

Ashes & Fire

Ryan Adams

As he stared past the fire,
His hunger to leave well it gnawed his poor heart alive,
Her skin smelled like black cherry, blossom perfume,
The sail boats they all sailed by
And a river she cried.

And the wind was suddenly sweeter? than Roosevelt pine,
The windows broke out and the cigarette smoke drifted by,
The bums on the bowery were swallowed in the lights as cars rumbled by in the night
Screaming run for your life.

With cool and silvery eyes
And a heart was fit for desire,
Drowned in a river of tears
Oh a river? she cried left her with a heart
Made of ashes and fire.

One day there was a silence and it washed through the town,
There was no reason to speak and no one made a sound,
Her eyes were indigo and the cats were all calico
And the sail boats they all sailed by
And a river she cried.

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And a heart that was fit for desire,
Drowned in a river of tears
Oh a river she cried left her with a heart
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