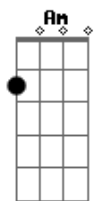


Dear Reader - Back From The Dead

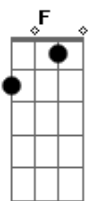
tom:
 Find the will to fight again
 Try never to find a friend
 In the fear that holds me way down here
 Rise above it all with ease
 Don?t you know it all comes easily?
 With the confidence of a younger me
 I never thought that I?d be someone
 Who prefers the clouds to the warmth of the sun
 The chill of the autumn, the silence indoors
 Whose eyes are barred windows, and smiles are rare birds
 I never thought I?d come undone
 By a weight that won?t ware, that I?d be overcome
 No I never dreamed I?d turn out this way
 No way
 Find the will to fight again
 Try never to find a friend
 In despair
 Her call has a draw that I cannot bear
 I never thought that I?d be someone
 Who prefers the clouds to the warmth of the sun
 The chill of the autumn, the silence indoors

Whose eyes are barred windows, and smiles are rare birds
 I never thought I?d come undone
 By a weight that won?t ware, that I?d be overcome
 No I never dreamed I?d turn out this way
 No way
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 You can?t hold me down here
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 You can?t hold me down here
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 You can?t hold me down here
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 You can?t hold me down here
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 I?m coming back from the dead
 You can?t hold me down here
 I?m coming back from the dead
 You can?t hold me down here

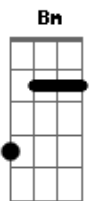
Acordes



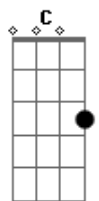
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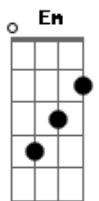
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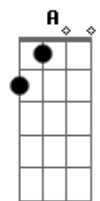
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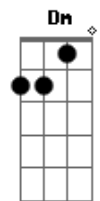
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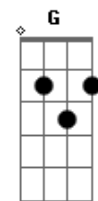
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