

Jamie Slocum, Hanging By A Thread

HANGING BY A THREAD
WAYNE KIRKPATRICK, GORDON KENNEDY

There's a kind of emptiness that can fill you.
There's a kind of hunger that can eat you up.
There's a cold and darker aide of the moonlight.
An' there's a lonely aide of love.

With you here. Jesus, I am strong; no sign of weakness.
With you gone, Jesus, I am hanging by a thread.

There's a certain kind of pain that can numb you.
There's a type of freedom that can tie you down.
Sometimes the unexplained can define you,
And sometimes, silence is the only sound.

With you here, Jesus, I am strong; no sign of weakness.
With you gone. Jesus, I am hanging by a thread.

(INSTRUMENTAL)

With you here, Jesus, I am strong; no sign of weakness.
With you gone, Jesus. I am hanging by a thread.

REPEAT CHORUS