Passing Days

Elway

Smoke and cinder settle in an ashtray
In a dingy bar where romances are made
The sound of Denver seeping from the jukebox
But no country road could ever take us homeshe speaks like raging tide against the coastline
I'm rendered ragged by the things that she might know
The whiskey and this feeling bring me back to better times
Let it go, Let it go, Let it goWait, you remind me
Of someone I used to love
Wait, she revived me
But that was so long ago
And now the passing days on the outside feel grey
And it never ever rains the city is burning
And right now I'm dying
Its hard to wash your hands clean
Of these dying daysSweaty palmed I swallow down my cocktail
Like the things I feel, but know I shouldn't say
Every morning I awake to my sighs of reassurance
Its okay, Its okay, Its okayWait, you remind me
Of someone I used to love
Wait, she revived me
But that was so long ago
And now the passing days on the outside feel grey
And it never ever rains the city is burning
And right now I'm dying
Its hard to wash your hands clean
Of these dying daysWell, there I go digging graves
For every single pretty girl
And pretty soon, there'll be no more earth to move
And I'll be filling holes, with the longing in my soul
If its not one of those things I tend to loseNow the passing days on the outside feel grey
And it never ever rains the city is burning
And right now I'm dying
Its hard to wash your hands clean

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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