

Hem of Her Dress

First Aid Kit

So here we go again
I know how this one ends
It's a phone call from someplace far away
You say you found yourself
Oh, in someone else
And she makes you forget about the rain

Her eyes are a golden hue
And everything you knew
Slips away at the hem of her dress
As I was passing by
That old mountain side
It turned to dust at my feet

So I am incomplete
So loud and so discreet
You tried to pinpoint me, I guess that was your mistake
Too much whiskey
Too much honey, too much wine
I learned some things never heal with time

I've been waiting here
Feels like a million years
And I'm a photograph that you forgot you took
But I remember spring
I remember everything
Oh, I guess that's the way it goes

(Here we go!)

Lalalalalala lalalalalala lalala la lalalala lalala....