

I Woke Up in a Strange Place

Jeff Buckley

The ghost comes to visit
With my keys in his pocket
Kisses on my mouth
With his eyes hanging out of his sockets Memories crumbling
Under steel resistance
I was torn out like pages
From the book of existence I woke up in a strange place
Music so loud that I spilled all my beer
I made a call from my blackened cab
Some destination was moving on in And I remember words that you told me
Now they come down so hard, so plain
Fate is gonna find your love
In a glass of champagne Love came calling
As a counterfeit mistress
Stealing from the pockets
Of a sadomasochist And she's mouthing for this place
Like a tongue on crystal myth
Her cigarette smell
Like the fear inside my chest And I woke up in a strange place
My mind a blur and some red on my chin
I made a ride in that blackened cab
Some destination was moving on in Easy now, this car is speeding up
For my last chance crashing to freedom
Fate is gonna find your love
In a glass of champagne Sweat pours down
You're in the back seat sleeping
And she waits by the window
From my empty bed weeping And the ghost guns the motor
To the promised land he promised you
I guess this is the time
When my best intentions become accidents Well, this is my story for the dislocated
You're gonna love, but it turned to be hated
Because the lies of the spirit possessed her
Because the eyes of your lover resist you Listen up, you keep your aim steady
As your temple turns to kiss the pistol
Fate is gonna find your love
In a glass of champagne {Thank you}

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