City And Colour, The Lonely Life

What if I did not love you?
Where would that leave me
Would I wander through the avenues?
Under a pall of misery?

Would I be face down in a gutter?
With cheap whiskey on my breath?
The lonely life of a writer
Who?s words could not pay his debts

Singing please don?t, please don?t pass me by
I am alive, oh can?t you see?
That I?ve been blinded completely
Please don?t, please don?t pass me by
I am alive, oh can?t you see?
That I am pleading for your mercy

What if we became strangers?
Would you notice my face in a crowd?
And you could you hear the sorrow in my voice?
Helplessly crying your name outloud

Would I be searching for a savior?
Burned, and burning with regret
The lonely life of a writer
With one last desperate request

Singing please don?t, please don?t pass me by
I am alive, oh can?t you see?
That I?ve been blinded completely
Please don?t, please don?t pass me by
I am alive, oh can?t you see?
That I am pleading for your mercy

I?ve been on the lam
Being hunted, so confused
They say time and tide it waits for no man
But I was just hoping
These storm filled skies would clear

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