Dead On My Feet

Rebekka Karijord

Heading for the gutter of my mind
Our history is on rewind
People passing by me
gloomy shadows down the street
Feels as though I am dead on my feetHow do you grieve for someone still alive?
Someone coping, on the other side
Someone whos voice you know even better than your own
Someone who thinks you are made of stoneI once wrote a song about our love
promised I would stay forever more
Now my words of joy and hope are ringing in my head
consistency is a virtue of the deadSo if I am dead on my feet
I can not provide you with what you need
But I hope you understand I hope you see
that you can never be replaced in me

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