

Tom Jones, 24 Hours

Salty skin on my back
Sweat that pores like rain
I can feel the attack
But Im numb to pain
The cold is creeping in
and it chills my veins
Ive got one more
minute, twenty four
hours to go
No redemption in my heart
No illusions or facade
What I did I cant take back
theres no use in wishing that
The bell is ringing now
and the clock counts down
I got one more minute,
twenty four hours to go
Angels wont help me now
This fate is all mine
Darkness is fading out
and so is my time
Hear the footsteps at my door
I dont struggle anymore
As I take my final breath
I dont feel what lies ahead
Im leaving to a place
Where ill see your face
I had one more minute,
twenty four hours ago
One more minute,
twenty four hours ago