

Ray Lamontagne "Empty"

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She lifts her skirt up to her knees
walks through the garden rows
with her bare feet laughing

I never learned to count my blessings
I choose instead to dwell
in my disasters

I walk on down the hill
through grass grown tall
and brown and still
it's hard somehow
to let go of my pain

On past the busted back
of that old and rusted Cadillac
that sinks into this field
collecting rain

Will I always feel this way
so empty
and estranged?

and of these cut throat busted sunsets
these cold and damp white mornings
I have grown weary

If through my cracked and dusty
dime store lips
I spoke these words out loud
would no one hear me?

Lay your blouse across the chair
let fall the flowers
from your hair

and kiss me
with that country mouth
so plain

outside the rain is tapping
on the leaves

to me it sounds like
they're applauding us
the quiet love
we've made

Will it always feel this way
so empty
so estranged?

well I looked my demons in the eyes
lay bare my chest
said do your best
to destroy me

I've been to hell and back
so many times
I must admit
you kinda bore me

there's a lot of things
that can kill a man
there's a lot of ways
to die
yes, and some already did
and walk beside me

there's a lot of things
I don't understand
so many people lie
it's the hurt I hide that fuels
the fire inside me

Will I always feel this way
so empty
so estranged?

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