In the Dark

Ryan Adams

I'm speaking of a time
Before it was black and white
And the grass still smelled of summer in the day
And I recall your silence
Your laughter in the dark
Moving through my mind where nothing staysAnd you're just like the picture on the wall
And I'm always on the other side
Waiting for it to fall
Dreaming of Savannah
Walking through the Cherokee groves
Some place in the dark in your armsStreet cars ringing them bells
Pink clouds when I'm kissing your mouth
My memories going boom all over town
And there's history in them hills
But if magic isn't real
Well, even bad roads lead to cherries in the southAnd you're just like the picture on the wall
And I'm always on the other side
Waiting for it to fall
Earthquake in the valley
Refrigerator starting to thaw
And I'm some place in the dark in your arms
Some place in the dark in your arms

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