

# Jeff Buckley, Vancouver

Lady

All the troubles are my fright, I disgust you  
Feel the power you cut the truth into you  
Why do you think I'd hidden out on this rely  
I could kiss you  
With lines of escape in my mouth

Please let me bring back these gifts of mine to the woman  
His eyes shined on my back as I slept and knew you  
You didn't leave it all  
You made an even call  
My belly released the stars  
And tears between the scars. Ooooh  
We're where we belong  
It should end here  
Until the end of time  
Beyond the moment  
That ends our bondage  
I am your failed husband contender  
I'm your loan shark of bliss.

This dream you've ridden on  
Turns your world to explosions  
You need to be alone  
To heal this bleeding stone  
Now, smell the rain of London it still insists  
That we beg for our purity  
As if we are pure in the rain of our contentment  
As if I can think of this no more.