

## Jerricco

Fireside

Things we said, things we've done  
Now you're dead, now you're gone  
And I believed in you

Why can't I complain on you, Lord?  
Why can't I complain on you, Lord?  
Why can't I complain on you no more?

Now you're free from your sore  
More to me than before  
And I believed in you 'til the end

Things we said, things we've done  
Now you're dead, now you're gone  
And I believed in you 'til the end

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Why can't I complain on you, Lord?  
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