

Vancouver

[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
Below this we'll 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
I 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

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