

Sam Phillips, Down

Down
I hit the dirt when I see
Who you really are
Down
All my strength leaves me like
A falling star

Cut to the heart I am opened up
Like a wound
Shattered convictions I thought
Were reflecting you
Cut to the heart I am opened up
Like a wound
Shattered convictions I thought
Were reflecting you

Down
Comes my religion like leaves
On winter trees
Down
You come to me with your love
On hands and knees