

Flying

Sean Rowe

There was a time I could not cry
But that has left me now
For 7 years I could not dream
But now that's done There were songs I could not sing
Words I could not know
Oh but now they found me on a bridge
And they broke my heart There was a way I used to talk
I cannot recognize
And now my language cannot give me what I need
And I tore it from my bible and I kept it from my god
I would not lose to junkies on the street
It hit me so hard
I could not see
That shot was only meant for me
And all the faces that I knew
They were lying When the hard road went back to sand
And with the wheel still in my hand
I built a highway out of dust
And I was flying There was a way I used to talk
I cannot recognize
And now my language cannot give me what I need
And I tore it from my bible and I kept it from my god
I would not lose to junkies on the street
It hit me so hard
I could not see
That shot was only meant for me
And all the faces that I knew
They were lying When the hard road went back to sand
And with the wheel still in my hand
I built a highway out of dust
And I was flying

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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