Dave Alvin, Evening Blues

Dave Alvin
(Blue Horn Toad Music, BMI, Administered by Bug Music)

Standin' barefoot in your kitchen door
Listenin' to the soft evenin' rain
Watchin' you dryin' off from your shower
You look at me like you don't know my name
Then you heat the coffee on the stove
Pull the cup down from the shelf
And slowly turn your back on me
As I sing a blues song to myself.

Yeah I wish that I could hold you baby
But you seem so far away
Yeah I wish that I could kiss you baby
But I've run out of sweet words to say
And I wish that I could hear
Yeah I wish that I could hear
The blues you sing to yourself.

Now all the makeup is washed off your face
And your hair is slicked back wet
You hung the dress up you wore last night
And changed the sheets on your bed
All the promises you whispered to me
I guess they're meant for someone else
Cause all I hear is the soft evenin' rain
And the blues that I sing to myself.

Yeah I wish that I could hold you baby
But you seem so far away
Yeah I wish that I could kiss you baby
But I've run out of sweet words to say
And I wish that I could hear
Oh I wish that I could hear
The blues you sing to yourself
The blues you sing to yourself.

Now would you care if I walked out this door
Baby I can't really tell
Our eyes meet but we just look away
And sing our blues to ourselves.
Yeah I wish that could hold you baby
But you seem so far away
Yeah I wish that I could kiss you baby
But I've run out of sweet words to say
And I wish that I could hear
Yeah I wish that I could hear
The blues you sing
The blues
The blues you sing to yourself.