

# 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