

# Cowboy Junkies, Come Calling (Her Song)

(Michael Timmins)

The stillness here,  
like what he sometimes finds inside her,  
hits so hard it can steal your breath forever  
He sometimes wonders  
is the sum of their lives together  
him on the floor and her lost to a mind in tatters

These days he's drinking for the pleasure of falling  
and he's falling for the pleasure of pretending  
that she's sitting by the window waiting  
for him to come calling

If I could fix me up a week of twilight hours  
we'd sit on the point  
and watch the sun continually flounder  
Bathed in gold we'd plug into some kind of power  
and connect with those days

back before all of this went sour

'Cause I'm drinking for the pleasure of falling  
and I'm falling for the pleasure of pretending  
that you're sitting by the window waiting  
for me to come calling

Odd how the darkness always makes us whisper  
and with the last of the sun  
you can feel the approach of the winter  
Now is the time of each day  
that I Desperately miss her  
I suppose I will learn how to live my life without her

So you're drinking for the pleasure of falling  
and you're falling for the pleasure of pretending  
that I'm sitting by the window waiting  
for you to come calling