

Vancouver (Sketches For My Sweetheart The Drunk)

[Jeff Buckley](#)

Lady, all the troubles are my fright, I disgust you.
Feel the power. You cut the truth into you.
Why? Do you think I'd hidden out? On this rely
I could kiss you, with lines of escape in my mouth.
Please, let me bring back this 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.
Ooooh.
We're where we belong, it should 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
You 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.

Songwriters

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