

After You've Gone

Django Reinhardt & The Quintet of the Hot Club of France

Blindside
about a burning fire
After you're gone
I could not lie
Skin untouched growing thicker for every step unwalked
And I don't know if it's the cold intention-slide
Taking me down But what if You'd sing me alive
I'm ready to give up the fight
Cause I'm just a stone
Right after You're gone
I could not lie
Even though dead skin like stone makes me ugly
It still pounds inside and it's red
And it's slipping through the grey cracks
And I know You know But what if You'd sing me alive
I'm ready to give up the fight
Cause I'm just a stone
Right after You're gone
The first thing that meets the eye
When I crossover into the light
I want it to be You
Right after I'm gone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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