

Ryan Adams, Cherry Lane

Every night I read this novel about you
Holding roses in the pouring rain
But the ending's tore up, trying to hail a cab
Think no one can read you, but I can

Well we move into a house down on Cherry Lane
And watch the world go by
Am I'm missing a page

I wanna be the one who walks you home
Who walks you home tonight
Staring into her eyes and then try and explain it
But it's written in a language that was meant to fuck you up
And I can never get close enough
But I lie
But I lie down on her pillow
And you feel like you was going away
Going away when you got no place to go
But back in her arms lying on her pillow
Curled up with a book down on Cherry Lane
The glass it hits the floor and you're walking away
But I wanna be the one who walks you home
Who walks you home anyway
Stare into her eyes and then try to explain it
Try to explain it away
I wanna be the one who walks you home
Who walks you home tonight
Stare into her eyes and then try to explain it
Try to explain it away
But that shit just fucks you up
And I can never get close enough
I can never get close
I can never get close enough
I can never get close enough to you