

Cowboy Junkies, Notes Falling Slow

My love swears that he is made of truth
I do believe him though I know he lies.
I've caught him creeping 'round darkened holes.
I've caught him staring at distant skies.

I would have seen it coming but I'm blind with age.
Too much time on the battle line.
Shut it all out just let the notes fall slow.

Slow.

My love lives inside a haze of gloom.
He fears today, what might come tomorrow.
Seeks the shadow, shuns the light.
Bleeds for knowledge, prepares for sorrow.

I would have seen it coming but I'm blind with age.
Too much time on the battle line.
Shut it all out just let the note fall slow.

Slow.

This ain't no depression, just notes falling slow.
An early snow and notes falling slow.
Do I have the strength to bear their passion?
An early snow and notes falling slow.