

# Song For A Blue Guitar

## Red House Painters

When everything we felt fails  
Then some music, soft and distant sails  
But it don't sound like it did before  
Then I know I'm left with nothing more  
Then my own soul When pretty pictures face back  
But your coats aren't hanging on the rack  
And blue water turns to  
A place that I can't get to  
A place that I can't In a room all I feel  
Is the cold that you left Through the air all I see  
Is your face full of blame What's left to see?  
What's there to see? In the room all I feel  
Is the cold that you left Through the air all I see  
Is your face full of blame What's left to see?  
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What's left to see?

Songwriters

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