

Buffalo Tom, Torch Singer

These things crawl across my floor
I can't use them anymore
There's a heaven in her band
Alleluias in my hand
All my patience love's inside
She just climbed the stage and died
Lights that rose and fell again
Songs that thinned out near the end
Oh, her voice trailed off in the end

Though your miles are more than mine
The things I've taken in a bind
It's for certain it's for sure
I've no use for them no more
Making room within one's self
For another's songs to help
And it all comes back to me
As I walk hungover down the street
Oh, and it all comes back to me

And it all comes back to me
And it all comes back to me

And it all comes back to me
As I walk hungover down the street
She's a mother in disguise
I look different in her skies

But it's morning so I say
Here's a big red letter day
Her skin's like whitewash like skim milk
Her words sing softly just like silk
There are some things I've got to say
She won't understand anyway
There are miles between our hearts
There's salvation in false starts
I'm forsaken in the end

I'm forsaken in the end
I'm forsaken in the end
I'm forsaken in the end...