

# Minneapolis

Lucinda Williams

I've been waiting for you to come back  
Since you left Minneapolis  
Snow covers the streetlamps and the windowsills  
The buildings and the brittle crooked trees  
Dead leaves of December  
Thin skinned and splintered  
Never gotten used to this bitter winter

I've been wasted, angry and sad  
Since you left Minneapolis  
I wish my thoughts were pure like the driven snow  
Like the heavens and the spring's virgin buds  
But they strangle me with their sin  
Fill me up with poison  
Black clouds have covered up the sun again

I can always trace it back  
To that night in Minneapolis  
Here on the seventh floor in a room I can't call mine  
Deadbolt on the door, do not disturb sign  
Shaking and trembling  
On the clean white linen  
Slivers of starlight across the ceiling

A dozen yellow roses  
All that's left in Minneapolis  
I wish I'd never seen your face or heard your voice  
You're a bad pain in my gut  
I wanna spit you out  
Open up this wound again  
Let my blood flow red and thin  
Into the glistening  
Into the whiteness  
Into the melting snow of Minneapolis