

Song for a Blue Guitar

Red House Painters

When everything we felt fails
Then some music, soft and distant sails
But it don't sound like it did before
Then I know I'm left with nothing more
Then my own soul When pretty pictures face back
But your coats aren't hanging on the rack
And blue water turns to
A place that I can't get to
A place that I can't In a room all I feel
Is the cold that you left Through the air all I see
Is your face full of blame What's left to see?
What's there to see? In the room all I feel
Is the cold that you left Through the air all I see
Is your face full of blame What's left to see?
What's left to see?
What's left to see?
What's left to see?

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