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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