

Peter Kingsbery, Only The Very Best

No one can have more than their due
I wanted life, I wanted you
Only the very best
A reasonable request

This is too high a price to pay
Now they've taken you away
Might as well take me

Down, down to hell for I don't care
They can put me anywhere
Throw away the key

I always walked a definite line
Cutting a dash, cutting it fine
And once, only once did I lose control
I gave her my soul
And I gave, and I gave, and I gave her my soul

I was immortal till today
Now I feel a cold decay
Crawling over me, over me

No one can have more than their due
I wanted life, I wanted you
Only the very best
No other interest

This is the way you should remain
Never feeling any pain
Never growing old

Sleep little one, your night is here
Mine is growing very near
Oh, it's getting cold