

Sorrowing Man

City and Colour

Sorrowing man, look how worn you've become,
You once were Lord of the baron sea
There's blood on our hands, in this perfect madness,
you're living on borrowed time

Oh how you have lost your way
Oh how you have lost your way

There's no sympathy for we don't know the cure,
Cause what you've got, well it runs too pure
But you've lived and breathed more than any man I know
But you're not done, oh, at least, I hope

Oh how you have lost your way
Oh how you have lost your way
In this life what we have made together
Oh how you have lost your way

Oh how you have lost your way
Oh how you have lost your way