

# 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 stays And 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 arms Street 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 south And 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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