

Ryan Adams, Dear Chicago

Dear Chicago,
You'll never guess.
You know the girl you said I'd meet someday?
Well, I've got something to confess.
She picked me up on Friday.
Asked me if she reminded me of you.
I just laughed and lit a cigarette,
Said "that's impossible to do."
My life's gotten simple since.
And it fluctuates so much.
Happy and sad and back again.
I'm not crying out to much.
Think about you all the time.
It's strange and hard to deal.
Think about you lying there.
And those blankets lie so still.
Nothing breathes here in the cold.
Nothing moves or even smiles.
I've been thinking some of suicide.
But there's bars out here for miles.
Sorry about the every kiss.
Every kiss you wasted (bad / back)
I think the thing you said was true,
I'm going to die alone and sad.

The wind's feeling real these days.
Yeah, baby, it hurt's me some.
Never thought I'd feel so blue.
New York City, you're almost gone.
I think that I've fallen out of love,
I think I've fallen out of love . . . with you.