

Rocco DeLuca And The Burden, Swing Low

Feels like the pavement
Proud and cold
Walking feet
Walking soul

I'm rolling out my bones
Lay me down
Let me go
Feeling heavy
The ground is cold
Lay me down
Take it slow
I'm ready to stumble, sing & then swing low

Feels like my hands
Reach to touch
Strike and tremble
When they hold too much

I'm rolling out my bones
Lay me down
Let me go
Feeling heavy
The ground is cold
Lay me down
Take it slow
I'm ready to stumble, sing & then swing low

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Let me go
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