

Empty

Ray LaMontagne

She lifts her skirt up to her knees
Walks through the garden rows with her bare feet, laughing
I never learned to count my blessings
I choose instead to dwell in my disasters
I walk on down the hill through grass, grown tall and brown
And still its hard somehow to let go of my pain
On past the busted back of that old and rusted Cadillac
That sinks into this field, collecting rain
Will I always feel this way
So empty, so estranged
And of these cut-throat busted sunsets
These cold and damp quiet mornings, I have grown weary
If through my cracked and dusted dime-store lips
I spoke these words out loud would no one hear me
Lay your blouse across the chair
Let fall the flowers from from your hair
And kiss me with that country mouth, so plain
Outside, the rain is tapping on the leaves
To me it sounds like they're applauding us, the quiet love we've made
Will I always feel this way
So empty, so estranged
Well, I looked my demons in the eyes
Laid bare my chest, said "Do your best, destroy me
You see, I've been to hell and back so many times
I must admit you kind of bore me"
There's a lot of things that can kill a man
There's a lot of ways to die
Listen, some already did that walked beside me
There's a lot of things I don't understand
Why so many people lie
It's their hurt I hide that fuels the fire inside me
Will I always feel this way
So empty, so estranged

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