

Mark Lind, My Epitaph

There's nothing I can say that ain't been said before
There ain't nothing I can do to stand out from the crowd
The wheels are turning now but they're driving to the west
There's nothing I can do to rise above the rest
These simple chords are all the same
I can't find a melody that hasn't yet been sang
I strummed these chords of mine and I took them for a ride
Well this is all I've got. Its all there is that's keeping me alive
Take it from me. You got it
It don't pay to bleed. If you want it
And if that's my epitaph then that's alright with me
Its alright with me
There's nothing I can do to numb or dull the pain
There's nothing I can do to make you understand
I'm just a pauper with a million dollar heart
I'm got the goods to sell but to sell I gotta die
Take it from me. You got it
It don't pay to bleed. If you want it
And if that's my epitaph then that's alright with me
Its alright with me