**Hurricane Deathbed**

*April 20, 2014*

Looking Death In His Dark Eyes.

He Has Got Me On The Ropes.

Won't Do No Good To Cry.

I Have Cashed In My Last Hope.

I Took A Count Of Nine.

Knocked Flat On My Back.

Bells Are Ringing. Out Of Time.

Death Won't Cut Me Any Slack.

Still I Won't Back Down.

Won't Throw In The Towel.

Can't Run Me Out Of Town.

I'm Still Hanging Round.

Staying For The Witching Hour.

Did A Hard Rock Nineteen Years.

Never Yielded. Scraped. Bowed. Cowered.

Lots Of Hole Time. Still No Moans. Pleas. Tears.

Giving In. Not Allowed.

Way Behind On Points.

Hard To Breath. Lost My Legs. Blood In My Eyes.

Like A Hurricane.

Still Punching.Hard.

Not Yet Time To Blow This Joint.

Not Yet Going To Give Up.

Not Yet Going To Die.

As Long As I Am Fighting.

As Long As I Am Alive.