

# Hour of Deepest Need

Ezra Furman

I think it's time you brought your face  
Across the railroad to my place  
I can't share this whiskey with ya through the phone  
And if we drink enough of it  
You might just get me to admit  
That I never knew quite how to be alone  
We can sit on my back steps  
And intertwine our fingertips  
While you talk about the nice things that you once had  
If the turntable still starts  
You can teach me how to waltz  
And I'll teach ya how to feel really, really bad  
Sometimes the wound hurts powerful and deep  
But sometimes you just got to let that sucker bleed  
When the sun drags in the day  
You'll be a thousand miles away  
In the hour of my deepest need  
Well they pile up around you  
Good and evil things you do  
And the piles grow up higher with every breath  
When you're down between two mountains  
And you're 28 and counting  
Past the valley of the shadow... Death  
We can watch the silver moon  
And I'll fall asleep too soon  
While the porch light draws the horse flies to their fate  
Yeah, sometimes your company  
Is just the thing to comfort me  
But other times all I can do is just sit and wait  
Sometimes the wound hurts powerful and deep  
But sometimes you just got to let that sucker bleed  
When the sun drags in the day  
You'll be a thousand miles away  
In the hour of my deepest need  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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