

Howe Gelb

"Numbness For Sound"

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A cold winter sun, my feet underground
A pale winter city, a numbness for sound
I'll wait back here.
All that you noticed, a moment in time.
A photograph lost here since you were mine.
I'll wait back here.
Or should I start pushing my way back?
Yeah, should I start pushing my way back?
I walk past your room in deep silhouette.
You're tired of racing, you're down and upset.
I'll wait back here.
A cold ended evening, a soaked cigarette...
I'm asleep on a shoulder that i've never met.
I'll wait back here...
Or should I start pushing my way back? (yeah)
Should I start pushing my way?
Cold... and the whiskey is wearing,
And i'm on the edge of my breath.
Oh... and I'm thinking of leaving.
I could just lay down, lay down and freeze to death.
Hold on...
A cold winter sun, my feet underground...
A pale winter city, a numbness for sound...

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