

The Lonely Life

City and Colour

What if I did not love you?
Where would that leave me
Would I wander through the avenues
Under a pall of misery

Would I be face down in the gutter
With cheap whiskey on my breath
The lonely life of a writer
Whose words could not pay his debts

Singin' please don't, please don't pass me by
I am alive, oh can't you see?
That I've been blinded completely
Please don't, please don't pass me by
I am alive, oh can't you see?
That I am pleading for your mercy

What if we became strangers?
Would you notice my face in a crowd?
And you could you hear the sorrow in my voice?
Helplessly crying your name out loud

Would I be searching for a savior?
Burned and burning with regret
The lonely life of a writer
Only if one last desperate request

Singin' please don't, please don't pass me by
I am alive, oh can't you see?
That I've been blinded completely
Please don't, please don't pass me by
I am alive, oh can't you see?
That I am pleading for your mercy

I've been on the lam
Being hunted, somethin' fierce
They say time and tide, it waits for no man
But I was just hopin'
These storm filled skies would clear

Please don't, please don't pass me by
Please don't, please don't pass me by
Please don't, please don't pass me by
I am alive, oh can't you see?
That I am pleading for your mercy