

# Marquee

## The Romany Rye

If this city, don't kill me  
It's gonna bleed my spirit dry  
Every diamond. from the sidewalk  
Is fighting for it's time to shine Well, I'm back, I'm back  
I'm back, back on my feet again Oh God, I miss the country  
There those nights will never end  
Still see them in my dreaming'  
From the back seat of my van Well, I'm back, I'm back  
I'm back, back on my feet again All my days, are growing dimmer  
Shadows, are getting' long  
There's blood stuck under my finger nails  
From singin', carryin' on Well, I'm back, I'm back  
I'm back, back on my feet again Back up on marquee  
Just where I belong  
One day close to death  
Don't sing with my last dying breath Well, I'm back, I'm back  
I'm back, back on my feet again

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