

Nose Before Ear

Cowboy Junkies

I'm gonna start this song on a dark low [?]
Out of respect for the story that it tells
It all begins with the prick of a finger
A man and his fear, with nose before ear

So many ways to love him
So little time to choose among them
I'll stick with the ones whose hearts are torn
Broken, that's why the blues were born

A man and his life and his race to the finish
And the moments infused with dread
All in the service of tryin' to diminish
Disappointments that lay in ambush
Upon the path ahead

I'm not tryin' to stitch this heart to that sleeve
It's simply a case of mutual need
A grief more dance than hearts can bear
That's the way it goes, with nose before ear

This is the story of the land-locked sailor
Who cried himself to sea
This is the tale of the sleeping princess
Who found her way back to me

What we love will kill us
That which won't don't thrill us
I'm gonna tell you a story about the ones that I love
And a life lived, nose before ear