

Hem, St. Charlene

Traded my last favor
For a map of St. Charlene
All these ghosts and angels
Friends and strangers
Ask me where I've been

The engine seemed to tremble
When I drove through our old town
And I found the house
Where we used to live
When I tried my key
I don't know what I thought I'd find
I tried to remember
What I thought I thought I left behind

The rooms were all deserted
Though the landlord kept them well
They were swept and shuttered
Paint that covered our familiar smells
I looked around our kitchen
And I climbed the narrow stairs
And I called your name
Just so I could hear it
And I swear these rooms
Were where we once used to make love
Now they're just a space

And there's no trace left of us

I spent another five days
On the banks of St. Charlene
After my car was fixed
I made some extra cash for gasoline.
I left without remembering
The reason I had come
But I knew then that I needed to leave
If I'm sad at least I know
That nothing's what it was
And I'm out of place

Cuz there's no trace left of us
There was no trace left of us
Now there's no trace left of us