

Cash Roseanne "Three Steps Down"

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Three steps down below the city streets.
In our private room, the colour all runs out.
An' not a sound, the smoke curls in the air.
An' I can feel a sliding peace, come over me tonight.

Dead or dancin', cross the room,
The candles burn and shadows loom.
I hide below it all,
Or heaven's underground.
The clouds are fallin' at our feet,
Three steps down below the street.

So comin' down: it's like water after wine.
Oh, comin' down a long hard line.
An' I know better's gettin' harder all the time.
From three steps down.
From three steps down.
Instrumental break

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The clouds are fallin' at our feet,
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The colour all runs out.
The colour all runs out.

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