Sing Out

Paul McDonald

Hold my hand, little one, the feeling is slipping away
We've come so far you know, God, how I wish I could stay
Hold my hand, little one, the feeling is coming again
We've got so far to go just when it feels like the endSing out, sing for the wounded heart
Sing for the lives we've lost
Sing out, sing for the blood of man
Poured out at such a costSing out, baby, baby, I don't understand
The flowers that you place in my hand
Sing out, sing for the love of God
Sing for the changing manI've been a rolling stone since the devil first came to me
No light upon my feet, so much that I couldn't see
I was a hurricane till the hurricane called my name
Into the eye of the storm out of the cold, cold rainSing out, sing for the wounded heart
Sing for the lives we've lost
Sing out, sing for the blood of man
Poured out at such a costSing out, baby, baby, I don't understand
The power that you place in my hands
Sing out, sing for the love of God
Sing for the changing manHold my hand, little one, the feeling is slipping away
We've come too far you know to let it turn out this way
Hold my hand, little one, the feeling is coming again
We've got so far to go, oh, and it feels like the endI've been a rolling stone since the devil first came to me
No light upon my feet, so much that I couldn't see
I was a hurricane till the hurricane called my name
Into the eye of the storm out of the cold, cold rain

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