

Willard Grant Conspiracy, Notes From The Waiting Room

Come and sit yourself beside me
This will be my last request
I was born in this high mountains
Leave my ashes here to rest
Cover me with blankets of flowers
A pillow of satin for my head
Lay me out in sheets of linen
Sing a sweet song when I'm dead

Say goodbye to these high valleys
Say goodbye to the steam trains moan
Give me wings to fly over deserts
Let me loose where the wild horses roam

Give my love to all my family
Say a prayer for all my friends
Most of them have gone before me
I hope to see them in the end

Open the window and let me breathe slowly
The smell of roses will take me away
I can't stop my own destruction
Give me strength and help me to pray