

Blues Traveler

"This Ache"

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This ache that follows you down
From wherever you both came from
Well, it won't leave quietly
It just waits here noisily with me

I turn to go but quite instead
It sinks its fangs into my head
And gnaws upon me like a greedy bone
The fragrant scent of parts unknown

I try my best but it gets worse
And fearful of this blessed curse
The moon is full, I feel my teeth
My instincts give no sympathy for me

All I want is to stay here with you
For at least a couple of minutes more
In your front seat by any reason, I can find
My right foot still dangling out your door

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The pots and pans and bare assed bones
Would have me feeling all alone
But never fear the ache is there
And calmly, he pulls up a chair

And through the night we play some hands
While the ache, he issues his demands
Yeah, the ache, he issues his demands
And I'm like Custer at his lemonade stand

And all I have is this ache
Just to see you again
Though I've got no pretext to
And hope won't quench my thirst this time
Can't you see that I'm aching for you?

I go to sleep when I awake

In the kitchen is my ache
He cooks me breakfast ties my shoes
Puts in the time, he pays my dues

He sticks a needle in my eye
And haunts me like some tragic lie
Reminds me 'til I bend to break
That I've been given the gift of

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