

Today I got my call from Ketchum Idaho
From Hemingway and railways and whiskey wine and snow
But if you've never been in pain before then I guess you wouldn't know

I'm leaving in a while now for Ketchum's icy sting
To walk and fish and write some songs, to stay up late and drink
And if I stay there long enough then I'll never feel a thing

And Ketchum will be good to you if are strong and brave
She caters to the melancholy every single day
And babbles like a drunk old man unloading all his pain

I'll lock myself in Ketchum's stare I'll make her my whole world
I'm gonna roam the Ketchum streets to find a Ketchum girl
And then I'll let her break my heart 'cos that's all that I do well

The valley will become my home her hills will keep me safe
I'll give her songs about my soul when there's no soul left to take
And I'll forget I ever lived in any other place

And it may seem inevitable I would love this fate
So beautiful and tragic and her heroes can't escape
And Hemingway he shot himself one July evening late

But me I couldn't bring myself to bloody Ketchum's name
Underneath her passion boils, never spoils surface tame
I'll slowly let her kill me with her lonely wind and rain
Her lonely tears and pain