

Narrows

Widowspeak

...

Under the narrows,
that's where the dead go
Watching the cars drive off in a red glow
I play the slow ones,
very long outros
You watch the time and play with the edges of my clothes
We're under those
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows
Baby I felt it, something to keep me
Then I forgot and dreamt about leaving
Wanted to be asleep in the backseat
Then I wake up and I'm still a thousand miles east
From where you'll be
Under those
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows

...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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