

Blues Traveler, This Ache

This ache that follows you down
From wherever you both came from
Well it won't leave
Quietly
It just waits here noisily with me

I turn to go but quite instead
It sinks its fangs into my head
And gnaws upon me like a greedy bone
The fragrant scent of parts unknown
I try my best but it gets worse
And fearful of this blessed curse
The moon is full, I feel my teeth
My instincts give no sympathy
For me

And all I want is to stay
Here with you
For at least a couple of minutes more
In your front seat
By any reason I can find
My right foot's still dangling out your door

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The pots and pans and bareassed bones
Would have me feeling all alone
But never fear the ache is there
And calmly he pulls up a chair
And through the night we play some hands
While the ache he issues his demands
Yeah the ache he issues his demands
And I'm like Custer at his lemonade stand

And all I have is this ache
Just to see you again
Though I've got no pretext to
And hope
Won't quench my thirst this time
Can't you see that I'm aching for you?

I go to sleep; when I awake
In the kitchen is my ache
He cooks me breakfast, ties my shoes
Puts in the time, he pays my dues
He sticks a needle in my eye
And haunts me like some tragic lie
Reminds me 'till I bend to break
But I've been given the gift of

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