

Sheila Nicholls, Don't Die On The Vine

Don't die on the vine, baby
Though the weather here is fine, maybe
There's a storm rolling over those hills
Don't let it soak you,
Don't let it choke you

Cause you're the only ancient king that I've ever known
And my weekly injection, on your passion throne
And you reveal what's concealed in this smiling town
Re-sensitize me, and your condemned to be free

And I saw you in the garden
In the middle of the storm
And both are questioning our sanity
Both are pleading to be born

So I asked you for the direction
To the place that's calm and clear
And as I looked at your reflection
I saw my face in the mirror

Don't die on the vine, baby
'Cause your survival is mine, maybe
The wayside's filled with the blind and the numb
You make me see, you make me feel
Inviting hope for a moment that's real