Jamie Slocum, Hanging By A Thread

HANGING BY A THREAD WAYNE KIRKPATRICK, GORDON KENNEDY

There's a kind of emptiness that can fill you. There's a kind of hunger that can eat you up. There's a cold and darker aide of the moonlight. An' there's a lonely aide of love.

With you here. Jesus, I am strong; no sign of weakness. With you gone, Jesus, I am hanging by a thread.

There's a certain kind of pain that can numb you. There's a type of freedom that can tie you down. Sometimes the unexplained can define you, And sometimes, silence is the only sound.

With you here, Jesus, I am strong; no sign of weakness. With you gone. Jesus, I am hanging by a thread.

(INSTRUMENTAL)

With you here, Jesus, I am strong; no sign of weakness. With you gone, Jesus. I am hanging by a thread.

REPEAT CHORUS