

What I'd Give Up (Instrumental)

The Classic Crime

Woke up in a hotel
Three hours of sleep last night
Only thing real to me is a thirteen-hour drive
I lost my convictions
I have risked my life
I've seen the face of God through miles of black ice
Oh, I just wanted you to know
What I'd give up to give myself to you
I had my foundations
But I threw them away
Only thing real to me was moving
The rest was fake
But I've got new direction
I feel winds of change
Still I've got my good reasons to stay the same
No I don't need it anymore
The hotel floors the stage the lights the road
All I want to do is build a home
You've got my heart and my soul

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

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