

See the walls with no door ways,
With a heavy heart always,
See the darkest days my dear,

See the woods with no pathways,
See your grandfathers last days,
See the darkest days my dear.

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