

# Ryan Adams, Sink Ships

Sunlight falls on your hands  
As you type,  
Well just something in my head

Standing in this empty space  
Your desk is gone  
But the wall's still dark from where it went

The position is not open now, for applicants  
The application forms got shredded,  
There was faulty wording in the documents

I can still hear you laughing  
Coming up them rickety stairs  
Laughing as the springtime  
Filled your lungs with air  
Spare notes rung out  
Like the patches of your hair  
Like violets  
Like birds inside the bells

A gray ghost prowls  
In the back of my mind  
While the sun is out

(No its still up and the light is shining)  
Its seasons push and pull enough to get us  
Through well but my mind is open now,  
No more than a door is open to an empty room

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If somehow, I'd have known, I'd have rather gone  
Down with the ship than be with out,  
If only for the chance, to hold your hand,  
To be your friend  
I never got a last time, I would've rather gone  
Down, than this  
The war is over  
The war is over  
The war is over, and I am wading  
In the sinking ships

If only I'd have known  
If only I'd have known