

I Know It's Pathetic But That Was The Greatest Night

Sun Kil Moon

It was backstage in Moscow late one night
We shared a cigarette, a kiss goodbye
Her name was Cayenne, so young and soft
Her hands trembled badly, her eyes trailed off
To bottles and objects around the room
My backup guitar, a tray of food

We didn't have very much to say
She said that she'd come from some other place
A town called Troyskirt, maybe Troysworth
I was pretty distracted packing my stuff
But I did make a point to ask her to stay
But she said she had friends that she had to go see

Later that summer I picked up my mail
She sent me a letter with a touching detail
"I used up my minutes calling hotels
To find you that night but to no avail"
"I know it's pathetic," she continued to write,
"But that was the greatest night of my life."

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