

# Minneapolis

Lucinda Williams

I've been waiting for you to come back since you left Minneapolis  
Snow covers the street lamps and the windowsills  
The buildings and the brittle crooked trees  
Dead leaves of December thin skinned and splintered  
Never gotten used to this bitter winter I've been wasted, angry and sad since you left Minneapolis  
I wish my thoughts were pure like the driven snow  
Like the Heavens and the spring's virgin buds  
But they strangle me with their sin fill me up with poison  
Black clouds have covered up the sun again I can always trace it back to that night in Minneapolis  
Here on the seventh floor in a room I can't call mine  
Deadbolt on the door, do not disturb sign  
Shaking and trembling on the clean white linen  
Slivers of starlight across the ceiling A dozen yellow roses all that's left in Minneapolis  
I wish I'd never seen your face or heard your voice  
You're a bad pain in my gut I wanna spit you out  
Open up this wound again let my blood flow red and thin  
Into the glistening, into the whiteness  
Into the melting snow of Minneapolis

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