

Byrd Joel

Red House Painters

My baby sleeps in blue
Warm and naked, pale and pretty
I feel the seventh wave
Of the ocean in the motionI feel a brand new sickness
Coming over me like a storm
Used to feel so good beside her
There next to her my arm around herShe fell like flowers
Petals were carried out on my old wind
Landed down in the center
Of this lonely white grip of winterShe brought these gifts of love
I carried down in my pocket
I set them on my shelves
And on the nightstand by my bedShe sleeps and won't come back again
From pretty dreams that keep her
My baby won't come back again
I feel so lost without herI hear your magic voice
On the analogue of this machine
I hear the smoothest talk
With the coolest transparent star fieldWill there be any danger
If our talk is under this roof?
And can you know a stranger
So quickly under this moon?So go away, come back again
I'll shut you out, I'll pull you in
Don't go away, come back again
I feel so lostShe sleeps in royal blue
And room down past the big dry desert
The sense of music there
And hope reaches youAnd gets you past the motions
Of goodbyes [Incomprehensible]
And pulls the deepest winter
Out of this lonely white crippled winterShe sleeps and won't come back again
From pretty dreams that keep her
My baby won't come back again
I am so lost without herSo go away, come back again
I shut you out, I pull you in
Don't go away, come back again
I feel so lost

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