

Ryan Adams, September

Laura lays on the foot of the bed
Mimics a noose with a telephone cord
Doctor's on the phone

Then she hangs up and says
"I ain't never gonna see the winter again"
And I don't know how, but she smiles
September, September
September, September

They carved your name into the stone and then
they put it in the ground,
I run my fingers through the grooves
When no one's around
Drink till I am sick and
Then I talk to myself in the dog days of the summer
Then I feel you coming but I don't know how
September, September
September, September