

Edith Frost, One-Chord Complaint

(Drag City Supersession album)

There is no comfort so
Familiar as the silence
Inasmuch as we touch
We understand each other

As for us we've become
Surrounded by the silence
Refugees from our dreams
We didn't dare surrender

I would not love for naught
He never seemed to feel it
Sometimes i wish that i
Could be content without counting

Still my words won't be heard
Above the crowd i'm playin'
And my words stand unheard
They'll disappear to silence