

Ray LaMontagne, I Still Care For You

Hear me out
Day follows day
Light turns to
clay in my hands

How to explain,
So pristine the pain
Kindness made
the cut so
clean

I still care for you

Hear me out
Wanted me to be
Less your lover
than a mirror

Can't you see
What you mean to me?
(even promises may bleed)

I still care for you

The hours grow
Heavy,
And hollow,
And cruel as a grave

Open Me
You'll find
Only bones
burned to glass.

I still care for you