

Song For A Blue Guitar

Red House Painters

When everything we felt failed
And some music soft in distant sails
But it don't sound like it did before
Then i know i'm left with nothing more
Than my own soul
When pretty pictues face back
But your coats aren't hanging on the rack
And blue water turns to
A place that i can't get to
A place that i can't
In a room all i feel
Is the cold that you left
Through the air all i see
Is your face full of blame
What's left to see
What's there to see

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Is the cold that you left
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What's left to see