

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 motion I 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 her She fell like flowers
Petals were carried out on my old wind
Landed down in the center
Of this lonely white grip of winter She brought these gifts of love
I carried down in my pocket
I set them on my shelves
And on the nightstand by my bed She 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 her I hear your magic voice
On the analogue of this machine
I hear the smoothest talk
With the coolest transparent star field Will 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 lost She sleeps in royal blue
And room down past the big dry desert
The sense of music there
And hope reaches you And gets you past the motions
Of goodbyes [Incomprehensible]
And pulls the deepest winter
Out of this lonely white crippled winter She 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 her So 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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