

Sickbeds

The Frames

Lying in the sickbed waiting to go
Fill me with morphine and Demerol
Swamp of the cast off, just lie in the shade
Closer to Christ now, kneeling down on the blade
But don't leave me drowning
The river surrounds me and into my soul
Don't leave me lying, so closer to dying

So I need _____, stay to _____ on my way to go
The air of _____ floats through the h____
Woke me up crying next to you by the wall
Don't leave me scathing, the ashes are breaking
Me to my bones
Don't leave me lying, so _____ _____ dying
Down, down, down, down