

# Ryan Adams, Avalanche

I found your photograph in a cardboard box in a magazine  
I can't remember you, remember us or anything  
I taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb  
They taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb

She comes apart in the avalanche  
Fades out like a dance  
Crawls back into bed  
When it's over  
When it's over  
When it's over  
And it's over

I watch the window and listen for the sound of cars  
I can't remember the last time that it was yours  
I taught you how to feel, why do you feel numb  
They taught us how to feel, but we just feel numb

She falls apart in the avalanche  
Fades out like a dance  
Crawls back into bed  
When it's over  
When it's over  
When it's over  
When it's over

She falls apart in the avalanche  
Fades out like a dance  
Crawls back into bed  
When it's over  
And it's over  
When it's over