

Don't Let Me Die In Florida

Patty Griffin

Please don't let me die in Florida,
I don't care about my name.
If you catch me dying in Daytona
Throw my bed on to a train.

I was born in Indian summer,
In the Southern long ago.
Where those dirty streets cry out for rain
And this is what I know.

And the rain came and the holly stopped
Just in time for snow.
And the icy cold filled up my shoes
And this is what I know.

Please don't let me die in Florida,
I don't care about my name.
If you catch me dying in Orlando
Throw my bed on to a train.

Run away into water
Find the jams of what was over
Right through my cap
Just as fun as you could tell a thing
I went at home and gave my girl a ring.
I put the highways at a black time down
Turn the ferries into the towns
And those hills give away just like a wedding gown
I put the highways at a black time down.

I don't need to see no mirror,
I am never to see my own face,
Just a reflection of somebody
Who's gonna leave without a trace.

Oh, over the hills so gold and proud
Let the night come in and lay my shred
I never been to killer from around here
Maybe that's where I should end my days.

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written by GRIFFIN, PATRICIA J.
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