

Rundown Town

Bleach

October wind, chills his skin,
He walks home alone.
A tiny house, a loving wife,
hands worked to the bone.
But he don't mind his humble life,
In this Rundown Town.
To be a Sun,
A ray of one,
Like he's always done.

And it's alright...
To be there where he's always been.
He'll live to light,
This dark town he's in.

The clock strikes old,
On his achy bones,
His final setting sun.
And so he rests on an unfamiliar bed,
And smiles to the Lord, his love.

And it's alright...
To be there where he's always been.
He'll live to light,
This dark town he's in.

And so he leaves, and he breathes,
A soul so full of his crown...
A life that was spent, in being content
In the midst of a
Rundown Town...

A life that was spent,
In being content in a
In a rundown town.