

## **Mark Lanegan**

### **"St Louis Elegy"**

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I look at the sky  
I see an airplane as it flies  
Is this the way they said Jesus came?  
Gone through St. Louis  
Gone straightaway  
And I hear the winter will cut you quick  
If tears were liquor  
I'd have drunk myself sick

Woman are you home?  
A house of cards, a frame of bones  
Here I am earthly bound  
Said hallelujah I'm going down  
And the River Jordan is deep and wide  
I think I see forever across on the other side

I look at the sky  
I see a nightbird as it flies  
Over the old bent cherry trees  
Shivering in a row  
Down here the winter will cut you quick  
These tears are liquor and I've drunk myself sick

And the dead of winter will cut you quick  
These tears are liquor and I've drunk myself sick

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