

# Hem of Her Dress

## First Aid Kit

So here we go again  
I know how this one ends  
It's a phone call from someplace far away  
You say you've found yourself  
Oh, in someone else  
And she makes you forget about the rain  
Her eyes are a golden hue  
And everything you knew  
Slips away at the hem of her dress  
As I was passing by that old mountainside  
It turned to dust at my feet  
So I am incomplete  
So loud, and so discreet  
You tried to pinpoint me  
I guess that was your mistake  
Too much whiskey  
Too much honey, too much wine  
I learned some things never heal with time  
And I've been waitin' here  
Feels like a million years  
And I'm a photograph that you forgot you took  
But I remember spring  
I remember everything  
Oh, I guess that's the way it goes  
(Here we go!)  
La-da-da-da-da-da  
La-da-da-da-da-da  
La-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

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