

It's Good To Be Alive

Imelda May

My thoughts are dark and empty, I'm now crying out loud
Don't know what am I asking for or if an answer can be found
The loneliness is killing, though there's someone in my bed
There's only so much living and I fear I could be dead
But then standing at my window when the night seems like it's w
on
And everything seems brighter with the sighting of the sun
And I said, oh my god, it's good to be alive
Oh my god, it's good to be alive
I know one thing for sure's that I'll die
But today, yeah, it's good to be alive

Lying in my bedroom, my eyes are wide awake
My body's tired and giving up, oh for heaven's sake
Won't you please send me a little sleep, to ease my worried min
d
I'm losing rationality, that I won't know how to find
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Things are looking up for me, when the clock keeps ticking on
Holding on to time gone by, clinging to a song
To pull me through with every word, and rock me with a tune
To hold my hand when the shadow man is hiding in my room
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