

By Your Side by Adrian Mowry

My father's soul is a poet's, he works his hand's to the bone.

Mother sows for rich folks empty mansion's out of town.

I longed for their content my mind brought me here

Cold, iron, glass, cement, far from what I hold dear.

Found an empty room high above the city

I could look down on empty nights, there were plenty

Looked for light in shadow I roamed the tough parts of town

I prepared for battle mercy there was none around

I Tasted all the potions swallowed most my pride

I'd swim on my back across the ocean just to be by your side

Blackthorns are plenty they'll stab you where it counts

Though your wounds are many you're obliged to tough it out

I tasted all the potions, swallowed most my pride

I'd swim on my back across the ocean just to be by your side

To be by your side, to be by your side