

Three Steps Down

Rosanne Cash

Three steps down below the city streets
In our private room, the color all runs out
An' not a sound, the smoke curls in the air
And I can feel a sliding peace, come over me tonight

Dead or dancin', 'cross the room
The candles burn and shadows loom
I hide below it all or heaven's underground
The clouds are fallin' at our feet
Three steps down below the street

So comin' down, it's like water after wine
Oh, comin' down a long hard line
And I know better's gettin' harder all the time
From three steps down, from three steps down

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The candles burn and shadows loom
I hide below it all or heaven's underground
The clouds are fallin' at our feet
Three steps down below the street

Three steps down below the city streets
In our private room, the color all runs out
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