

Come Calling (His Song)

Cowboy Junkies

The stillness here like what he sometimes finds inside her
Hits so hard it can steal your breath forever
He sometimes wonders is the sum of their lives together
Him on the floor and her lost to a mind in tatters These days he's drinking for the pleasure of falling
And he's falling for the pleasure of pretending
That she's sitting by the window waiting
For him to come calling If I could fix me up a week of twilight hours
We'd sit on the point and watch the sun continually flounder
Bathed in gold we'd plug into some kind of power
And connect with those days back before all of this went sour 'Cause I'm drinking for the pleasure of falling
And I'm falling for the pleasure of pretending
That you're sitting by the window waiting
For me to come calling Odd how the darkness always makes us whisper
With the last of the sun you can feel the approach of the winter
And now is the time of each day that I Desperately miss her
I suppose I will learn how to live my life without her So you're drinking for the pleasure of falling
And you're falling for the pleasure of pretending
'Cause I'm sitting by the window waiting
For you to come calling, come calling For you to come calling, come calling
For you to come calling, come calling
For you to come calling, come calling

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