

Whiskeytown, Somebody Remembers The Rose

I slept in our room
nice wall
I slept with our ghosts
painting the walls
now our happiness hung there
like a stake or a light
truly you are gone
wandering helplessly now
we are, we are
you, you are gone
you, you are gone
you, you're gone
you, you're gone
you're gone
I left all the lights on
in our old room
to pretend that you and I were home
(waiting up somewhere for me, I'm not home anymore)
(you are still waiting up for me in our old room)
you, you are gone
yeah you, you are gone
yeah you, you are gone
yeah you, you're gone
you're gone
no love in the ghosts that we are
no love ever lost where we are
still waiting up somewhere
you are, you are
you, you are gone
yeah you, you are gone
yeah you, you are gone
yeah you, you are gone
yeah you, you are gone
(now it doesn't mean a thing
it used to mean a lot, mean a lot to me
now it doesn't mean, it doesn't mean a thing
but it never meant a thing to you)