September

Ryan Adams

Laura lays on the foot of bed
Mimics a news with a telephone cord
Doctor's on the phone
Then she hangs up and says
"I ain't never gonna see winter again"
And I don't know how but she smiles
September, September
September, September
They carved your name into a stone
And then they put it in the ground
I run my fingers through the grooves when no one's around
Drink till I'm asleep and then I talk to myself
In the dog days of the summer
Then I feel you coming but I don't know how
September, September
September, September

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