

## Evening Blues

Dave Alvin

Standin' barefoot in your kitchen door  
Listenin' to the soft evenin' rain  
Watchin' you dryin' off from your shower  
You look at me like you don't know my name  
Then you heat the coffee on the stove  
Pull the cup down from the shelf  
And slowly turn your back on me  
As I sing a blues song to myself.

Yeah I wish that I could hold you baby  
But you seem so far away  
Yeah I wish that I could kiss you baby  
But I've run out of sweet words to say  
And I wish that I could hear  
Yeah I wish that I could hear  
The blues you sing to yourself.

Now all the makeup is washed off your face  
And your hair is slicked back wet  
You hung the dress up you wore last night  
And changed the sheets on your bed  
All the promises you whispered to me  
I guess they're meant for someone else  
Cause all I hear is the soft evenin' rain  
And the blues that I sing to myself.

Yeah I wish that I could hold you baby  
But you seem so far away  
Yeah I wish that I could kiss you baby  
But I've run out of sweet words to say  
And I wish that I could hear  
Oh I wish that I could hear  
The blues you sing to yourself  
The blues you sing to yourself.

Now would you care if I walked out this door  
Baby I can't really tell  
Our eyes meet but we just look away  
And sing our blues to ourselves.  
Yeah I wish that could hold you baby  
But you seem so far away  
Yeah I wish that I could kiss you baby  
But I've run out of sweet words to say  
And I wish that I could hear  
Yeah I wish that I could hear  
The blues you sing  
The blues  
The blues you sing to yourself.