

# Empty

Ray Lamontagne

She lifts her skirt up to her knees  
Walks through the garden rows with her bare feet laughin'  
I never learned to count my blessings  
I choose instead to dwell in my disasters  
I walk on down the hill through grass grown tall and brown  
And still it's hard somehow to let go of my pain  
On past the busted backs on its old and rusted  
Cadillac that sink into this field collecting rain  
And will I always feel this way?  
So empty so estranged

And of these cutthroat busted sunsets  
These cold and damp white mornings I have grown weary  
And if through my cracked and dusty country lips  
I spoke these words out loud would no one hear me?  
Lay your blouse across the chair, let fall the flowers from your hair  
And kiss me with that country mouth so plain  
Outside the rain is tapping on the leaves  
To me it sounds like they're applauding us the quiet love we make  
Will I always feel this way?  
So empty so estranged

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