

Fixin' to Die

G. Love

Feelin' funny in my mind, Lord
I believe I'm fixin' to die
Feelin' funny in my mind, Lord
I believe I'm fixin' to die
Well, I don't mind dyin'
But I hate to leave my children cryin' I'm walkin' kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixin' to die
Well, I'm walkin' kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixin' to die
I don't mind dyin'
But I hate to leave my children cryin'
Well, look over yonder wall
Yeah, to that buryin' ground
Look over yonder wall
Yeah, to that buryin' ground
Sure seems lonesome, lonely
Yeah, when that sun is sinkin' down Well, there's a black smoke risin' on us
Rising up above my, up above my head
Well, there's a black smoke risin' on us
It's rising up above my, up above my head
Can't tell Jesus, make my dyin' bed
Feelin' funny in my eyes, Lord
I believe I'm fixin' to die
Feelin' funny in my eyes, Lord
I believe I'm fixin' to die
Well, I don't mind dyin'
But I hate to leave my children cryin'

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