## **Avalanche**

## **Ryan Adams**

I found your photograph in a cardboard box in a magazine I can't remember you, remember us or anything I taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb They taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb She comes apart in the avalanche Fades out like a dance, crawls back into bed When it's over, when it's over, when it's over, it's over I watch the window and listen for the sound of cars I can't remember the last time that it was yours I taught you how to feel, why do you feel numb? They taught us how to feel, but we just feel numb She falls apart in the avalanche Fades out like a dance, crawls back into bed When it's over, when it's over, when it's over, and it's over She falls apart in the avalanche Fades out like a dance, crawls back into bed When it's over, it's over, when it's over

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