

Rosanne Cash

"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

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.

Three steps down below the city streets.
In our private room, the colour all runs out.
The colour all runs out.
The colour all runs out.
The colour all runs out.

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