

Down

Whitecross

The train is in the station now,
It's reached the end of the line.
Two times a loser, you never could refuse her,
The lie exposed and the old life,
You've left it all behind.

You're going down, down, down.
She's a master of disguise,
You're going down, down, down.

When you first started, it all seemed like a joke,
But then that's always how you've been.
Now I hardly know you,
The lady she does own you.
And now you're finding out,
You're finding out, the joke's on you, my friend.

You're going down, down, down.
Don't you realize,
You're going down, down, down.

What would you do to get another hit
And snort the powder once again.
Before you burn out, and fade away,
Cry out to Jesus,
Only the Lord can take your sin away.