

# Jeff Buckley, Woke Up In A Strange Place (Live)

The ghost comes to visit  
With my keys in his pocket  
Kisses in my mouth with his  
Eyes hanging out of his sockets  
My memories crumbling  
Under still resistance  
I was torn out like pages  
From the book of existence

I woke up in a strange place  
Music so loud that I spit up my beer  
I made a call for my blackened cab  
Some destination was moving on in  
I remember the words that you told me  
Now they come down so hard, so plain  
Fate is going to find you love in a glass of champagne

Love came calling  
As a counterfeit mistress  
Stealing from the pockets  
Of a Sado-masochist  
Mouthing for us to praise  
Like a tongue on Christmas  
Cigarettes smelling  
like the fear inside my chest

Yes, and I lied to my host that I told him  
That I knew how far I could go  
But 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  
My mind a blur and some red on my chin  
I met a ride in a blackened cab  
Some destination was all that he had  
Easy now, this car is speeding up  
For my last chance, crash in to freedom  
Fate is going to find your love in your 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 home that he promised you  
I guess this is the time when my  
Best intentions become accidents

This is my story 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