

South Tacoma Way

Neko Case

I put on that sweater you gave me
I woke up in the kitchen a few minutes later
I didn't know how I had gotten there
Did you guide me
I didn't make it to your funeral
I didn't want ritual nor resign
I just wanted to hold hands with
J.P and Mary-Jo
But I couldn't conjure tears
We're too good for stupid angels
Blackness held its breath beside me
And burned the air till it was gone
Till it was gone
Till it was gone

Couldn't pay my respects to a dead man
Your life was much more to me
And I chased away with sticks and stones
But that rage kept following me
Following Me
Following Me
So lost I was asleep in the palms of your hand
In dreams we were happy and safe
I can't comprehend the ways I miss you
They come to light in my mistakes
In my mistakes
In my mistakes
Now I'm travelling down Tacoma way
And the world turns in slow motion
It's the twilight of our old home
And I'm still in love with you
Oh here on South Tacoma way
We've memories for matinees
And the tears come warm and heavy
And the cross streets bare your name
And the cross streets bare your name