

# Leslie Phillips, Down

Down

I hit the dirt when I see

Who you really are

Down

All my strength leaves me like

A falling star

Cut to the heart I am opened up

Like a wound

Shattered convictions I thought

Were reflecting you

Cut to the heart I am opened up

Like a wound

Shattered convictions I thought

Were reflecting you

Down

Comes my religion like leaves

On winter trees

Down

You come to me with your love

On hands and knees