

Daniel Lanois, For The Beauty Of Wynona

The ingots are burning red
I'm working time and a half
Tomorrow I'll stay in bed,
what a hell it is, what a life

I burn my fingers, why don't you
laugh with the rest who know it well
I tripped and then I fell for
the beauty of Wynona

At night I toss and I turn
and I try and dial your number
It's changed and God only knows
where you been since last December

Where you been with that twisted smile
throwing your mother in the pond
Break him easy when he go down for
the beauty of Wynona

Girls they skip double dutch
They saw you go, mama gone
Our prayers don't mean nothin' much
to the heart that cannot be won

Tangled in your fishing net
right here in my own bed
Drowning in the tears I shed for
the beauty of Wynona