

# Cowboy Junkies, At The End Of The Rainbow

Again,  
At the end of the rainbow  
Again,  
No gold to be found  
Just this cold unmade bed  
The last 3 words you said  
And this buzzing on the telephone line

Paris, well, there is fog on the Seine  
Amsterdam still courses through my veins  
All these dark crazy sights,  
Wouldn't be so bad  
If I could just taste your breath once again

Honey I saw your daddy  
Lying by the roadside  
His feet sticking out of a sack  
Honey they'll be calling  
To tell you that your daddy  
Never will be coming back

Again  
At the end of the rainbow  
Again,  
No words to be found  
Just this voice sad and alone  
Me wishing I was home  
And the silence on the telephone line