

# Come Calling (His Song)

## Cowboy Junkies

The stillness here like what he sometimes finds inside her  
Hits so hard it can steal your breath forever  
He sometimes wonders is the sum of their lives together  
Him on the floor and her lost to a mind in tatters These days he's drinking for the pleasure of falling  
And he's falling for the pleasure of pretending  
That she's sitting by the window waiting  
For him to come calling If I could fix me up a week of twilight hours  
We'd sit on the point and watch the sun continually flounder  
Bathed in gold we'd plug into some kind of power  
And connect with those days back before all of this went sour 'Cause I'm drinking for the pleasure of falling  
And I'm falling for the pleasure of pretending  
That you're sitting by the window waiting  
For me to come calling Odd how the darkness always makes us whisper  
With the last of the sun you can feel the approach of the winter  
And now is the time of each day that I Desperately miss her  
I suppose I will learn how to live my life without her So you're drinking for the pleasure of falling  
And you're falling for the pleasure of pretending  
'Cause I'm sitting by the window waiting  
For you to come calling, come calling For you to come calling, come calling  
For you to come calling, come calling  
For you to come calling, come calling

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