

Jeff Buckley, Woke Up In A Strange Place

ghost calls to visit
with my keys in his pocket
kisses in my mouth with his
eyes hanging out of his sockets
my memories crumble
under still resistance
i was torn out like pages
from the book of existence

i woke up in a strange place
my mind a blur and some blood on my chin
i made a call for a blackened cab
some destination was moving on in
i remember the words that you told me
how they come down so hard, so plain
fate is going to find your love in a
glass of champagne

i lied to my host i told him
i knew how far i could go
then i emptied my guts out
on his brand new stereo
well he paid me to go upstairs
and spend a night with his friend
i never want to see my face
in the mirror again

i woke up in a strange place
music so loud that i spilled all my beer

i met a ride in that blackened cab
some destination was all that he had
easy now, this car is speeding up
for my last chance, crashing to freedom
fate is going to find your love in a
glass of champagne

sweat pours down
you're in the back seat sleeping
and she waits by the window
on an empty bed, weeping
the ghost guns the motor
to the land that he promised me
i guess this is the time when your
best intentions become accidents

this is my song for the dislocated
who want to love but who turn to be hated
because the lies of the spirit possessed you
because the eyes of your lover resist you
listen now, you keep your aim steady
as your temple turns to kiss the pistol
fate is going to find your love
in a glass of champagne

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