

# Vancouver

[Jeff Buckley](#)

Lady, all the troubles I'm afraid I disgust you  
Feel the power, to cut the truth in two  
Why do you think I did not honestly lie?  
I could kiss you, with lines of escape in my mouth  
Please, let me bring back these gifts of mine to the woman  
His eyes shined on my back as I slept and knew you  
You didn't leave it all, you made an even call  
My belly released the stars and tears between the scars  
Below this we'll end here until the end of time  
Beyond the moment that ends our bondage  
I am your failed husband contender  
I'm your loan shark of bliss  
This dream you've ridden on turns your world to explosions  
I need to be alone to heal this bleeding stone  
Now, smell the rain of London, it still insists  
That we beg for our purity  
As if we are pure in the rain of our contentment  
As if I can think of this no more

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