

Powderfinger, Shelter For My Soul

The end of my days when I'm called to go,
Into the open arms of the Holy Ghost
To have lived such a life as I have known
Fortune follows me, but I'm brave no more

For the great mistakes I will surely pay
I'm running low and the devil is on my trail.
When fate delivers me all I'm askin for,
Is a place to rest and shelter for my soul

Oh if I could spend my days,
Free from the prison of your gates,
then I could die happy then

Oh if I could spend my days
Free from the shadow of my name,
Then I could die happy the

When I'm released from this mortal hole
I'll take my leave but I don't wanna go

When fate delivers me all I'm askin for,
A place to rest and shelter for my soul