

Sean Daniel - Going Under

Tom: C

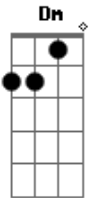
Got a foot in the grave
 And an eye on the door
 One bad, bad feeling and a dozen more
 Looking in my direction
 Calling me a fraud
 Counting black clouds praying for a little rain
 Flip a penny in the ocean and pray for a hurricane
 Close my eyes
 And feel the pressure change
 Hold on, gotta hold on now
 As it crumbles around me
 Hold on, gotta hold on now
 To the devil now that he's found me
 Can't help myself

From going under
 Last man standing holding onto the mast
 I had a dream of dry land but it's fading fast
 Bodies fly
 Never gonna see you again
 Picking last words, slipping off into the wind
 'Til my body hits the water then it's sink or swim
 Don't look down
 It'll all be over soon
 Hold on, gotta hold on now
 As it crumbles around me
 Hold on, gotta hold on now
 To the devil now that he's found me
 Can't help myself
 From going under

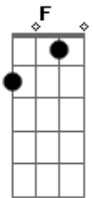
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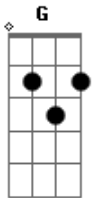
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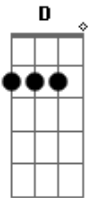
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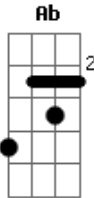
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