

Red House Painters, Song For A Blue Guitar

when everything we felt failed
and some music soft in distant sails
but it don't sound like it did before
then i know i'm left with nothing more
than my own soul
when pretty pictures face back
but your coats aren't hanging on the rack
and blue water turns to
a place that i can't get to
a place that i can't
in a room all i feel
is the cold that you left
through the air all i see
is your face full of blame
what's left to see
what's there to see
in the room all i feel
is the cold that you left
through the air all i see
is your face full of blame
what's left to see
what's there to see
what's left to see