

# Far End Of The Night

Grant-Lee Phillips

Buddy some Topeka night  
When it's just you and the road  
Seen no taillights there for miles  
And nothin' much but static on the radio

Wasn't lookin' to the left  
Wasn't lookin' to the right  
Just kept walking' like Virginia to the surf  
Towards the far end of the night

Time hangs like a noose  
Before me  
Time stills to a crawl  
Grinds so slowly

Heard my own beloved cry  
I heard my one beloved moan  
What's the use in all the ache we must endure  
I had no good reason why

Time hangs like a noose  
Before me  
Time stills to a crawl  
Grinds so slowly

Not a rail to grasp ahold  
Nor a savior there beside  
Just kept a walkin' like Virginia to the surf  
Towards the far end of the night

Time hangs like a noose  
Before me  
Time stills to a crawl  
Grinds so slowly  
And time hangs like a noose  
Around me