

Avalanche

Ryan Adams

I found your photograph in a cardboard box in a magazine
I can't remember you, remember us or anything
I taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb
They taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb

She comes apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance
Crawls back into bed
When it's over
When it's over
When it's over
And it's over

I watch the window and listen for the sound of cars
I can't remember the last time that it was yours
I taught you how to feel, why do you feel numb
They taught us how to feel, but we just feel numb

She falls apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance
Crawls back into bed
When it's over
When it's over
When it's over
When it's over

She falls apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance
Crawls back into bed
When it's over
And it's over
When it's over