

Cowboy Junkies, Just Want To See

I don't want to be no patch on no quilt
(I just want to see...)
Tear-stained stitching linking memories to guilt
(I just want to see...)
I don't want to be no hair on no wall
(I just want to see...)
Blood-stained note saying fuck you all
(I just want to see what kills me)

Tommy, are you ready we better head to town
J.D.'s box is waiting to be lowered down
And you know how he hates to be kept waiting 'round

I don't want to be no chalk line drawing
(I just want to see...)
Toe-tagged question mark, until identifying
(I just want to see...)
I don't want to fuse with no economy seat
(I just want to see...)
Fuel some fireball at 30,000 feet
(I just want to see what kills me)

Tommy, did you catch his face
Before they closed the lid?
I swear I saw him wink once and flash me that old grin
Oh, you know, that would be just like him

I don't want to face no hollow-eyed ending
(I just want to see...)
Loved ones buried, empty days of waiting
(I just want to see what kills me)

Tommy, darling, come to bed
We'll try and sleep away this sadness
These memories, too, are bound to die
So our dreams will have to serve us
Tomorrow may be the day that our love betrays us