Washer (Basement Practice) (Rehearsal)

Slint

Goodnight, my love
Remember me as you fall to sleep.
Fill your pockets with the dust and the memory,
That rises from the shoes on my feet.I won't be back here
Though we may meet again.I know, it's dark outside
Don't be afraid.
Every time I ever cried for fear,
Was just a mistake that I made.
Wash yourself in your tears,
And build your church
On the strength of your faith.Please,
Listen to me,
Don't let go,
Don't let this desperate moonlight leave me,
With your empty pillow,
Promise me
The sun will rise again.I, too, am tired now
Embracing thoughts of tonight's dreamless sleep.
My head is empty,
My toes are warm.I am safe from harm.

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