

# Neko Case, South Tacoma Way

I put on that sweater you gave me  
I woke up in the kitchen a few minutes later  
I didn't know how I had gotten there  
Did you guide me  
I didn't make it to your funeral  
I didn't want ritual nor resign  
I just wanted to hold hands with  
J.P and Mary-Jo  
But I couldn't conjure tears  
We're too good for stupid angels  
Blackness held its breath beside me  
And burned the air till it was gone  
Till it was gone  
Till it was gone

Couldn't pay my respects to a dead man  
Your life was much more to me  
And I chased away with sticks and stones  
But that rage kept following me  
Following Me  
Following Me  
So lost I was asleep in the palms of your hand  
In dreams we were happy and safe  
I can't comprehend the ways I miss you  
They come to light in my mistakes  
In my mistakes  
In my mistakes  
Now I'm travelling down Tacoma way  
And the world turns in slow motion  
It's the twilight of our old home  
And I'm still in love with you  
Oh here on South Tacoma way  
We've memories for matinees  
And the tears come warm and heavy  
And the cross streets bare your name  
And the cross streets bare your name