

Duncan Sheik, Longing Town

Oh so cold
Evening grey consumed in dark
No more day to hold me
sounds won't stay to play their part
Only what strangers told me
Why is the ghost who listens
So cold and so alone
Wind, tell her lightly
All that we might be
While I sit, nightly
Watching the shadows drifting down
Twilight descends so blue, so brown
And longing begins in this longing town
When the haze falls through my heart
When its arms enfold me
O, my song won't go that far
I can't sing how lonely
Home is a note of distance, a word for gone
Wind, tell her lightly
All that we might be
While I sit, nightly
Watching the shadows drifting down
Twilight descends so blue, so brown
And longing begins in this longing town
O, so cold
No one home
All of the notes, a word for gone