

Song For A Blue Guitar

Red House Painters

When everything we felt fails
Then some music, soft and distant sails
 But it don't sound like it did before
 Then I know I'm left with nothing more
Then my own soulWhen pretty pictures face back
 But your coats aren't hanging on the rack
 And blue water turns to
 A place that I can't get to
 A place that I can'tIn a room all I feel
Is the cold that you leftThrough the air all I see
 Is your face full of blameWhat's left to see?
 What's there to see?In the room all I feel
Is the cold that you leftThrough the air all I see
 Is your face full of blameWhat's left to see?
 What's left to see?
 What's left to see?
 What's left to see?

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