

Albert Hammond Jr., Losing Touch

- Who are you?
- I am death!
- Are you coming for me?
- Yes. I on by your side for some time. Are you ready?
- My body is, but I'm not
- I don't reconsider
- Wait, wait. You play chess, don't you?
- Why you want play chess with me?
- See. The condition is that we let me live for as long as I can stand against you. If I win, you let me

You look to run a mile but not gain an inch Making dreams real by killing some trees It's not goodbye