

# Ryan Adams & the Cardinals, 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