

Shelter for my soul

Bernard Fanning

At the end of my days when I'm called to go,
Into the arms of the Holy Ghost,
To have lived such a life as I have known,
Oh, fortune follow me, that I'm afraid no more.

For my great mistakes I will surely pay,
I'm running low and the devil is on my trail,
When fate delivers me all I'll ask it for,
Is a place to rest and shelter for my soul.

Oh, if I could spend my days,
Free from the prison of your gaze,
Then I could die a happy man.

Oh, if I could spend my days,
Free from the shadow of my name,
Then I could die a happy man.

And when I am released from this mortal load,
I'll take my leave but I don't wanna go.

When fate delivers me all I'll ask it for,
Is a place to rest and shelter for my soul...