

Rosanne Cash, Hope Against Hope

It's all coming back to me now.
But try as I have to keep,
The taste of you off of my tongue;
Your face from my fitful sleep.

An' I wait and hope against hope like before.
An' I wait an' hope that I won't anymore.

An' this won't stop till I do.
Until I learn to kill the thought,
Of everything I could have said:
Of everything I wished I'd not.

An' I wait, hope against hope like before.
An' I wait, hope that I won't anymore.

Show rises up from the street,
An' a crowd rises up to it's feet.
I followed blind after you:
I might know better if I'd ever wanted to.

Instrumental Break.

The painting here is still not dry,
An' I can smell it from the door.
It covers every mark you made:
The countin' days are keepin' score.

An' I wait, hope against hope like before.
An' I wait, an' hope that I won't anymore.

An' I wait, hope against hope like before.
An' I wait, an' hope that I won't anymore.