

Jeff Buckley "Vancouver"

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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 these 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. Ooooh
We're where we belong

It should 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
You 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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