

Spiritual Beggars, Dying Every Day

working my fingers
to the bone
too old to run
too young to die
a lot of fire
upon my soul
suffer from hell

(chorus)
I don't know
where I'm going anymore
this ain't living
just dying every day

at the end of the day
I'm all alone
not falling anymore
put my life in my own
a lot of fire
upon my soul
suffer from hell

(chorus)
I don't know
where I'm going anymore
this ain't living
just dying every day

I don't know
where I'm going.. anymore
this ain't living
just dying.. every day
dying every day
dying every day