Ryan Adams, Halloween

Heart stops beating, all the words worth repeating
She is dancing but not singing, is it maybe that she doesn't know the words?
She's dressed up, but don't worry, she's got friends
Snowflake eating, she is mildly self-defeating
And the secrets that she's keeping they are really only dangerous to her
Ships ain't sinking
We are here to help you sing your songs
We are here to help you sing your songs
Because tomorrow comes and no one calls

She stops grinning when the room it starts spinning
She is losing all her winnings, she's angry but it's just the alcohol
She's all fucked right up, it's okay, man, she's got friends
'Cause we are here to help her sing her songs
We are here to help her sing her songs
Because tomorrow's gonna come
Tomorrow's gonna come, and no one's gonna call

This isn't Christmas, this is Chinatown and those are pretty lights
Just use some more and put 'em on your make-up dolls
A painting on the underneath that never smiles on the scene
Is just like Christmas if it was Halloween

Someone taught her it's okay to be a martyr
Like an educated angel, be a rat, you know in all the things you love,
Well okay
Priceless pictures, she's collected iceless fixtures that is freezing from the people
She's chosen out to help her through it all
Whatever
We are here to help you sing your songs
We are here to help you sing your songs
We are here to help you sing your songs
Because tomorrow's gonna come
Tomorrow's gonna come, and no one's gonna call