

# 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 soulWhen 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'tIn a room all I feel  
Is the cold that you leftThrough the air all I see  
    Is your face full of blameWhat's left to see?  
    What's there to see?In the room all I feel  
Is the cold that you leftThrough the air all I see  
    Is your face full of blameWhat's left to see?  
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Songwriters

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